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Poetry.

PROSPICE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter—so one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

THE WILD RIDE.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault the weather-worn, galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is thro' dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us;
What odds? We are knights; and our souls are but bent on the riding.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil;
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that follow.

Our Story Teller.

JON'THAN'S NEW IDEES.

BY ANNA C. MURPHY.

Adaptability is sometimes a dangerous gift; but Phebe Martin, after a few years of teaching district school, found it a wonderfully helpful one, especially when she was thrust into new and disagreeable surroundings.

"What I have to do, is what I like to do," she remarked philosophically, when people asked her opinions of things she had to endure in her itinerant work.

So when she received a call to finish a term at the Pike Branch District she went fortified to accept whatever fortune had in store for her.

She resolutely forgot the stark ugliness of the little whitewashed cabin that became her home, and rejoiced in the beautiful landscape that stretched before the door. She never tired of watching the grain, forever shoaling from green to gold, and surging up and down the valley under the wind like a rush of enchanted waters. The grand old trees delighted her too. Everywhere the oaks towered in arches and colonnades that might have graced a baron's domain. She spent many an hour under them, looking up through the branches that wrote in cipher on the sky, and dreaming of past or future, or reading good poetry.

Mount St. John and the Sanhedrim in the West grew to be like dear friends to her, as she watched them daily—in the morning sharply outlined in purest blue, not like inanimate earth, but seeming to pulsate with inherent life; at noon with softer configurations, gray, as though swathed in deerskin; and at evening palest lilac, with a glow of radiance behind them like a halo round a blessed head.

"Ah!" said Phebe, "if I could live out doors all the time and not be stifled in that little house!"

The nights at first seemed unendurable. The cabin was overrun with rats and mice, which held orgies in the nooks and crannies of roof and walls, and whisked inquisitively across her bed, and familiarly darted under her pillows. The landlady would allow no cats around the place, for their taste for young turkey depopulated her flock; and poison was too "resky." So the rats and mice increased in numbers and daring. Phebe, after a time, quelled the riot among her nerves, by reasoning that the world had known but one Bishop Hatto, though rodents were an ancient institution. This philosophy and the constant visitations combined to banish fear and nervousness, until she was able to sleep calmly.

Though the family rose at day break and bustled about on every side of her just as Phebe had reached her most refreshing slumber, she persuaded herself that a morning walk, listening to the songs of the larks, and watching the shifting shadows on mountains and valley, was a feast of sound and sight that could be appreciated only when the day was young.

The landlady, slim, with stooping shoulders and a hobbling walk, irresistibly reminded Phebe of one of her own turkey hens. She smoked, too, and boasted that she could "git away with more Jeems River Honey Dew tobacker than the ole man, an' he wa'n't no slouch at it, neither." The woman went about with her pipe in her mouth constantly—or at least when she wasn't hunting for it or loading it up. Strange seasoning thus got into the food at times. But Phebe compromised with a healthy appetite, a dainty stomach, and an aversion to tobacco as an article of diet, by announcing that potatos cooked with their jackets on, and eggs boiled in the shell were her favorite viands; and persisted in following this diet unless she could help prepare the meals, as she sometimes did.

When an investigation, instituted by the landlord himself, one day, as to the unusual flavor of the coffee, disclosed the fact that one of the landlady's lost short pipes was lending its strength and aroma to that of the berry, Phebe was confirmed in the belief that coffee is not a wholesome beverage, and henceforth water became her drink.

With people as with things she accepted the inevitable. She talked sympathetically to every one, and all Pike Branch was in love with the school marm.

But the experience, at once grotesque and pathetic, which she most delighted to relate in after years, was of her first party at Pike Branch.

Phebe had heard the children discussing the coming event for several days, and had gathered that the party was to celebrate Alviny Missouri Dusenberry's seventeenth birthday; though as she was unacquainted with the family she had not expected to be invited.

But the week before the august day, a neighbor's child brought her a verbal invitation. Phebe, remembering that her landlady and Mrs. Dusenberry were not on speaking terms, and that therefore no conveyance from her boarding place could be obtained, politely declined, explaining her inability to get to Mrs. Dusenberry's. But the hospitable party-givers again sent word that "if that was all to hinder her comin'" that would "see that she got there."

The longed for date came at last. Very little studying was done in school that day, for every child was going to the party. Every girl had her hair painfully rolled over tea-leads, or braided in innumerable tight tails, in preparation for the evening's curls and crimps.

People, glancing out of the window in the afternoon, happened to see a slouching figure coming down the road. She wondered vaguely who it could be, for passers-by were rare. Then she forgot all about it, until the murmurous hum of indolence in the house was broken in upon by a peculiar chuckling noise outside the door. Suddenly one of the big girls with a head-dress of lead rushed out. After a short time she came in triumphantly with the awkward figure Phœbe had noticed at her side.

"Teacher," she said dramatically from threshold, "this is Mr. Jon'than Robbuns."

Phœbe bowed gravely and asked the visitor to be seated.

He doubled his ungainly figure into a series of angles, and wriggled between a bench and a desk. Phebe took an inventory of the long drab hair, the eyes with a great expanse of white, in the center of which was a small spot about two shades darker than the rest, the long face, covered with scattering beard, and wondered what the man had come for. He did not seem to take much interest in school matters, for he yawned alarmingly, with a creaking sound, during a lecture on the objective case, and began trimming his nails and cracking his finger joints when the geography class was reciting.

At recess time every pupil passed out, and Phebe hoped that the uneasy guest would depart too. But Mr. Robbins only shuffled his feet and stretched himself.

Phebe spoke pleasantly of the weather and the oppressive heat. Mr. Robbins admitted that it was "blamed hot an' sweaty a travelin'!" "I've just came down from St. John, around by Colusy, too," he went on, "an' comin' out o' the mountains I feel the heat powerful. I haint had no rest, neither, sence I've been here. You see, Mis' Dusenberry's a goin' to give a party for Alviny Missouri to-night, an' folks thinks about here that there can't be no doin's 'thaout Jon'than Robbins to run em. Everything seems to come on my shoulders. I've been to twenty different places to-day seein' about things, an' invitin' folks, an' now I've dropped in to invite you."

"Thank you, that was an unnecessary trouble," broke in Phebe. "Mrs. Dusenberry has alread invited me, and promised to send for me."

"Yes, I know all about it. That's fell onto my shoulders, too. I've got to come an' get you."

The rueful yet important air with which this urgent "invitation" was delivered, was almost too much for Phebe. "O, I couldn't think of imposing on you so!" she said. "I'll write a note to Mrs. Dusenberry and ask her to excuse me—"

"O, I've got it to do," said the resigned master of ceremonies, who really felt quite proud of the idea of escorting the popular school-marm. "You be ready about sundown, an' I'll be after you;" and he hurried off with the air of one who had discharged a disagreeable task.

At the supper table that night, Phebe told of her visitor and the invitation. "Well!" ejaculated the landlady. "I s'pose Jon'than thought he was a doin' that job up fine. Of all eediots, he is the most surprisin'. If I was a gal I wouln't step out o' the house with sech an objeck."

"Come, now, woman," put in the landlord, "I reckon school-marm has seen bigger fools 'n Jon'than."

"Well, now, pap, I reckon 't would crowd her putty tight to find another sich a speciment," maintained the wife.

"What is peculiar about him?" said Phebe, wishing to hear more of her odd swarm.

"Well; the whole posse of them Robinses is *fitified*. Jon'than has fits every now and then; I s'pose that has unsettled what leetle sense he might hev had. I wonder who he'll borrow his rig from to-night," said the host.

"Do you mean his clothes? Hasn't he a suit of clothes?"

"Got nothin'," was the wife's sweeping summary. "He spends what leetle he earns goin' round to all sorts of foolishness and buyin' notions. He's got three brothers an' he used to brnak into their things an' help hisself to the best. But now they've took their things over to neighbor Stone's for safe keepin'. Lawful sakes! I've seen him goin' off as big as life with Dock's pants, an' Sam's coat, an' the ole man's boots, an' them a ragin' around in their ole clo'es with nothin' fit to wear tell he got home agin. Las' dance at Jonesville, he went up to the Injun rancheree and borrowed an umbre's white shirt. Then he went to Mis' White's to borrow her husband's pants an' hat. She's a stranger here, an' she said she'd lend 'em if Jon'than 'd bring 'em back Saturday night, so's't Bill could wear 'em to Shurch Sunday. But Saturday night nor Sunday morning didn't bring no lent toggans an' Billy was forced to drive Mis' White to meetin' in his old clo'es. The fust pusson they see as they got to the meetin'-house was Jon'than a talkin' to the Wilkins gals. He let on not to see Mis' White an' Billy, an' walked right up to the choir an' sung a stunnin' bass to every tune. Mis' White says she was jest achin' to walk up an' rip Billy's things off'n the impident eediot."

Phebe listened with amusement. "Here's a gallant of originality," she thought. "I've always admired people who were not commonplace, and now I am to go to a party with a real genius in his own line."

"How does he behave in public?" she asked, to keep up the conversation.

"Oh, he jest acts like he could buy up all Colusy county and some of these or'nery people here thinks he's the only one that knows anything about style, an' they follow all his motions. He's always a-bangin' 'round some girl. The poor fool's been in love more times than Solomon had wives. His heart's forever gettin' broke, an' growin' together agin as good as new. An' the things he does to show off!" went on the garrulous hostess. "Las' time, I heerd, he brought some new-fangled stuff in cans to make lemonade. One o' the boys see some before down to Jonesville, an' so he jest scooped out the powder truck, an' put in salt instead, an' emptied the lettle bottle o' juice and filled it up with cold tea. When Jon'than mixed his pail o' stuff an' passed everybody a cup, the pizen mess nearly strangled 'em all, an' Jon'than went down to Jonesville next day an' licked the clerk for sellin' him the wrong stuff. I wonder what he'll have new to-night!"

It was nearing sunset, and Phebe had to forego further discussion of Jon'than's idiosyncrasies, while she prepared her toilet.

She had scarcely completed her hasty preparations before the creaking of a wagon announced the arrival of her punctual escort.

"Here he comes," cried the landlady, "with the colt prancin' as if 'twas tryin' to knock the bottom out of all creation, and the broke-down old mare a leggin' it to keep up. My eye! don't he think hisself important!"

She was looking through a crack in the wall now, and in a sepulchral whisper gave an inventory of Jon'than's miscellaneous costume.

"That caliker shirt belongs to the clerk at Jonesville. Them striped pants is Dusenberry's herder's. That coat is Dock's second best—I kin tell it by the two shiny buttons on the back an' the grease spots on the sleeve. That magenty handkerchief belongs to the Chiny cook on Morris's thresher. He's gethered up a right smart heap o' things around the country."

By this time Phebe was ready, and went out to the wagon. Without any waste of ceremony, Jon'than's strong arm pushed her into the vehicle. He cracked the old blacksnake, and away they dashed.

They took a short cut across the fields, and passed through miles of flower-strewn lands. Great beds of nemophila held up delicate crimson and blue and cream-colored chalices before them. Sometimes a patch of yellow buttercups stretched before them—a field of cloth of gold. The sky above the mountains was refining from lemon to violet, and the play of light around St. John was the glory that must rise before the prospect from Beulah Land.

When the darkness fell, and the stars came out, so slowly that one could count them, Jon'than and Phebe began to talk a little.

He seemed very preoccupied. "The weight of responsibility on his shoulders, I suppose," was Phœbe's mental comment. Presently, by skilful questions, she launched him into descriptions of various parties, which he had attended and engineered into perfect success.

"I like to bring in new ideas," he said, "an' let these pore young folks that ain't never been nowhere see how folks acts. I'm agoin' to show 'em somethin' to astonish 'em to night; and more'n one thing, too"—this last with a mysterious gurgle and chuckle.

Then the conversation, not so undesignedly on Phœbe's part either, drifted into a discussion on matrimony. "I've gave a good many gals a chance tell me 'no,'" Jon'than admitted frankly; "but I ain't a bit sorry they done it. I don't know as I'd 'a' married any gal that'd 'a' been fool enough to git stuck after me in them days. Now it's different. I'm steadier an' sensibler, an' I'm never out o' money. I've got three dollars in my pocket now, an' a dollar an' a half a comin' to me from ole Moore. I'm never out o' spendin' money. Oh, I'll git married suddint some o' these days. There's a secret, schoolmarm, that I'd like to tell you if we was a little better acquainted; but you jest wait, an' you'll find it out. Yonder is Mis' Dusenberry's."

There was no time for further confidences. With a speed that nearly bounced Phebe out of the wagon, they rumbled up to the gate.

They walked up a narrow lane bordered with sweet June roses and stately hollyhocks. Mrs. Dusenberry met them at the door—fat and florid, with a husky voice—and gave Phebe a gushing welcome.

The house was unfurnished, but the rough rafters and wall had a bronze tint, warm and picturesque. Roses were stuck in every crack, and bright tin cans filled with flowers adorned corner shelves and mantel-piece. The fire-place was crowded with branches of hollyhocks and fragrant peppermint, and the damp floor still gave off lingering odors of soft soap.

The front room had been transformed into a dancing hall by removing chairs and tables. A row of seats composed of boards supported upon kegs and boxes in a state of very uncertain equilibrium, lined the walls.

A few old ladies, who had been helping with the cooking, were the only guests present. Phebe entered heartily into the discussion on teething that seemed to be before the house. Thanks to an apprenticeship served in helping to bring up a small brother and sister, she had some practical information on the subject. Croup came up next in the procession of infant maladies. Phebe covered herself with glory by giving her grandmother's recipe—a plaster of lard and snuff to be put on the chest. In a country where the hog is held in universal esteem, and everybody uses tobacco, the ingredients were fine recommendations for the torturing appliance, and the old ladies all voted that they would try it the next croupy spell.

Then hygienics were dropped, and Phebe volunteered to do Alviny Missouri's hair on top of her head, (a style unknown to Pike Branch), that damsel being at the moment engaged in a valiant struggle with the stubborn red mane at the other end of the room. Popularity was insured now with the old ladies.

"Why, she's just as common-talkin' as any of us," said Aunt Fanny Moran.

"Got a heap 'o common sense for a school-marm," agreed Aunt Tabby Hotchkiss.

"Looks well enough, too," drawled Aunt Sally Newton, with an approving glance at Phebe's black grenadine dress.

Aunt Lucy Bootle took the schoolmarm under her special protection, and gave her a synopsis of each guest's history and pedigree as the people came in.

Soon wagons began to roll up from every direction. From highways and byways almost every one had been bidden to the feast. Whole families came, in half-dozens, and half-scores, and upward.

"Yonder's Mis' Joy, with her seven head o' gals," whispered Aunt Lucy. "They look so much alike that their ma has to dress 'em different, so's to keep the fellers from gettin' 'em mixed." Phebe glanced at the array of gaunt, sallow girls, each dressed in a different color—all in bright new calicoes.

"Look, look," went on Aunt Lucy, with a startling nudge; "there comes the belle o' the Creek, in her an' her ma's idea. It's the widder Tibbits an' Cindy."

The widow, in a scant black dress, with a faded pink bow at her neck, came first. She had a long, sharp nose, a tight-shut mouth and snapping black eyes. Cindy followed—a short little creature, with a small nose, and round eyes of no particular color, that rolled incessantly. Her faded, streaked hair was dressed in very rebellious curls, with wiry ends. The hands, short and stubby, were covered with such a liberal coat of down that Phebe could think of nothing but a rabbit's paw.

"They say," went on the gossip, "that she's clean gone on Jon'than Robbins, an' the widder has threatened to scald him if he comes near the house agin. I kinder pity the gal, though. The widdar never takes her eye off'n her, and the gal sits from mornin' till night a readin' love stories in papers her uncle sends 'em."

One after one Aunt Lucy reeled off accounts of the people, and Phebe was glad when the musicians from Bartlett Springs arrived. The orchestra consisted of a squeaky fiddle, played with wild variations of tune, accompanied by a bass-viol, which gave out infuriated rumblings, with time utterly independent of its shrill leader.

When the first quadrille was called there was a desperate rush for the floor. Jon'than dragged Phebe out, and then with much bluster proceed to arrange the other couples in the limited space.

Just as he shouted "All sot" to the musicians the leader broke a string. While he was tinkering at his instrument Jon'than deliberately took a long, slender bottle of perfumery from his pocket. All eyes were now turned toward the interesting floor manager. Then he drew out a rubber affair which Phebe recognized as an atomizer, but which was an unknown piece of machinery to the rest. This he inserted in the bottle, still gazed at admiringly and wonderingly, as one who had "been raound right smart up an' down the Creek, an' as much as six times to Colusy," and therefore knew all the little tricks of fashionable society. Phebe was as puzzled as the others as to his intentions, when all at once he turned a jet of the spray on her.

She was half inclined to be angry at the liberty, but a glance at Jon'than showed only the gravest politeness in his face.

"Gimme a sprinklin', Jon'than," called a stout girl on the right.

"Turn her loose over here," cried a young man opposite; and right and left he showered the fragrant water, till the scent of cologne overpowered the smell of roses and mint that was in the air.

Alviny Missouri and Cindy he fairly drenched, and Phebe noticed that he afterward soaked the handkerchief of every lady with whom he danced.

"They never before see one o' them there squirters," he remarked confidentially to Phebe; "so I bought one of 'em an' two bits worth of cologne in Colusy jest to show 'em"—sniff, sniff—"why a thousand men couldn't smell it all, could they?"

So this deluge was one of the freaks of grand society that was to astonish the party goers. What would be the next? for he had spoken of the "new idees" in the plural.

By this time the fiddlers were ready; the leader shrieked out the various calls and the fun began.

They danced with no saving of muscle. The men vied with each other in cutting pigeon wings, and each girl tried to outswing the other in the dizzy "Balance All." The older ladies danced, and the children danced and though every set performed its evolutions in the limited spaces and everybody jostled everybody else, they never seemed tired of the sport.

At 12 the bountiful supper was spread. Three tables were needed, and they were placed in juxtaposition. The heights varied considerably, but the terraces were quite picturesque; dishes were of all varieties and sizes, for every matron had been asked to bring a few of her stores for the occasion. But the food was plentiful and good. Fowl of all sorts, and the American hog dished up in various ways, were the meats; and the varieties of pies, cakes, cookies and doughnuts was amazing to one with a turn for statistics. The young people ate first and the elders waited on them. The host passed up and down the sides, telling the guests to "jest reach raound and help themselves."

Jon'than called loudly to the cooks to bring him "some chicken giblets with plenty o' sop." He took the bones in both hands as he ate, remarking, "What'll stick to my fingers 'll stick to the ribs." He seemed to be the life of the table, and between the intervals of crowding things into his mouth delivered time-honored jokes, objecting to passing the tongue to this one, "'cause he's got plenty now," and offering the salt to that one "'cause he's too fresh."

His gayety seemed to be rather forced though, and Cindy, who sat near, seemed very uneasy under her mother's eye. She did not appear happy even at Jon'than's witticisms, which set the rest of the table in a roar, and nibbled only at pie and cake, with the fingers of her ridiculous little hands stiffly projected.

After awhile Jon'than declared that there would be "misery in his innards" if he ate any more, and the participators at the first table passed into the dancing room. The elders took their turn, and then the host of children had to be attended to.

Most of the young men were out on the porch, smoking and chewing, and discussing shearing and haying. A few couples had strayed out among the roses.

Cindy had taken a seat in the corner, where her mother could keep watch of her; but Phebe noticed that once when the widow had gone to the kitchen for supplies Cindy rose up quickly and very officiously pressed her own red shawl on another girl, and insisted on changing seats with her, telling her friend that she would take cold in the draught, and that she, Cindy, was going to walk around a little. The drowsy friend took the place and wrap, and nestled in the shadow half asleep. Cindy meantime passed out into the yard, and a flash of light showed Phebe that Jon'than was waiting for her.

Phebe smiled quietly as she watched the widow's occasional glance of satisfaction at the figure in the red shawl, and thought how Cindy and Jon'than must be enjoying the stolen talk in the garden; for what heart does not sympathize with young romance?

An hour passed on. Babies, deprived of lawful sleep at this birthday dissipation, set up lamentations here and there. Older children cuddled down in corners, or curled up under the benches. Old people were dozing and yawning. Nature was demanding her due of rest from these hard-working party-goers.

The hostess, having disposed of the supper, now came in, and seeing the lethargy that had fallen on the revellers, set to work to rouse them up again; for the party must last till daybreak. The later the hour breaking up, the more fascinating would the enjoyments of the occasion be supposed by the country around.

"Come on, you fiddlers," cried the cheery dame. "Now, gals and fellers, rouse up. Le's see some hoein' down like we used to hev back in ole Missouri when I was young. Come Jon'than! Come an' help me chirk em' up again!"

"Jon'than! Jon'than!" was the cry on all sides.

"Poor Jon'than!" thought Phebe. "Now the love-making in the garden must stop. Verily, 'there can't be no doin's 'thaout Jon'than.' The popular man must work to sustain his reputation, and Jon'than must tear himself away from his lady-love, while other men can loiter as long as they wish."

But Phebe's musing was cut short by the excitement that ensued when no Jon'than answered the repeated calls, and no one seemed to know where he was.

"'Spect most likely him an' Cindy's out sparkin' in some corner." This from the owner of the "seven head o' gals," none of whom were ever troubled by admirers.

The widow had entered just in time to hear the remark. "Don't be quite so glib to speak of your neighbors, ma'am," she said, with ominous politeness. "My Cindy's been settin' in that corner ever sence supper," and she turned for confirmation of the fact just as the girl in Cindy's red shawl rubbed her eyes and stood up.

"What!" cried the widow, amazed, "Deely where'd you git that shawl?"

The girl explained that Cindy had lent it to her saying she was going to walk around a while, and had then passed outside.

Some one else had seen Cindy and Jon'than talking by the gate.

"Cindy! Cindy!" shrieked the mother from the door. Half a dozen children took up the cry, but only the echoes answered.

The widow turned a yellowish white, and the line of her lips grew tremulous, but she did not break down yet.

"See ef his wagon's gone," she gasped. A group of boys rushed out.

"Yes, clean gone!" was the shout.

"Sloped, by the eternal jeewhacker!" cried old Pap Laraway.

"Gone off to be married!" wailed the widow with her apron to her eyes. Then she rallied. "They've got to be follered an' stopped, if it takes the turkey raisin' and the hog killin'. I don't care ef she is twenty-three. I've got more to say 'bout who she shall marry than any law that ever was made. Which o' you men wants to earn honest money by startin' after them?"

Two or three volunteered. Then there was a grand consultation: Jonesville, Bartlett Springs or Colusy?—which was the destination? The wagon had rolled away on the soft grass, and the rising moon could give no hints as to tracks.

The men who were to give chase seemed to make a thousand delays—to parley, to dispute. Was it to give the fugitives a chance? It was plain that the shiftless Jon'than was a favorite, and the widow more feared than loved.

Just as the widow was giving the final directions about bringing Cindy straight home wherever they caught her, and warning all officers and ministers not to dare marry her, another delay occurred. Some one said that the fiddlers had not been paid and that Jon'than must have the money. It was the custom even at invitation parties to ask the dancers to help pay for the music. Jon'than was the collector, and when last interviewed had seven dollars for the purpose.

"He's taken the fiddlers' money to go off on his tower," said the prophets.

"Oh! do hurry up and catch them!" implored the widow. "He may strike the railroad an' go off to Sacramento, an' then I'll never git my Cindy."

At last the pursuers moved along, each bound for a different town, and the guests were left to discuss the matter.

Of course, all the old ladies had suspected this all along. Jon'than's friends had known for quite a while that he was up to something, and everybody was wise now that the thing had happened.

"Well, Scrapey," said some one to the fiddler, "when do you expect to see your seven dollars?"

"When bob-tailed flies
Makes good mince pies,"

said the poetical musician. "We'll make 'em a present of that, won't we, Simp?"

"Mought as well," growled the other. "We'd never git it nohow, an' its jest as cheap to call it a gift as to call it a debt."

"Well, I don't gredge it to set 'em up," maintained the cheerful Scrapey. "Jon'than's helped us through many a dance, an' I don't s'pose he'll swear off dancin' 'cause he's got married—that is ef he gits married. He may git captured before he gits spliced."

"No danger that Jon'than 'll be caught," said another. "The boys like him too well. They'll be bound to have a breakdown or somethin', even if they come in sight of him."

The widow was inside now, sobbing bitterly, while the other women in groups discussed the events the night had brought forth, and the pust of the lovers generally. Phebe was trying to console the mother, for none of the other women seemed to have anything, soothing or otherwise, to say to her.

"To think," wailed the widow, "after all I've said an' done to break it up, that the last livin' child o' my eleven would up an' run off with that sneakin' varmint! Sich trash to mix with, too! You could balance the soul of any Robbins that ever lived on the p'int of a pin, an' then it'd have more room than a pollywog in the sea. No, no, schoolmarm, it won't come out all right. I ain't very smart, but I can see a long ways through that Jon'than. He'll marry her an' starve her, an' then I'll have to take them in, an' hev him a-hangin' around the rest o' my life. I've brought her up so keerful, too," the poor creature moaned. "She ain't went nowhere without me, nor had no comp'ny that I wa'n't by. It was while I was down with the chills in shearin' time that she tuk up with that miserable Jon'than. They say he has asked every gal up an' down the Creek to have him, too, an' to think o' my Cindy havin' no more pride than to take the leavin's o' Stony Creek!

"The money I've spent on that ongrateful girl, too! Three new calikers an' a gingham this spring, an' a sun-bonnet to match each. This is what she was reck'nin' on when she was a-patchin' the 'risin' star' quilt, an' the 'keep-sake' quilt.

"O, schoolmarm, it's a dretful cross!"

Phebe pitied the forlorn woman, but she read between the lines the story of the stern, practical mother, and the shallow, aimless girl, who was captivated by the first words of affection she had ever heard, leaving the faithful slave of a mother for the idle lover.

The people started homeward after daylight. A neighbor took Phebe to her boarding place, and there she had to tell the story, and how the poor widow was pacing up and down watching for the returning pursuers.

Two of these returned at nightfall with no tidings; and the third came from Colusa next day reporting that a license of marriage for Jonathan Robbins and Lucinda Tibbits had been procured two days before the party. Then the widow knew that the case was hopeless, and went to her desolate home.

A week afterward Phebe's pupils came shouting one recess, "Teacher, teacher, here's Jonathan and Cindy, and they want to speak to you."

She went out. "Well, schoolmarm," said the complacent Jon'than, "let me introduce you to Mis' Robbins. I reckon, schoolmarm, I ort to apologise for leavin' you so kind o' suddint like at the party that night. I kim pretty near a tellin' you what was goin' to happen before mornin'. That license was jest a achin' to be showed to you; but says I to myself, 'A secret 'bout a weddin's pretty hard to keep, an' if I can't keep my own 'bout my own weddin' 'tain't likely she will. It's bad enough to worry about Cindy blabbin', so I let you find out yourself. Seeing the onusual circumstances, you'll excuse me for not bringin' you home, won't you, schoolmarm?"

Phebe granted the pardon and tried to talk to Cindy, who kept her sun-bonnet over her face and had little to say. Jon'than talked for both. He told how they went down the Grapevine grade and across the plains to Willows, where they had been visiting at his cousin's.

"They give us some presents, an' we bought a lot o' truck," he said, "an' now we're goin' to keepin' house up on St. John. We're goin' to raise goats an' hogs; an', school-marm, we'd like to hev you visit us any time convenient."

They drove off to their stark home on the beautiful mountain, and Phebe looked after them with a sigh for their narrow, barren lives and the colorless future before them.

BUTCHERS' PROFITS.

Meat is Sold too High to Consumers—The Profits.

The following will partly answer several inquries from readers of the *Prairie Famrer* as to what is done with beef cattle after they reach Chicago markets, how sold, etc. The cost of sending cattle varies with the locality and distance, and the reader can learn that at his own shipping point. His net receipts will be what is left after paying freight, yardage and commission. The price varies greatly with the quality. We propose in this talk to confine the figures to one particular grade; to follow them through all varieties would be an endless job, as the prices run all the way from $2 per 100 lbs. live weight for "grass-fed Texans of 600 or 700 lbs. to $5 per 100 lbs. for "extra beeves," and $5.10 to $5.40 for a few "premium cattle." Medium good steers are now selling at about $4 per 100 lbs. live weight.

We take a 1,300 lbs. steer as an example, for which the buyer pays 4 cts. per lb., or $52. A fairly fattened animal of this grade will yield about 4 per cent. tallow (62 lbs.) and 5 per cent. of hide (55 lbs.) The dressed carcass ranges from 55 to 59 per cent. according to the condition, say an average of 57 per cent. or 57 lbs. of dressed carcass to each 100 lbs. of live weight. This gives a dressed carcass weighing 741 lbs. from the live weight of 1,300 lbs. The 52 lbs. of rough tallow at 5 cents equals $5.20. The head, tongue and feet will be 50 to 90 cents, say 75 cents; or for hide, tallow, etc., $9. Suppose the butcher takes this amount for killing, dressing, taking care of and selling the carcass, and his profits. The carcass would cost the retailing butcher $41, or 6½ cents per lb.

Hardly two the same would cut up a carcass in exactly butchers' way, but an average from several Chicago butchers gives about the following percentages for divisions of the carcass: Porter house steak, 4½ per cent.; sirloin steak, 15 per cent.; round steak, 23 per cent; chuck steak, 18 per cent.; rib roast, 10½ per cent.; coarse meat, various, 29 per cent. Apply these figures to the 741 pounds of dressed carcass from the 1,300 pound steer, and taking present average charges of retail butchers, we have, omitting fractions:

33 lbs. porter house steak (4½ per c) @ 18c per lb.	$ 5 94
111 lbs. sirloin steak (15 per c) @ 16c per lb.	17 76
170 lbs round steak (23 per c) @ 12½c per lb.	21 25
78 lbs rib roast (10½ per c) @ 14c per lb.	10 92
133 lbs. chuck steak (18 per c) @ 9c per lb.	11 97
194 lbs. rough meat, averaging 5c per lb.	10 65
72 lbs. (3 per c) shrinkage and loss	00
741 lbs.	78 48
Cost of carcass as above	41 00
Retail butcher's remuneration and profit	37 48

If the retail butcher does his own killing he receives whatever additional profit there is in the $9 allowed for his work. The prices of meat are those paid by the average consumers in Chicago. In suburban towns, where there is much competition, the porterhouse steak is sold the same as sirloin, at 16 cents. Meat is sold too high to the consumer, who now pays almost as much as when the producer was getting $5 to $16 per head more than now for his cattle. The retail butchers have a very dim vision when the papers report a decline in cattle markets; but is a rule that does not work both ways.

In response to our protest against the high rates, some butchers claim that their rent, ice, delivery wagons and men, loss in trimming, in meat spoiled on their hands, in bad accounts, etc., leave them a very small margin. How then did they live when paying $5 to $15 more per carcass? The losses are but trifling. Most of them weigh the steaks before trimming off corners, extra tallow and bone, and even utilize some of this waste. Meat in danger of spoiling goes into the "corning" tub. Readers who depend upon the butcher, can, with the above figures as a general guide, demand a fair rate upon what they purchase. Farmers can learn from them the advantage of doing their own killing. A few neighbors uniting in taking a carcass, killed in turn by one of their own number, can effect a material saving.—*Prairie Farmer.*

IT READS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

A Georgia Farmer's Benevolence Rewarded By a Pile of Money.

A pretty little romance has just reached an interesting culmination in Rabun county, Georgia. At the base of the Tiger mountain, half a mile off the main road leading to Clayton, resides a sober old farmer named George W. Dillard, who has a wife and two sons. Early last summer Mr. Dillard received a letter from his wife's brother, whom he had not seen since 1849. At that time James McCurrie was a young man, as was also George W. Dillard. The news had reached Georgia of the wonderful gold discoveries in California. Among those who were full of the excitement were McCurrie and Dillard. They had perfected all arrangements for going thither, and were bidding the family good-bye when Dillard faltered. The tearful eyes of McCurrie's young sister touched his heart, especially as she was weeping for him and not for her brother. Throwing down his bundle, he declared that he would stay if the girl would marry him. To this she cheerfully agreed, so Dillard remained a Georgia farmer, while Mc Currie jumped into the stage coach and was borne away. Since that time he has never been heard of.

It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Dillard read the letter from his old comrade. McCurrie stated that he had worked against adverse fortune, declining to write to the folks at home until he could strike it rich, but every year found him growing poorer, and now, old, feeble and poor; his great wish was to look once more upon his native hills. That he could not do so unless he was sent money enough upon which to return. Mr. Dillard read the letter to his wife and sons.

"We must send him the money," said the old man. So a cow and a mule were sacrificed and the money went on its mission across the continent. Several weeks' time brought another letter in which the old man expressed his gratefulness for the kindness done him, but he was too ill to undertake the journey. After that no more was heard from him.

On October 3 Dillard received a letter which recited that James McCurrie was dead; that he wished test to the fidelity of his sister's family; that their prompt response to his appeal had moved him, and that by his will his property in California, valued at $1,600,000, was willed in equal parts to his sister, her husband and their two sons.

Why the Petticoat Must Go.

Few people seem aware how enormously a petticoat dress of any sort increases the apparent size of the hips until they have seen the same person in a different—*i. e.*, two-legged-dress. The habit of wearing a dress which causes the quality of the form to be concealed is the true cause of all the errors and strange contortions which seem inseparable from women's dress. It completely alters the character of the figure and causes an ordinary waist to look large and clumsy. Dress a man in a woman's skirt and his waist immediately appears large out of all proportion to its height; and this result is the true cause of the compression of the waist among most European nations. Till it is removed, it is vain to argue against tight lacing. The majority of women also seem unaware how unbecoming a thing is the tight bodice, which is the stereotyped form on which their dress bodices are made. They unconsciously try to improve upon it by imitating vests and waistcoats and falls of lace down the front. But with a loose, flapping skirt an artistic and becoming form of bodice is out of the question, for only a tight bodice can give the hour-glass pinch rendered necessary by the globular form the legs assume when encased in skirts.—*Dress.*

President Cleveland's "Humor."

The New York *Herald* says that Mr. Cleveland has "a sense of the humorous as keen as a Damascus blade." This is offered, we suspect, as an explanation of his recent observation to the effect that triplets are born "simultaneously."

Humor.

BATH ROOM HOSPITALITY.

An Englishman's Unique Experience in the Woolly West.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the West, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I——"

"Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston."

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive, and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicability of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him.

"I hope you found everything to your mind," she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath; and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train."

"What?" cried his hostess, aghast, "You are not going?"

"Unfortunately I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly cannot go away when I haven't seen you at all."

"I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I shall always remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her own friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.

THE CORONER'S WELCOME.

How a New Settler is Received in Booming Nebraska.

A man who had just moved to Nebraska with his family was called on before breakfast the other morning by a tall stranger.

"Mornin', stranger," said the Nebraska man. "Jes' movin' in, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"I understand one of your sons was mysteriously killed a few months ago?"

"No, sir; you are mistaken."

"Am? Well, that's cur'us. But your wife tried to drown herself last spring?"

"No, sir; she didn't."

"But one of the gals took p'zen an' died 'bout that time?"

"No."

"Ah, wrong again? I unnerstood she did. Your whole fam'ly is subject to fallin' sickness an' such I'm told?"

"You've been wrongfully informed—my family is perfectly healthy."

"Gosh, that's funny! But say, ain't there been a good many violent and unexpected deaths in the family somewhere?"

"Never one."

"Well, you shot a man 'bout a year ago—I got that straight?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well, well, I must have struck the wrong house somehow—there's such a family jes' moved in 'round here somewhere. You see I'm county coroner, an' I'm very anxious to make their acquaintance and tell 'em that they're welcome, an' if they care to indulge in their specialty I'll see that they have just as slick an inquest as was ever held in Newbrasky! Good-by, stranger!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Interesting Query.

The following story is told of a Virginia gentleman, rather advanced in life, who was about to be united in marriage to a lady very much his junior. Going to make her a visit just before their wedding, her old colored mammy came courtesying into the parlor, eager to make the acquaintance of the future lord and master of her young lady. "Well, Aunt Chloe," said the gentleman in question, after the preliminary greeting had been gotten through with, "what do you think of Miss Lucy's choice, now you've seen him?" "I likes you mighty well, Mars' John, fur as I've seen you," replied Aunt Chloe, after a moment's deliberation; "but you too old for Miss Lucy." "Too old, Aunt Chloe!" exclaimed the gentleman, somewhat discomfited by Aunt Chloe's unexpected candor. "You don't know what you're taking about" (straightening himself). "Why, I'm just in my prime." "Yes, sir, I sees you is," replied the still unconvinced Aunt Chloe; "but when Miss Lucy gits in her prime, whar you gwine be den?"—*Grace Willoughby, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

It Keeps the Trousers from Bagging.

Omaha Youth—"Yes, I guess my sister will go to church with you if you ask her. You are both Episcopalians, I believe."

New York Youth—"Er—no, I nevah attend that church any more. I go to the Presbyterian."

"Well, well! What caused that change in you?"

"The—er—Presbyterians do their praying standing up and that keeps a fellah's Sunday trousers bagging at the knees, don't you know?"

Inference.

A fellow who is considered soft, speaking the other day of the many inventions which have been made by the present generation, exultantly wound up with:

"For my part, I believe every generation grows wiser; for there's my father, he knowed more'n my grandfather, and I believe I know more'n my father did."

"My dear sir," remarked a bystander, "what a fool your grandfather must have been."

What They Remembered.

Enthusiastic Sunday school teacher: "What beauties there in Nature! You well remember the beautiful walk you took a month ago when you went through splendid park to your treat. God made the country, but man made the town. Now, my children, tell me what you first observed when you visited that home of Nature?"

Ans: "Keep off the grass."

The Latest Achievement in Photography.

A photographer in France recently took a picture of a young and beautiful lady, and to his astonishment the negative gave her a face covered with spots. The lens was right, the plate was fair, and he could not account for it. He called to request another sitting, and was informed that the lady had broken out with the smallpox the day after the first picture was taken.

Her Dying Request.

An Albany lady who was very ill and not expected to recover, called her husband to her side and said she wished to make a last request. He eagerly replied that he would carry it out whatever it might be. "Then," said she, "don't print my age in the death notice." The lady soon after recovered, but she still insists that the pledge must be kept, and her husband says it shall be.

By the Chicago Standard.

Chicago young lady (to a dry goods clerk): Can you let me have a sample of this silk?

Clerk: Certainly, madam; how large a piece would you like?

Chicago young lady: Oh, about the size of a pig's ear will be enough, I think.

Pianos Have a Poor Chance.

Talmage is authority for the statement that there are no pianos in heaven. What's the use of a piano trying to be square or upright, then!

THE VEILED LADY.

A Girl Goes on a Lark with Her Intended, with Funny Results.

A girl told me she had heard from fate by cards, by palmistry, by spiritual mediumship, by astrology, and by a teacup. She thought the revelations of the tea the most wonderful. The woman told her she was engaged in something as secret as the grave, but very amusing.

"And are you?" I asked.

"Why, it is too good to keep to myself," rattled Miss Bonton. "How the woman found it out, I can't say. You know I'm engaged to Archie Vivant, and there are queer stories in our set about Archie. It occurred to me that I might as well get better aquainted with the gentleman before I went any further. So I just wrote him a letter and told him I was a young married woman who had fallen desperately in love with him, and desired above all things to meet him. If he would promise never to try to see my face, but would allow me to wear a thin veil, I would make an appointment with him. Oh! the scheme suited him. He wrote directly. He met me the same evening. I've been out riding with him repeatedly, and even supped at a hotel out on the Central avenue. How he did beg to see my face. Well, it's awful fun, and Archie to keep it up wears a mask now. When I jumped into the carriage the other night he fairly startled me, for he had on a crimson domino, and said if I hid my face so would he."

"When was this?" asked I.

"Night before last."

This struck me as strange, as Archie had sat in front of me that evening at the theater.

I went next day to Bob, the bosom friend of Archie, and I said to him, "What is this I hear of Archie riding out with a veiled lady?"

"Good mercy!" said he, "you don't say that's got out? It is some foolish, romantic girl. She's young and awful nice, though none of us have seen her face."

"None of you?" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes; you see she's gone on Archie, but Archie has passed her around. She is all tied up in a vail and lace things. So Archie got a mask and she thought that was very interesting and all the jollier. So it is the exploit for every fellow in the club who is Archie's size to wear that mask and go riding with that girl. Oh, it's a great kidding we're giving her."

I wrote to Addie next morning. I don't think she will mention this little enterprise to Archie after they are married, and the boys of the club are sorry that the veiled lady has disappeared.

Practice.

A Texas parent had a son who took piano lessons at Professor Zweibeer's house, but was supposed to do his practicing on the piano at home. The parent had a suspicion that the youth did not practice much. One day he said:

"Tommy, do you practice regularly on the piano when I am down town?"

"Yes, pa."

"Every day?"

"Yes, pa."

"How long did you practice yesterday?"

"Two hours."

"And to-day?"

"Three hours."

"I am glad to hear that you practice so regularly."

"Yes, pa."

"And next time you practice be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago."—*Texas Siftings.*

Outwitting a Detective.

One of the brightest detectives at police headquarters is the subject of a joke. He recently was out looking for a well-known "crook," and one of the toughest young men in Buffalo. The officer spotted his game and started toward him. The latter "tumbled" very quickly and made off on a run. The detective gave chase and the race was getting so hot that the crook bolted into a saloon. A pail of water was standing on the floor of the bar-room, and quick as a flash the pursued threw down his hat and began washing his face in it. In an instant the detective burst in, asking: "Did a man run in here just now?" "Yes," answered the crook, vigorously rubbing his face. "Just went out the back door." The detective took the bait and went through the rear exit on a gallop, while Mr. Crook was out of reach.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Little Girl at the Table.

A gentleman who had a little daughter of a very inquisitive turn of mind, invited a friend to dine with him. It chanced that the friend had just been divorced from his wife, and little Annie, who had heard something about it, was curious to know more. "Why didn't you bring your wife with you, Mr. Todd?" asked Annie when they were all seated at the table. The guest blushed and stammered, and said that he hadn't any now. Then Annie, in spite of admonitory scowls from papa and mamma, continued: "What did you get divorced from her for?" "Well, Annie, don't you think it is better," asked Mr. Todd, "when two people can't live happily together that they should separate?" "No, I don't," answered the child. "I think it is better to fight it out; that's the way my papa and mamma do."

The One Thing Needful.

A revivalist in a Michigan town had discoursed on the Bible for two hours, and got his audience worked up to the point of enthusiasm.

"Now, my hearers, there is one thing that it would be impossible for us to get along without. Who can tell me what it is?"

He expected the audience to say "religion," but he discovered that he had mistaken the character of his hearers when a grizzled long beard arose and said "quinine."—*Judge.*

The Seats at the Circus.

"The seats at the circus are getting narrower every year," remarked a young lady in a horse car the other evening. "When I was told where to sit down there was not a sign of a seat anywhere, only the laps of two gentlemen."

"Did you sit down?"

"Why, of course," and there was a lapse in the conversation.

The Family Supplied.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her!" he exclaimed passionately; "why, sir, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

A Clever Thing.

"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mawning," said young Mr. Sissy to his pretty cousin, "and just for a joke, y' know, I asked Snipem if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said that it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah."

"Yes, it was clever, Charley," said his pretty cousin.

Youthful Dignity.

The small girl had a request to prefer to her mother. She wanted to be permitted to go to the grocery for something that was needed. She was only seven, she said.

"Well, you can go. But, mind, you must not stop on the street and talk to the boys."

"Mamma," she said, drawing herself up to her full height; "mamma, you insult me!"

Good for the Mule.

Some one has discovered that a "mule cannot bray if a brick by tied to his tail." It is extremely doubtful if the man who undertakes to make the combination can do much braying—or breathing either—about ten minutes later.

Protest From the Laundry.

Little Girl—"Oh please, sir, I've brought your shirt 'ome, but mother says she can't wash it no more, cos she was obliged to past it up again the wall and chuck soapsuds at it, it's so tender!"

Not Necessary Usually.

The latest novelty in gentlemen's wear is a small thermometer for a breast pin. When a man gets left he can thus easily tell whether it is a cold day.

A Place for the Dead.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school superintendent.

"Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.

Miscellany.

THE POVERTY OF POLITICS.

Congress Is No Place for the Poor Man.

It has been reported that Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, has about decided to give up public life. It is also said that Mr. Reed is satisfied that he has practically wasted the ten best years of his life. He has been one of the eminently successful among Republican politicians who began public life some ten or twelve years ago. He is famed for wit, audacity, a level head and a sharp tongue; but he finds these honors no avail when set against the fact that he is poor. He relies mainly on his salary for support, and he has made up his mind that a man who has been able to get the place he has in politics and isn't worth $10,000 when 50 years old, had better set about getting something more substantial.

The experience of Conkling has also impressed Reed. If he quits Congress now and plunges into business or professional activity at 50 he will doubtless be able to make good those lost years, but there'll be no more politics for Tom Reed, though he thinks he will have just as much fun.

Tom Ewing, whose political prospects when he was 30 were as bright as those of any young man of his age had ever been, was up to his ears in politics for ten years, and he suddenly found himself face to face with the appalling fact that he was flat on his back pecuniarily. Politics had treated him well, but it had cost him dearly. He turned his back squarely upon his ambitions, and came to New York to make money. It is understood that he is making money, and he tells his friends that one year of business prosperity is worth all the political fame a young man can possibly win.

Frank Hurd recently said that he believed that the earnings of Roscoe Conkling for the past two or three years have been understated rather than exaggerated. Ten years ago Mr. Conkling was a leading candidate for the Presidency. Six years ago he quitted the United States senate in passion, and when he cooled off and took a look at his affairs he found that what had been done as a piece of politics would speedily have been rendered necessary as a matter of existence. Through all the years of his splendid successes as a politician he had accumulated scarcely any property, and he found himself in June, 1881, worse than poor.

He was practically bankrupt at 50. It is known that he set to work to pay off the claims that the death and bankruptcy of his friend Johnson, of Utica, for whom he indorsed to the extent of $80,000, fastened upon him. But in addition to this Mr. Hurd says that he has other somewhat similar obligations, amounting, with the Johnson claim, to nearly $175,000. That was done some time ago. Mr. Conkling often says that the greatest service ever rendered to him was by the enemies who declined to send him back to the senate, and he is most impressive when he declares that the young man without money who starts out on a political career has started on the road to want or dishonor.

Recently Robert T. Lincoln said that he would not accept the nomination for vice president if it were tendered to him, and he frankly gave as his reason that he could not afford to do so. Lincoln, while still a very young man, served four years in one of the most exalted offices. He was secretary of war from 1881 to 1885. He had reached the pinnacle beyond which few politicians' ambition is great enough to cause them to aspire. Yet it was known to Mr. Lincoln's friends that he held that office at serious pecuniary loss, and was hampered by the fear that he might be unable to take up a profitable practice in his profession when he quitted it. Had it not been for his private property Mr. Lincoln must have left his war office before the expiration of his term, or else left it at the end of the term in debt.

Senator John B. Gordon resigned his seat in the Senate not only because he was poor, but because he saw that he should remain poor as long as politics had his best energies. He stuffed his ears against all politics for eight years and plunged into business, where he is understood to have been speedily successful. Having gained a fortune he has returned to politics as governor of Georgia.

Had Mr. Wayne MacVeagh served as attorney general for four years the honor would have cost him at least $100,000. For the difference between what his profession would have brought him and the salary he received would have been not far from that sum.

Congressman Collins, of Boston, said that he felt that it was almost criminal neglect of his family for him to remain in Congress. His practice at the bar in Boston was just beginning to be very lucrative when he was first elected to Congress. In spite of the aid of able partners, Mr. Collins saw that his absence in Washington was very seriously threatening his practice, and it became a very serious question with him whether, if he remained in public life, it might not be wholly lost. It is his conviction that no young man who has his fortune to make should for an instant think of accepting such public office as interferes with the prosecution of his business to any extent.

Probably no man was ever more strongly tempted to enter upon a political career than Chauncey M. Depew. Early in his active life he had the offer of the mission to Japan, and greatly was he tempted to take it. But he also had a business career open to him under Commodore Vanderbilt. Had he decided against business and in favor of politics, Mr. Depew would have made a great career, but at what a cost! He sometimes speaks of this critical point in his career, and always with solemnity, as he reflects on the great temptation and the inclination to yield to it.

Said a friend of George F. Hoar a year or two ago:

"Senator Hoar is a poor man, and politics has been very costly to him. Had he devoted himself to his profession he would have been a wealthy man to-day. Few lawyers in Massachusetts could have commanded larger fees. He is now verging on 60, and yet finds that his salary as Senator is a very important part of his income. His brother Rockwood, who quit politics twelve years ago, has become a very wealthy man, but he, too, would have been almost penniless had he remained in public office."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Uncertain State.

New York has been steadily an uncertain state in its political verdicts ever since the Republican victory in 1860. That year Edwin D. Morgan, Republican, was elected governor over William Kelly, Democrat, 63,460 votes; in 1862 Horatio Seymour, Democrat, was elected over James S. Wadsworth, Republican, by 10,752 votes, and in 1864 the state swung back again and elected the Republican candidate, Reuben E. Fenton, by 8,293 majority.

In 1866 Fenton was elected over John T. Hoffman, Democrat, by 13,789 votes, and in 1868 Hoffman was elected over Griswold, Republican, by 27,946 majority.

In 1872 Gen. John A. Dix, Republican, was elected over Francis Kernan, Democrat, by 53,451 votes, and in 1874 Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat, defeated Dix by 50,317.

In 1876 Lucius Robinson, Democrat, was successful over E. D. Morgan by 30,480 votes and in 1879 A. B. Cornell, Republican, had a plurality of 42,777 over Robinson.

In 1881 Joseph B. Carr, Republican, was elected secretary of state over William Purcell, Democrat, by 13,022 votes; in 1882 Grover Cleveland was elected governor over Charles J. Folger, Republican, by 193,856 votes, and in 1884 Cleveland defeated Blaine for President by 1,047 plurality.

After studying these figures who will deny that New York is a variable and uncertain state, and who will undertake to predict, with any confidence in his own skill as a prophet, where New York will be politically this year or next year?—*New York World.*

Probably Has a Pretty Neck.

He—"Now that we are married we are one, and I shall insist that this be the last time you appear in a low-neck dress."

She—"We may be one, but you are only half of us, and I shall dress my half as I please."

A Severe Mental Tax.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two."

"I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wanted to Prove Her Injuries.

Mother—Why are you crying, Fanny?

Fanny—Tommy—boohoo—hit me as hard as he could with that big stick. Tommy, hit me again, so ma can see how you did it—boohoo!

Recent Literature.

The name of Wendell Phillips is one that always calls up pleasant thoughts to those interested in the reforms of which he was one of the pioneers and in which he was one of the most earnest workers. Gifted with a wonderful eloquence, he could carry the public feeling with him by this power, and in this way his influence was great. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just issued "The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips," by George Lowell Austin, which will undoubtedly command an army of readers. It is charmingly written and he who thus finds brought before him the thrilling scenes in which Mr. Phillips bore so prominent a part, can hardly realize that so short a time has brought so wonderful a change in public opinions.

Lee & Shepard also publish "Life Notes or Fifty Years Outlook," by William Hague D. D. The book contains the recollections of early times in New York and vicinity, written by one whose part in the scenes of those days was such as gave him an opportunity to see and know much of what are matters of public interest. The volume forms very pleasant reading, besides giving much information about the rise and growth of various phases of thought in New England. There is an added interest attached to the work from the fact that the author died immediately after the conclusion of its last pages.

From the same publishers comes another book belonging to the Boat Builder series by Oliver Optic, who is so well-known to young readers. This one is entitled "Ready About or Sailing the Boat," and constitutes the last of the series. A few new characters are introduced, members of a club, for the purpose, the author says, of exhibiting the contrast between young men of high aims and correct principles, and those inclined to live too fast. There is more of adventure in this book than in others of the series, and one of the principle features is the hints in the art of sailing the boat.

"Knitters in the Sun" is a book by Octave Thanet, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. It contains a number of remarkably pretty and interesting short stories, the names of some of them being as follows: "The Ogre of the Ha Ha Bay;" "The Bishop's Vagabond;" Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair;" "Father Quinnalon's Convert;" "A Communist's Wife" and several others. The first one mentioned has a quaint simplicity that is very fascinating, and will give enough pleasure to pay for the whole book.

From the same publishers comes "Jack, the Fisherman," by the favorite writer, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Written in the glowing picturesque style which is always so fascinating and which belongs to Miss Phelps, this story, besides being full of absorbing interest, preaches one of the most pathetic temperance sermons ever delivered. It is bound in a most tasteful manner, and is altogether a very charming little volume.

"Tactics of Infidels" by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc., is published by Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo. It is an answer to a defense of Ingersoll, which was published in reply to Mr. Lambert's former work, "Notes on Ingersoll." In this volume the author endeavors to make his former position good. Those interested in these controversies will be glad to read what he has to say in this direction.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, issue a well illustrated work entitled "Two Years in Europe" by Prof. Radney Glisan, M. D. The author details some of the most important incidents, and describes objects which he saw during a very leisurely made trip through Europe. It will recall agreeable memories to those who have made the same trip and interest some of those who have not, though there is nothing particularly new in its pages to give a reason for its writing. The book is printed upon fine paper and prettily bound.

The Putnams also issue "The Lost Wedding Ring," by Mrs. Winter and Mrs. Boy. A quaint dedication first brings a smile to face of the reader which broadens and deepens as he goes on into the body of the book, where the writers' ideas in various social matters are given in a half humorous way that is very pleasant. The little book is worth reading.

From the same publishers comes "Federal Taxes and State Taxes," by William H. Jones. The further title of the book explains its drift as follows: The Decay of Separate State power of Excise under the Federal Constitution, and the Compensation therein provided for it, and the relation of the general civil administration under state authority, "to the welfare of the United States" under the Federal Autonomy. The author has made the subject a matter of study for several years, and has here given his conclusions and reasons therefor.

Part five of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" contains four important war articles and 25 cuts, which are entirely new. It takes up the war in the West: Capture of Donelson, by Gen. Lew Wallace; the battle at Island No. 10, by Admiral Walke; the Steam Rams, by Gen. Ellet, and the Battle of Shiloh, by Gen. Grant. There are 66 superb engravings, and the letter press is of superior excellence. The book is sold by subscription only. Published by the Century Co., New York.

"The Earth Trembled," by E. P. Roe, is published in book form by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, while it has run as a serial in several of the leading newspapers of the country. The first chapter condences a few thrilling episodes of the opening of the civil war, the scene being laid in Charleston, and closes with the birth of one heroines of the story. In the beginning of the second chapter the acting characters appear, and the reader follows the developments with the interest that always attend this author's works. A very thrilling description of the earthquake is given, and the damages that those the reader is interested in undergo, but the end is a happy one.

From the same publishers comes "Elsie's Friends at Wordburn," by Martha Finley. This is another of the well-known Elsie books which have been so popular among the young people. The present volume is equally interesting with those which have preceded it and will find hosts of readers. It is full of excellent lessons conveyed in the way to do the greatest good.

Dodd, Mead & Company, also issue "A Border Shepherdess; A Romance of Eskdale" by Amelia E. Barr, author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," etc., books which have been received with great favor. The present story is of Scottish characters and one in which the peculiar traits of the people are well represented. The scene is first laid in an old castle in Eskdale, where live a twin brother and sister of noble blood and hot passions. The story is a very pretty one, full of pathos which cannot but move the heart.

Literary Notes.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is seriously ill at Gloucester, Mass.

"A Puritan Lover," by Laura C. S. Fessenden, is published in Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library.

Mr. W. D. Howells' book of essays on "Modern Italian Poets" will be published this week by Harper & Brothers.

This month Miss Braddon's fiftieth, or jubilee, novel will be published. It is called "Like and Unlike."

Mr. W. H. Brinckerhoff, M. Am. Soc. C. E., has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Engineering and Building Record*.

The *Engineering and Building Record* is now the title of the paper hitherto known as the *Sanitary Engineer*, the old name being retained as a sub-title.

Miss Julia Fletchen (George Fleming) has written a new novel, entitled "The Truth about Clement Ker." It will appear in Oscar Wilde's paper, the *Woman's World*.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton has nearly ready "The Saone, a Summer Voyage," with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the American etcher.

The history, uses and fashions of the wedding ring will be pleasantly described in the November number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in an article on that subject by D. R. McAnally.

New volumes are steadily being added by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, in conjunction with the English publishers to the famous series of Bohn's libraries, long since classics in every household.

Miss Virginia W. Johnson, author of "The Neptune Vase," "The House of a Musician," and other popular novels, will contribute the complete novel to *Lippincott's* for November. It is an art-story, a romance of life in Italy, told with much power and beauty.

Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins is at work on her first novel, in which she hopes to do for the tenement-house population of New York a work similar in kind to that done by Mrs. Stowe in her anti-slavery romance It will be called "Uncle Tom's Tenement."

Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, author of a "Life of Margaret of Navarre," has made a selection of the best tales in the "Heptameron" of that queen, which she is able to dedicate to ladies and antiquaries. It will be published by Mr. George Redway, under the title of "The Fortunate Lovers."

Messrs. Lee & Shepard are about to issue with additions covering his completed career, a new edition of "Our Standard Bearer; or the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant; his Youth, his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword has redeemed; as seen and related by Captain Bernard Galligasken, Cosmopolitan, and written out by Oliver Optic." The work is illustrated by the well-known artist, Thomas Nast.

The boys of the country need no introduction to Mr. Trowbridge, who is soon to give them, through his publishers, Lee & Shepard, the sixth in his Tide Mill Stories, entitled "Peter Budstone, the Boy who was Hazed." It will be found to be the equal of all the series that have preceded it, which includes "Phil and His Friends," "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill," "The Satin-wood Box," "The Little Master," and "His One Fault." The books of this series are written in the author's best vein, and are bright, witty, full of wholesome adventure, and are profusely illustrated.

At the suggestion of Messrs. Benjamin & Bell, the publishers, Mr. Appleton Morgan has added to his forthcoming volume, "Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism," a chapter dealing with the Donnelly cipher, so called, Mr. Morgan proposing to demonstrate that while the Donnelly method is a heroic treatment of the Baconian Theory, yet it appears to be impossible from a structural analysis, as well as from the history of the Folio of 1623, that any interwritten matter should be there included.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Boyhood of Living Authors," by William H. Rideing, which, though it is mainly designed for young readers, will have an unusual attraction for all who are interested in literary biography. The book comprises about eighteen chapters and contains much material.

Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Bridal of Triermain," a romance of King Arthur's Round-Table days, with 14 full-page illustrations by Percy Macquoid, R. I., is to be brought out in handsome binding for the holidays by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The volume will be oblong quarto, size 10½x14, and bound in gold cloth. As poetic and romantic as any of the famous Tennysonian "Idyls of the King," is the narrative of Sir Roland De Vaux's adventures in search of his bride, a daughter of King Arthur of the Round-Table, who by a spell of enchantment has been doomed to sleep "many a hundred year."

General Douglas Frazar's "Perseverance Island," in new edition by Lee & Shepard, Boston, is a truly wonderful book, on the publication of which all boys and lovers of spirited, adventurous, wholesome reading are to be congratulated in the heartiest manner. For its sub-title the remarkable volume is called the "Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century." It might have been well to have called it the American Robinson Crusoe, as the author describes the achievements of a Vermont Yankee on a lonely island in the Pacific, where he was shipwrecked, and yet attained wealth, comfort, and all that is worth having, save human companionship. The story is told without any attempt at fine writing; but the homely language of the volume will make it all the more welcome with sensible people.

Horse Sense.

He was a horse, and he was drawing a cart through the car-vexed and dirty thoroughfares of the West Side, but, though on business he was bent, he had a pleasure-loving mind, and when he was driven by a wagon loaded with bales of hay he contrived with considerable effort to snatch a good mouthful.

Now came the problem, and he recognized it; if he opened his mouth to try and masticate that hay while his inconsiderate driver was making him hurry along, the chances all were that he would drop the precious morsel, and so lose it altogether.

He went along with his head bowed in thought for some paces, and you could see on his speaking countenance how he was reasoning about it; then he threw up his head, and succeeded in that position in strengthening his hold on his mouthful, but still he could not venture to chew it.

Then he evidently came to a desperate resolution; he watched his chance, and then, despite some vigorous protestations from his driver, he put his mouth up against an elevated road pillar and held his wisp of hay there until he got it well inside and then trotted on in the full enjoyment of all but a few straws which he had to surrender to fate.—*New York Graphic.*

"We Point With Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

Grant on the Public Schools.

Apropos of the distinguished Cardinal Gibbons's recent much-quoted criticism of the American common schools, it is meet that Americans should be again reminded of an immortal utterance by Grant—first among all Americans of the present generation.

"Let us all labor to add all needful guarantee for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press; of pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, untaxed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Weather Proverbs for October.

Much rain in October, much wind in December,
A good October and a good blast
So blow the hog-acorn and the mast.

If October brings heavy frosts and winds, then will January and February be mild.

When it freezes and snows in October, January will bring warm weather; but if it is thundering and heat and lightning, the winter will resemble April in temper.

Warm October, cold February.

As the weather in October, so will it be in the next March.

If the first snow falls on moist, soft earth, it indicates a small harvest the (next year); but if upon hard, frozen soil, a good harvest.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Struggling with His Memory.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

Weak Men.

My Electric Belts and Suspensories cure Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, Youthful Errors, Weakness of Body and Mind, Weak Back. Write for Book of Vigor free. Dr. B. YOUNG, 260 Hudson St., New York City.

THE LAND OF THE "DARNED MOUNSEER."

BY MAX O'RELL.

VIII.—THE FRENCH IN LOVE.

The Bump of Amativeness—Bashful Lovers—Love in Silence—Poetical Effusions—Wild Oats—A Plunge—Mesalliance—The Great Step—Old Bachelors in Love—Homœpathic Treatment for Love Sickness—Gallantry—Flirtation—Courtship—Love Letters—Declarations of Love—How an Aristocratic French Lady Was Saved by a Wart—Matrimony—The Civil and Religious Ceremonies—The Wedding Festivities—Tears and Joys—Honeymoon—Courtship in Matrimony—Old Customs—The Dames of the Garter—Happy at Last.

There is probably no being in whom the bump of amativeness is more developed than it is in the Frenchman. The poor fellow must love; he cannot help it.

At 12 years of age he is deeply in love with a little girl he has met with her mamma in one of the public gardens of the town, and to whom he prettily lifts his hat before beginning a game of ball or hide and seek. He does not declare his love. In the distance, he throws rapturous kisses at "her;" when near, he casts down his eyes and looks silly. He dreams that his little lady love is being carried off by some miscreant, that he comes to her rescue, saves her, throws himself at her feet, and declares himself her slave forever.

At 15, he loves a portly matron of some 40 summers, to whom he sends anonymous verses. He loves in silence once more. Like Fortunio, in Alfred de Musset's celebrated comedy, he loves too much to say whom he loves, and would die without telling her name.

From eighteen to twenty he loves public characters. Actresses have drawers full of poetical effusions addressed to them by the upper forms of our public schools.

At twenty—well, at twenty, the less we speak of what he loves the better. *Il faut que jeunesse se passe*, say the French as an excuse. The best excuse, however, that can be advanced in his favor is that his education, as I have attempted to explain in one of these papers, does not prepare him for manhood. Indeed, the French boy's change from youth to manhood is like a shooting of rapids. He has never known what it is to be free; how can he be expected, as a rule, to make good use of liberty the first time he is thrown into the world? The break is sudden, a plunge that often threatens a capsize.

From 20 to 25 he seldom marries. When he does, he often makes a mesalliance. He has noticed a pretty little milliner passing every day at the same place. He has admired her; by and by he follows her, proposes matrimony, and marries her. The parents at first grumble, will have nothing to do with the young couple for some time, and generally relent on the arrival of the first baby.

As a rule, the Frenchman does not marry before he has reached the age of 30. From 30 to 35 is the age at which he takes the great step.

Old bachelors are not impervious to Cupid's darts. You often see Frenchmen entering the holy estate for the first time at 50 or 60. Their decided love for good cookery and white linen frequently beguiles them into marrying their cook or laundress. These are the brides often led to the altar by retired officers, and installed in apartments in some suburb of Paris.

The Frenchman has this characteristic feature in common with men of all countries: each time that he loves it is for ever. When crossed in love, he seldom goes the length of committing suicide. He does not go in for such extreme measures; he generally prefers resorting to homeopathy; he loves "another." Like cures like; *similia similibus curantur*.

In love making, the Frenchman is often a comedian. He does not, however, always know it; he is deceived. He will swear that if *she* does not accept him he will throw himself into the river. He does not believe a word of it, nor does she; but, all the same, she likes to hear it. "He loves her as no one ever loved a woman," and these time-honored platitudes sound fresh and sweet to the French woman's ear as if they were of her lover's own composition. Perhaps he has heard these expressions before, perhaps he has not; they come naturally to him. A writer has called this *posing*, "a sort of play between sexes, where man assumes those airs calculated to disturb woman's peace of mind, and were she resembles an angel condescending to visit this poor earth to dally a few months with this adorer." This is not flirtation, for in France a man never pays to a woman "attention without intention." It is the comedy of love and those who play in it think of matrimony—of some sort or other.

Flirtation is not a French pastime. A few married women may indulge in it, but girls, whatever may be said to the contrary, never do. A woman who flirted would pass in France for giddy, not to say fast; she knows her countrymen too well for that. She is aware, when she coquettes with them, what she is exposing herself to. A French novelist has aptly compared the game of flirtation to a popular sport among Mexican riders, which consists of riding full speed at a yawning precipice, the horse being stopped abruptly on the very brink. The zest of the amusement is in each case derived from the avoidance of a catastrophe by the closest possible shave. If a French girl felt inclined for a little flirtation, how could she indulge in it? Good heavens! What would her mother and father say if they saw her taking a walk by herself during the day; if it came to their knowledge that a young man had actually dared to whisper words of love into her ear before he had laid bare his heart, and made a clear statement of his finances to them in the first place? Even when he has obtained the consent of the parents, and the visits to the house where his *fiancee* resides are permitted, the young couple are not allowed to see each other even for a moment without the presence of a third party, and the little intimacies and endearments which in England are deemed harmless, are in France rigorously banished and forbidden. The pleasant operation familiar to English lovers by the term of "spooning" is absolutely unknown to courtship as practiced in France. What would you think of the young lady in Victorien Sardou's comedy of *Les Vieux Garcons*, who, finding herself alone with her lover—a lover to whom she is engaged to be married—reproaches him with having ventured into her presence when he knew that her parents were out, and that she was alone at home?

"Is is not good to be together?" pleads the young man.

"I did not say it was not *good*," replies the young lady in neat epigrammatic style, "I said it was not *well*."

This declaration of the young girl is always received by the audience by a round of applause, intended, partly no doubt, for the nicety of M. Sardou's language, but chiefly for the very correct sentiments of the affectionate yet indignant *fiancee*.

As soon as two young French people are in love they want to die, unless their parents immediately consent to their marriage, which is very seldom the case. Well, to wish to die under these circumstances is a trifle irrational, but love and reason seldom go together. Of course, *they* never do die. They live all the while the while, and are almost inclined to think that, in love matters, plain sailing is not so sweet or so romantic as obstacles to overcome. What lovely letters crossed love suggests to them! letters invariably written at midnight—French lovers never write by day. Midnight, "when all is in repose around them." Letters full of "All is known, we are lost! What will become us? Ah! forget me as soon as you can; we shall never be each other's. As for me I shall die of it, I know I shall. Then you will marry another woman. I will pray in heaven for your happiness. Perhaps now and then you will come to the cemetery and lay a bunch of violets on my tomb. You know, beloved one, that violets are my favorite flowers. You won't forget that, will you? I weep, I weep, and I weep. Farewell." And this shiver-giving letter, how to post it the following day? The poor girl cannot go out alone. The housemaid is coaxed and bribed. She becomes the confidante. She posts the letter, receives the answer, and plays the part of *Mercure galant*.

Cupid may delight in mystery, but this is not business. However, things come right in time, as we shall see presently.

When the Frenchman in love has an opportunity of making a *viva voce* declaration to the mistress of his heart, he generally sets about it in theatrical fashion. He goes down on his knee. Now, a man, except he be a very young, with irreproachable features, can scarcely afford to do this; he runs a thousand risks of appearing ridiculous and showing his little defective points. While he is on his feet that small bald spot on the very top of his head is not noticeable, and the unpicturesque male attire of the nineteenth century looks well enough. But let a man, who is no longer a slim Apollo, get down on his knees, and pour passionate protestations to a woman with the slightest sense of the ridiculous, and I maintain he is running a risk of killing what little sentiment she may have for him. His face is red, or perhaps purple, with the unwonted exertion and excitement as he warms to his subject; out of this red face gleam two eyes that show all their white. All the time the little demon of observation may take the inventory of all these blemishes. No, no; a man should not allow a woman to contemplate him in such a servile attitude. He should not abdicate his dignity in going on his knees to implore favors that the dear fellow is probably destined to pay enough for.

All this puts me in mind of a play of Emile Augier, in which an aristocratic lady relates how she was saved from a foolish entanglement of her affections by her lover going down on his knees and declaring his passion. He had on his nose a little wart which, at ordinary times, was scarcely noticeable; but, as the poor fellow grew more and more carried away by his fervor, redder and redder grew that innocent little excrescence, till at last the comicality of the thing struck her, and she could not help bursting out laughing. "That wart saved me," she exclaimed, to the delight of her lady friends on the stage and of the audience.

Let us now come to matrimony. I have already said that young people in France cannot marry without their parents' consent, and that at no matter what age. However, when a man is over twenty-five and a girl over twenty-one, they may compel their parents to give them that consent. This extreme measure is very seldom resorted to, for it has to take the form of a summons through a notary; but relentless parents sometimes wish to receive such summonses, in order to be able one day to tell their children, in case the match should prove an unhappy one, that they wash their hands of it. As soon as the young lover is accepted by the girl's parents, he is received in the family, not, however, on terms of intimacy as in England. He pays frequent but official visits, brings presents to the young lady, many of which afford him the opportunity of conveying to her a little *billet doux*. The day before the wedding he brings the *corbeille*, that is to say, a casket containing valuable presents of lace, jewelry, etc. The contract of marriage, settling money matters, is signed before a notary, and in the presence of the relations and the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. As a rule, they are married by the mayor of the town on that day. The real wedding is a religious ceremony that takes place the following day, in the morning.

People with the least pretension to style have for many years followed the English fashion of going away for the honeymoon as soon as the wedding breakfast is over. But twelve or fourteen years ago such was not the practice; high and low spent their wedding day much alike, that is to say, as the lower middle classes still do.

This is how the eventful day is passed: The morning is like the proverbial April one, all smiles and tears. The process of the elaborate toilet is interrupted at every moment by tender embraces. Mamma, between the pauses of the petticoats, must clasp her dear Fifine in her arms and listen to her assurances that "she can never, never be so happy as she has been with her dear *petite mere*," at any rate, not happier. But neither tears nor embraces have hindered the little white-robed figure from being decked very effectively. At last, all are quite ready, and the bridegroom having arrived, the bridal party sets out for church, the bride and her father occupying the first carriage, and the bridegroom and his future mother-in-law the second. The friends follow, and, in this order, the little procession marches up to the altar. The service is followed by a short address to the happy pair—a sermon on matrimony by one who knows nothing about it. This being duly administered, the company proceed to the vestry, and no sooner are they there than mamma falls again on the neck of her sweet child, and again gives way to her feelings. Indeed, by this time the event is felt to be a great one all round, and one that demands much outlet for the feelings. Everybody kisses everybody else, and there is a general chorus of felicitations. The next item in the programme is the wedding breakfast, a simple affair given in the family *appartement* to the members of the family only. If the father lives in Paris, and his purse will admit of the carriages being retained all day, the bridal party drive to the Bois de Boulogne or Vincennes to pass the afternoon, but this time the young couple are not separated, and mamma has to hand her daughter over for the first *tete-a-tete* with Adolphe. It is awful to think of, but she has to bear it. The most festive part of the day's proceedings comes in the shape of a dinner and ball at a great restaurant. To this entertainment acquaintances to the number of a hundred or two are frequently invited. Of course, in the case of a bride taken from a home large enough to admit of it, this takes place in her parents' room. At midnight, when all are engaged in the whirl of a waltz, Fifine is discreetly led away from the ball room by her mother and an old lady of standing in the family, but not before the bridegroom has had a whispered intimation of her departure from the lips of the lady who is now signed and sealed his mother-in-law.

This last part of the comedy is the most solemn part of all. Arrived in the home which is to be her daughter's abode henceforth, of course the dear soul cannot help feeling moved once more, and this time terribly. The process of the morning's toilet is reversed to the same accompaniment of tears and embraces. The honor of taking off the garter is claimed by the old lady (generally an aunt of the bride.) Adolphe, punctual to the whispered rendezvous given him in the ball room, arrives, and it is mamma who opens the door to him. This scene may be more easily imagined than described. The moment is awful for all concerned. The poor mother throws herself into her son-in-law's arms, and, with all the fervor of her heart, exhorts him to take care of the treasure she has handed over to him, and make her life a bed of roses. And——she goes.

Now, there is something to be said in favor of all these proceedings; they enable matrimonial life to begin with courtship.

However this may be, Adolphe and Fifine are happy at last, and now we will take leave of them and wish them long happiness and prosperity.

A Great Swallower.

The accuracy of aim in the young toad is similar to the accuracy with which the young quail or chicken picks up a grain. A young chicken having only its head out of the shell picked up a fly that lighted near it. The chicken must have been practicing fly-catching in the person of its ancestry for thousands or millions of years. But I once had curious proof that the toad is capable of improvement by practice. Under a beehive I observed for several successive summers a toad watching for overloaded bees which failed to reach the threshold of the hive. No sooner did they fall to the ground than he snapped them up. But one day I saw he had lost by some accident the use of his right eye, and when he struck a bee he lost his aim and picked up dirt from one side of the bee. He wiped his mouth with his forepaw and tried again and again. The bee generally managed to climb to the top of some little prominence on the ground and fly away before the toad succeeded. The poor fellow was half starved and grew thin, but I observed before the summer was ended he had learned to aim as correctly with one eye as he used to with two, and had again recovered his plumpness.

A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation, and sluggish liver.

Conscientious Youngsters.

The struggles of a conscientious child in his efforts to be truthful are sometimes pathetic. Myrtie, at the age of two, was very fond of playing with the articles upon mamma's dressing case, and had been forbidden to do so. One day she was absent in the bedroom for some time, returning with a guilty face. No question was asked, but after a period of inward conflict the little one remarked: "There was a picture in oor glass of ittle Myrtie touching oor fings."

Cathie, over 50 years ago, was busy at her stint of patchwork, after the manner of four-year-olds of the day. She had a bad habit of putting her thread in her mouth, and had been promised a pair of spatted hands for the next offense. She presently forgot, but auntie didn't see. The moments passed until the child could bear the deception no longer, and began a sweet little impromptu song, the burden of which was: "Once there was a little girl and her name was 'Wet-thread,'" which she repeated until it attracted attention, when I am afraid the spats came.

A little five-year-old boy of my acquaintance once remarked to me in a burst of confidence: "I want to be a boss boy, but my little heart says 'nay.'"—*Babyhood*

Farmers Will See this Joke.

There is a good deal said about the failure of the potato crop, but it is mostly rot.—*Boston Transcript.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

There is a way and a way of doing a favor, or bestowing a gift. In the one case the recipient's heart expands with gratitude; self-respect has received no wound, and there is only a feeling of pleasure that God has created such a gracious giver. On the other hand, though the benefit is substantial, though it may be sorely needed, there is a sense of humiliation in its acceptance that amounts in a sensitive nature to real pain. The few grating words that are sure to be spoken, the ungracious air with which the bestowal is made, kills all sense of gratitude, and only the feeling of injury remains, as if the giver were to blame for placing the receiver in such an uncomfortable position. Some little, trifling gift offered with a sweet, gracious manner as if its taking would be a favor, will arouse a warmer feeling in the heart of the most ignorant, than a far more valuable thing given with an air of unwillingness, or as a bestowal of charity.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven,
May rise at seven.

So runs the old rhyme, but that was written before the possibilities of natural gas were even suspected. In the days when an hour or two must be consumed in getting the fires started, the house warmed and things in readiness for cooking even the most simple breakfast, it was necessary to be stirring before the sun the greater part of the year in order to "thrive." Now the happy users of this wonderful fuel that gushes out of the bosom of Mother Earth, may rise at seven, strike a match, open a valve and, presto! they are ready for the business of the day in good season without hurry or discomfort. Blessed they who dwell within reach of the gas regions! The millennium of housekeepers is drawing nearer. Its bright skies are already gleaming upon their sight and——The salad server had almost lapsed into a poetical song of joy, when she recalled the fact that there were many among us yet in a state of expectation, whose feelings would be harrowed beyond endurance by such provocation. Thereupon, hard as it is to repress the poetic fire, she will forbear.

It is said that the blondes are rapidly disappearing from Europe, that in the country which, since the days of ancient Rome has been known as the home of yellow hair, there are to-day only 32 in 100, while the percentage of brunettes has risen to an average of 14, and the betwixt and betweens—or 54 per cent—are verging strongly toward the latter. This tendency will be sure to bring about the fashion craze again that bleached so many feminine locks from dark to golden within the last few years. The trouble with that sort of thing is that the change in color, so abrupt and startling from what Nature had given, is rarely becoming, because the complexion does not harmonize with it, nor the hue of the eyes. The incongruity in some cases is quite painful, making one feel as if Nature had made some great mistake. It produces the same effect as inharmony in colors in the dress. Yet when blondes are the style, blonde hair must be, and if Nature has neglected to make it so, art will be called into requisition.

The rapid change of feeling under the stress of circumstances is depicted by the *Judge*, in some lines headed thus: "Before and After the Reading."

This is a dainty, trusting little letter,
Hidden securely in its square white fetter;
Showing, methinks, as yet a dimpled pressure
Made by a hand than violets far fresher.

Dear little cover, ah, good luck! a pity
It were to tear you, had not roguish Kittie
Sealed with her blossom lips so red and fragrant
Within you here a missive sweet and vagrant.

You're open—ah, what's this? "I do not love you
And so I take these means to firmly glove you—
Good-by." The mitten! Well, for want of better,
I'll light my pipe with this provoking letter!

An English paper, in discussing the various motives that lead people in the selection of their life partners, says that very often the most insignificant trifles have the strongest influence in this, the most important event of their lives. The writer cites several cases. One man married his wife because at an opportune moment when he needed a pin, she produced a natty little pin-cushion from her pocket. Another observed that the young girl who became his bride, mounted a ladder most nimbly and gracefully, so that she immediately mounted into his heart. A third chose his wife because she ate such a hearty dinner at a picnic. Probably in all of these cases the lady had physical and mental charms which fixed the good impression these trifles had made. And yet perhaps not, for looking around upon society and seeing how many are chafing at the bonds which hold them, one can readily believe that no deeper thought had been exercised in the selection of a life partner than the above incidents indicated. Tis pity, and pity tis, tis true. So the world jogs on.

SYMPTOMS OF DRUNKENNESS.

Points that Ought to be of Value to a Policeman.

The symptoms of drunkenness, be it observed, are all paralytic, and are all due to loss of nervous power and of voluntary control. The flushing of the face shows the paralysis of the small blood vessels; soon the slip-shod utterances show the want of voluntary control over some of the muscles of articulation; the double vision indicates the loss of accommodating power in the eyes, and the staggering gait shows that the loss of control has extended to the larger muscles; lastly, the drunkard falls prostrate in a condition so resembling apoplexy that the most experienced occasionally fail rightly to distinguish one from the other.

If the intemperate use of alcohol is persisted in, there soon results a degeneration of all the tissues of the body. The nervous tissues are, perhaps, the first to suffer, and the shaking hand and tottering gait, are infallibly followed by a similar tottering of the intellectual and moral faculties. The stomach resents the constant introduction into it of ardent spirits, and soon refuses properly to digest food. The liver and kidneys give out in a similar way, and the impairment of their functions causes terrible dropsy. The heart gets fatty and weak, the lungs lose their fresh elasticity and soon there is not a tissue in the body which has not, in one way or another, succumbed to the ill treatment to which it has not been subjected.—*Family Physician.*

Asthma.

A young man taken down with asthma was very much frightened, and went to the best physician in the place and stated his symptoms, and in great suspense awaited the response. After several questions the answer was: "Long life and ill health. Your disease is asthma." The first clause of the physician's answer comforted the young man, who feared death was near. But the second clause, given after waiting a little while, depressed his spirits to nearly as low a point as he had reached when he entered the doctor's office. This consultation was held before the discovery of our Compound Oxygen. By its use multitudes of sufferers from asthma have been cured. A monograph giving reports of cases of asthma, and our brochure, "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," of two hundred pages, can be had free on application either in person or at our office. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Whittier's Boyhood.

The neighbors were as simple and as frugal as the Whittiers, though some of them were not as intelligent. They still believed in witches, and one night at a husking, when a big black bug came buzzing into the room, it was declared to be an old woman who was suspected of witchcraft. They struck at it and knocked it down, and when on the next day the old woman was found in her cottage, they would not believe that the bruises with which she was covered had been received in a fall down stairs as she claimed, and insisted that they were the marks of the blows struck at the bug. Old Captain P——, who lived near her, and had a house and several barns, covered them all over with horseshoes to keep the witch out.

Their simplicity is illustrated by still another story. A man was seen looking about in the woods with a gun, and gazing into all the bushes and up into the trees. At first they thought he was a lunatic, and then decided that he was a British spy, they had him arrested. The judge examined him, and found out that his only business was shooting birds.

"Well," said the judge, "what do you do with them—eat them?"

"No."

"Sell them?"

"No; I study them."

He was the celebrated ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, but the statement that he devoted all his time to studying birds was so incredible, that he would have beeb sent to jail as a spy if he had been able to prove his truthfulness by a letter from a Boston gentleman which was in his possession.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there's a road from Winchester town
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, thro' the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace-ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw was the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both.
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldiers' temple of fame—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight

Grape and Canister.

James Murphy, corporal Co. E, 67th Pa., of Indian Valley, Idaho, writes: I am a reader of the Blade and I think it is a good paper for the soldiers to take in order to keep posted. I served three years and five months in the 67th Pa., 6th army corps, army of the Potomac. I was wounded and taken prisoner, and was in Belle Island and Libby. It is no use to tell about what kind of a time we had. It was bad enough. I would like to hear from some of the old boys of Co. E or B.

E. V. McVay, late sergeant Co. B, 1st Ind. H. A., Scott, Kan., writes: "I have not yet seen a word from any member of my regiment. We assisted in the capture of Forts Morgan, Gaines, Spanish and Blakeley. Near Mobile we witnessed the sinking of the Tecumseh and saw the gallant Farragut lashed to the rigging of the Hartford while it passed directly under the guns of Fort Morgan. Then followed the naval fight between our fleet and the Rebel from Tennessee and others. Talmadge's sermon to the naval veterans was grand. The veto of the dependent pension bill was an outrage, and the Blade's editorial views are mine to a dot. I served from July, '62, to January, 1866, and have no hospital record."

No Time to Surrender.

Editor Camp Fire:—I wrote some time ago to the Camp Fire, hoping to awake some of the old 3d Tennessee; but as they do not report, I will add another old Missouri rail to keep the Camp Fire burning. During the battle of Chicamauga, we made a forced march from McMinville for Chattanooga, which place we reached about 3 o'clock p. m., on Sunday, September 20, 1863, and on the next day, about dark, we were ordered to the front. We went to the right of our lines, near Crawfish springs, where we lay in line of battle a few hours, and were then ordered back, and taken up on top of Lookout Mountain. We went into camp just above Summertown. We were there to guard the signal corps. On Wednesday our men were drawn back inside of our works. This was on the 23d day of September, and on Thursday we had been having some pretty heavy fighting. Half of our regiment was scattered across the mountain not far from the road that came up from Chattanooga, and the other half in reserve, when an officer appeared. He approached our lines with a white flag, and we ceased firing. He came inside of our lines and called for the commanding officer, and Col. Wm. Cross was near by. He approached the colonel, saluted him and demanded, in the name of Gen. Wheeler, the unconditional surrender of our regiment. I was standing near by at the time. Old Colonel Bill Cross straightened himself up to his full height and turned and eyed the officer for a minute and then says: "Surrender, hell! You tell Gen. Wheeler that this is the 3rd East Tennessee regiment, and we don't know what surrender means, and if he wants us let him come and get us," and he then told the officer to get outside of our lines, and the fellow put spurs to his horse and went out in a hurry. He was not far outside before they charged us, but our boys had worked like beavers and had logs rails, rocks and everything that would stop a bullet, piled up, and it was a big job to get us out of there. The signal officer signaled down into Chattanooga to one of his aides and asked what regiment was up there. They told him the 3rd Tennessee, and he said: "They will take care of themselves." Just about dark they broke our lines on the left and drove Co. B and C back, and it seemed as though they were going to take us anyway. Our company was ordered to restore the line and we fixed bayonets and we went at them with a rush, and we soon forced them back and restored the line which we held until 10 o'clock that night, when we were ordered off. Old Wheeler thought that he had us cooped, but we had men in our regiment that was well acquainted with the mountain, and we slipped away and came off on the west side and we came around up the river and slipped in past the rebel pickets along the river under cover of the darkness and fog on the river. Those were days that tried men. We were fighting day and night and part of the time nothing to eat. Now boys, I say vote for the principles that we fought to maintain.—Hayworth, of Co. K, 3d East Tenn. Vol. Inf.

From a Pensioner.

Editor Camp Fire:—Comrades, I am an interested reader of the Camp Fire and a pensioner. I have noticed with pain and regret the many flings of sarcasm we pensioners get from comrades who are in good health, and never knew what it was to be off duty. You should thank God you did, and do enjoy good health. We are just as good soldiers as you, until we were stricken down with disease. It was nothing we could help. I would to-day give up my pension and a million dollars besides, if I had it, to enjoy the health I did when I first went in the army. I have a record of six months in the hospital, with a shattered constitution ever since. Yet I did not apply for a pension until I thought I needed it. Then I did not apply until after the arrearage act had expired, and now I am entirely disabled, even down to the use of my voice. I can only talk in whispers the greater part of the time. Had I my way, I would pension every man that was in the army and had seen service, because I think that very few came out as good as when they went in. I don't believe in giving such pension to the widows of our big generals as have been granted them. They are not any better than our wives, who, if we should die, would have to work for a living, instead of laying back on their oars with a big fat pension to support them with. So, comrades, don't be quite so hard on us poor old pensioners.—G. F. Hull, 102nd O. V. I., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Five Brothers in the Service.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a reader of your valuable paper, and take delight in reading the Camp Fire. Although I was not a soldier, I am the brother of five who were in the war, and all have gone never to return. Four were in the army of the Potomac, 6th regiment W. Va., Co. A. The other was in the 3d W. Va. cavalry. One died in the hospital, two were killed in battle, and two came home and died inside of a year by exposure contracted in the service. I should have gone myself, but was the youngest and not old enough. I should like very much to hear from some of the soldiers who were with the boys on the Potomac. I will do all I can for the soldiers, but we Republican of Dakota cannot yet vote. The Democrats are afraid of the good men who wore the blue, so they keep Dakota out of the Union. But, friends in the states, send them sky high in 1888.—S. M. Pearson, Bonilla, Beadle Co., Dak.

A Soldier on the Pension Bills.

Editor Camp Fire:—I come again for a chat with the boys around the Camp Fire. W. P. Jackson, Decatur, O., in the Camp Fire of June 9, says: "I see you want to hear from old soldiers in regard to the rejection of the proposition to pension the widows of Generals John A. Logan and Frank P. Blair." He says "to refuse to pension the widow of John A. Logan is contemptibly mean and would never be thought of, only by those who hate the brave men who helped to put down the great rebellion." Generals Logan and Blair were brave and competent officers, there is no doubt about that, but were there not scores of others as brave and competent who did equally as much in putting down the rebellion as they did?

Bravery and devotion to the Union were so common among officers and the heroes of the front and rear ranks, that it is hardly fair to discriminate except in the case of our world renowned old commander who never "despaired of whipping the enemy," and who planned our campaigns and battles, while the balance of us only had to obey orders. It seems to me that the big officers have been accorded most of the praise, honors, etc., for having put down the rebellion and that it is high time that the little officers and high privates were receiving their share of the honors and emoluments for the little that they did. It is true that a great many of the soldiers are getting pensions and I believe that it is also true that all who served say two years or over, injured their health by exposure, hardships and sickness and being thereby incapacitated from labor to certain degrees, are therefore justly entitled to pensions under the present laws. But it is very humiliating to an old soldier to attempt to procure a pension on account of the formalities to be gone through with. A great many of them wait until they get pretty hard up financially, when the begin to grow cheek, draw on long faces, hump up their backs, get canes and begin to talk about their disabilities which they contracted in the army and apply for a pension. If successful in obtaining one they throw away the cane, straighten up and go about their business, and of course they don't go around bragging about it, but people find it out all the same and say that they don't believe that there is anything the matter with him. I know this from observation and experience, having tried it, but didn't play it fine enough. I guess I didn't hump myself enough.

I believe that it was a good thing that Cleveland vetoed the "dependent pension bill," for the reason that there would be a big lot of us fellows trying to get in on that, and it would have caused some very tall swearing, and don't you forget it. Comrades it is not fair or right that this great prosperous nation should tempt us to steal in at the back door, as it were, for a little reward or just compensation for having spent the best portion of our lives in defence of the old flag when it should be handed to us from the front door. Now comrades I am in favor of advocating a pension bill that will give us all a little. It is estimated that there are a million of us left. A million of us and our influence ought to be a great power in our behalf, but it is also estimated that ten thousand of us leave every year for our long homes.

So we ought to hurry this matter up, as lots of us will soon be absent from roll call. For my part, I would rather get mine while here than afterwards, for I would like to have the pleasure of counting the money myself. I will suggest a rate of pensions which I believe would be fair and just: that each soldier be allowed a pension at the rate of $2 or $3 per month for each year's service. At that rate those who served six months would get $1 or $1.50; those who who served one year $2 or $3; those who served two years $4 or $6 per month, and so on, and not to increase the pensions of those who are now getting as much or more than this rate would entitle them to. I served three years, and would not envy those who served longer and who according to this rating would get more than I; and this ought to be the prevailing feeling.—J. G. Howsmon, 94th Ills.

Entertaining the Pie Peddler.

Editor Camp Fire:—It was during the summer of '63, about August or the 1st of September, that our command was near Lebanon, Ky.; one day an old darkey came into camp with a load of half-moon pies, what the boys called "leacher pies." He was riding an animal, that for age and prominent parts (of bone), would have taken the premium anywhere. The old fellow had a large basket of the pastry on his arms, one bag of them tied on behind and one bag fastened in front to the horn of his saddles. He commenced doing good business retailing his pies for 10 cents apiece and sold five or six for cash. Four or five of the boys, seeing the business so lively and fearing that they would not have time to go after their money, with the old fellows permission, took one or two pies each and started towards their tent after their friends, (of course they had no money there or anywhere else.) In the meantime busy hands and brains had been to work devising ways and means of getting pies. The basket hung upon his right arm. Two or three would gather around on his left and ask the price of pies and where he lived. While his attention was taken that way, the pies in the basket were leaving one by one. They would simply rise up over the edge and fall in some one's hands and the bag on behind had not been forgotten. It had fallen so far behind that it was utterly impossible for it to ever overtake its command and had been reported missing, and the bag in front had been so loosened that it merely hung by an imaginary line. About this time, one of the pie eaters came up with a briar, and while the rider's time and attention was directed elsewhere, raised the horse's tail, put the briar under it, then fell back and the performance commenced. The old horse forgot age, pedigree, stiffness, who fed and rode him, laid back his ears, humped his back and kind of squatted for a moment to collect his thoughts and energies as it were, and then to the immense delight of the congregation, and the intense disgust and dismay of the Pie peddler, commenced giving jumping exercises, not down for that day, and for two or three minutes the air was filled with dust, hats and exclamations of "whoa-dar" and the yells and laughs of the spectators were loud and long. The first jump made, the bag of pies in front fell, but bless your soul, it never reached the ground. Willing hands came between it and harm that way, and caught it on the fly as it were. The bag being "old and feeble" each hand retained a piece of the same and one or more pies, and before the performance had fairly commenced, the entire bag and contents had disappeared forever from mortal vison. At the second plunge the rider in order to retain his hold on the horn of the saddle more firmly as well as his balance, let go of the basket and before the horse gave another bound, there was not enough left of that old family market basket to make a match of. By the time the horse had jumped five or six times the briar fell out and he immediately subsided, and the pie man when he realized that he had been "done up" was (to use the words of the old song) "The most Distressed Creature that ever you did see."—Co. C, 25 Mich., V. I.

Where the Danger is Greatest.

Editor Camp Fire:—I see by yesterday's Toledo Blade, yellow fever is beyond control of doctors on the islands adjacent to the coast of the Florida. As I am disabled from performing manual labor, and the government is rather slow about increasing my pension to a sum to keep me and family from want, I propose to go where the danger is greatest, as in the days from 1861 to 1865. I propose to offer my assistance to those stricken districts, if the government will pay a liberal sum for service to my family, should I be stricken down.—J. R. Palmer, late Cos. A and B, 32d Ills Inf., V. V., Normal, Ills.

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Doing good to everything,
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Neglect to use it, ladies won't,
They all have their SOZODONT.

Elder Down.

This comes from the elder, a kind of sea duck in northern regions, coast of Ireland, Scotland, Faroe Islands, Lapland, Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, building its nest in almost inaccessible rocky situations. It is sent to market in balls about the size of a man's fist and weighing three or four pounds. It is so fine and soft that if one of these balls is spread and warmed over hot coals it will expand and fill a bed large enough for two persons. That prepared from the live bird is much more elastic than that from the dead bird. ... half a pound is obtained from one bird.

The Cleveland Trip.

F. B. G., in Cincinnati Times-Star.

It is strange that there have been no particularly great incidents on the trip. The receptions, both public and private, make up little which can be written about save locally. The President makes no reply to the political references, and there has yet been no talk to him of rebel flags or the differences between him and Foraker.

The little outside talk which you hear indicate that the President will be renominated unless his party loses New York and Ohio. The greatest vindication of Cleveland's course would be for the Republicans to lose Ohio—which is not going to happen if the proper care is taken. There is less probability because the anti-Cleveland Democrats are going to assist in Foraker's election that they may the more show Grover how he is not loved.

Cleveland is a better talker than I supposed. He has a voice not so good as Blaine's but he talks much like him, save that he lacks Blaine's peculiar animation of gesture. Cleveland rarely waves his hand, but keeps both behind him or one in his coat. He looks straight ahead into space, seeing no one, as if he is afraid of forgetting—for all of his speeches have been carefully prepared and printed in advance, so he is fixed for each place, having carefully read up the localities.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction at home by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

Her Mother Didn't "Keep a Girl."

A still energetic Massachusetts woman, who celebrated her one hundredth birthday at Wakefield last week, when asked what she thought had kept her alive so long, in the full possession of her faculties, replied: "Hard work. Work has always been good for me, and I've had plenty to do."

Yes—That is So.

It is only when a woman's face is her fortune that she is tempted to brighten it up a little with paint.

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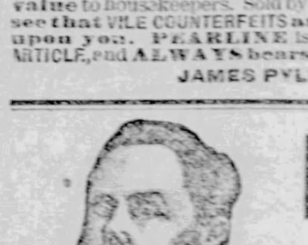
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"Mr. Stoddard is an honest man."—Publisher The Golden Argosy, N. Y.

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention." Say where you saw this adv.

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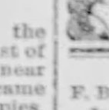
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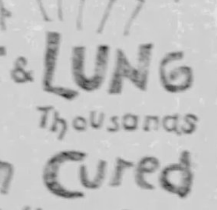
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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

The Conquest of Mexico.

E. R. E., Albina, Oregon:

Please give the history of the conquest of Mexico:

Hernan Cortez had been one of the most able lieutenants in the expedition of Diego Velasquez against Cuba in 1511. In 1518, therefore, Velasquez, who had been installed as governor of the conquered island, intrusted to him an exhibition against Mexico. No sooner had the commission been granted, however, than Velasquez wished to revoke it, fearing that the dashing lieutenant would claim all the glory of the enterprise, but Cortez retained his command in defiance of the governor. Probably so great a task was never undertaken with so little thought given to its possible great difficulties. The entire force with which Cortez undertook the conquest of the then great and powerful empire of Mexico, consisted of less than 700 men, of whom thirteen only were musketeers, with but ten field pieces and two or three smaller cannon. Early in 1519 the Spaniard reached the Mexican shores. Sailing up the river Tobasco, Cortez captured the town of that name, the Indians there being much impressed by the prowess of the Spaniards. Thence the invaders went to the coast of San Juan d'Ulloa, where Cortez was visited by a deputation of Mexican chiefs, who brought him many gifts of gold and silver. The object of these was to induce the invaders to leave the country, but they only inflamed the cupidity of the Spaniards, and made them more desirous of penetrating into the interior. Montezuma was then emperor, ruling all Mexico with nearly absolute sway. Cortez declared his intention of visiting the emperor in his capital. Montezuma sent to him rich presents, but forbade his coming to the emperor's city. This opposition but whetted the determined purpose of Cortez. Founding a settlement on the coast, which he called Vera Cruz, and burning his ships so that his men could not return and must conquer or perish, with a force reduced to 400 white men on foot and fifteen on horse, and a few thousand Indians who, because of disaffection toward Montezuma, and joined him—he set forth on his daring attempt to conquer the capital of the empire of Mexico. Overcoming the Tlascalas, a brave people, who became his allies, and taking fearful vengeance on the city of Cholula, where, by Montezuma's orders, a treacherous attempt was made to massacre his troops, Cortez, on November 8, 1519, reached the City of Mexico with his little band, and was received with great pomp by the emperor in person. The Spaniards were regarded as those descendants of the sun who, according to a current prophecy, were to come from the East and subvert the Aztec empire, and this tradition was worth many soldiers to Cortez. But while he was at the capital, one of Montezuma's generals attacked the little colony which he had left behind at Vera Cruz, and killed several of their number. Returning to the City of Mexico, this general made known the fact that the boasted children of the sun were but mortals, and would have caused the prompt annihilation of the Spaniards but for the decisive action of their leader. Cortez immediately seized Montezuma himself and conveyed him to the Spanish camp, where, by threats, he was forced to give up the offending general and three other chiefs, and these Cortez caused to be burned alive in front of the palace. Soon after Montezuma, who had been put in irons, made a formal cession of his empire to Spain, and paid over to Cortez 100,000 ducats in gold. The supreme daring of Cortez's action is amazing, when we remember that the City of Mexico at the time contained a population estimated at 300,000. Meanwhile Velasquez, enraged at the report of Cortez's audacity of success, sent a force of 1,000 men, well provided with artillery, to seize him and bring him back a prisoner to Cuba. Cortez, hearing of the landing of this army on the Mexican coast, left 200 men in the capital—having, with unparalleled audacity, recommended them to the care of Montezuma as a vassal of the King of Spain—and, taking 70 men with him, was joined by 150 whom he had left at Cholula, and surprised and captured the force sent against him and secured their allegiance. But in his absence the Mexicans in the city had risen and overpowered the Spaniards. During the disturbance, Montezuma, who was still held a prisoner, on appearing on a terrace to address his subjects, was wounded with a stone so that he died in a few days. Cortez attempted to reenter the city, but was kept out by the enraged people. The Spaniards escaped as best they could, many of their number being killed, but after recruiting and reorganizing his troops and adding to them a large force of Indians, Cortez subdued all the neighboring provinces and then besieged Mexico. The country made a gallant defense for four months, but surrendered Aug. 13, 1521, after nearly five-sixths of its population had perished by famine. The buildings had been shattered by the fire of the artillery, and the city is described as appearing, when the Spaniards entered it, "like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about." Cortez was now declared governor and captain general of the country. He immediately caused Guatimozin, the new emperor, to be executed with great cruelty, and many officers suffered a like fate. The unhappy Mexicans made several attempts at revolt, but these were all crushed by the superior power of European arms.

Transvaal.

A Reader, Urbana, O.:

Will the BLADE publish something about Transvaal, in Africa, the climate, people, etc.?

The Transvaal is a province of South Africa, comprising an area of 112,700 square miles, and supporting a population, including negroes, of some 800,000, not more than 45,000 being whites. The province is bounded on the south by the Vaal River, on the north by the Limpopo, and on the east by Zululand. The white inhabitants are of Dutch descent, calling themselves Boers, or peasants. They were emigrants to Cape Colony originally, but they never took kindly to British rule, and as early as 1830 the more adventurous of them began "vortrekking," that is exploring, for new homes in the wilderness. The forced emancipation of slaves in the British colonies constituted a very serious grievance, for the Boers were all slaveholders. So the number of the "vortrekkers," or pioneers, increased and settled the entire country now forming the province of Natal and the Orange Free State, and many even pushed further and sought homes among the Zulus and Basutes. The British soon annexed Natal, but the Orange free state was allowed to form a republic; so also were the settlers beyond the Vaal, who established a commonwealth about 1850. In 1854 this commonwealth was recognized by the neighboring colonies. The Transvaal Republic was not wholly successful in the work of self-government. The population was scattered, and, as most had sought pioneer life to secure freedom from all restraint, it was not easy to induce them to obey laws. They held volksraads or general assemblies of the people, but the taxes imposed by this body, and the laws that it passed, could not be enforced. Besides, there were constantly recurring troubles with the natives, and at last the Cape government made these the pretext for sending for a British commissioner, who took possession of and annexed the Transvaal territory. There was a meeting of the Volksraad at the time, and the commissioner claimed that the members had voted for annexation, but the mass of the people were greatly opposed to it. However, they did nothing until the annexation had been formally declared, and then they sent a deputation to England to protest. The British government refused to consider the petition for a restoration of their independence. A second delegation was not more fortunate, and the Volksraad finally proclaimed the annexation null and void and the republic still in existence. This was in December, 1879, and it was a whole year before these slow-moving people were ready to fight for their liberties. Then they rose in open rebellion. They defeated the small bodies of British troops sent against them. In the Drakenberg Mountains the British force under Sir George Colley was three times repulsed, the third time nearly annihilated and its gallant commander killed, at a point called Majuba Hill, Feb. 26, 1881. An armistice was now agreed upon, and a convention held for the formation of a treaty. By this treaty, which was ratified by the Volksraad of the Boers Oct. 25, 1881, a limited suzerainty was secured to the British government, and the people of the Transvaal were granted full control of their civil affairs on their agreeing to abolish slavery and maintain religious tolerance. Troubles between the Boers and the natives concerning the boundary line created a necessity for another convention, which met in 1884, and altogether revoked the British suzerainty. The Transvaal country is well watered, and all the districts are thoroughly adapted for grains and the raising of cattle. The hilly portion of the territory abounds in minerals, copper, lead, cobalt, iron, and coal. Gold has been found in paying quantities, and diamonds are occasionally found. The Boers, however, are unwilling to utilize this source of wealth, as they greatly dread the influx of a mining population, and they passed an act in 1883 forbidding the mining of gold and silver. The wonderful discoveries of precious metals on the borders of their territory in 1885 and 1886 have quite nullified this law. The climate of the Transvaal is temperate, having no great extremes either of heat or cold, and being generally healthy. All fruits and cereals of the temperate zone can be raised there readily.

The Greely Expedition.

J. A. M., Williamston, Vt.:

Give a brief account of the Greeley expedition.

The Greely expedition was undertaken in pursuance of a plan of the International Geographical Congress, for the establishment of a number of circumpolar stations for scientific observation. The appropriation for the expedition was made by Congress in March, 1881. Lieut. A. W. Greely was appointed to take command of the party, which was composed of three officers of the army, one acting surgeon, and nineteen enlisted men. Lieut. Greely received his instructions in April 1881, and July 7 following sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on the steamship Proteus, taking materials for a house, and stores for 27 months. The station chosen for the party was at the head of Lady Franklin Bay, at about the 80th parallel of north latitude. Here the house was put up, the stores landed, and here, August 18, the Proteus left the party to its Arctic isolation. The station received the name of Fort Conger, and scientific observations were begun and carried on systematically during all the time that the party stayed. The long winter was passed in taking observations, in military drill, and such amusements as the men were able to invent to while away the time. The sun disappeared October 15, and was absent 135 days. As soon as the weather would permit in the spring, the work of geographical exploration was begun. In April, Lieut. Lockwood and three others made an expedition to the north coast of Greenland, and succeeded in reaching the northernmost point ever reached by man, which they called Lockwood Island, latitude 83 deg. 24½ min. north, longitude 44 deg, 5 min. west, on the 13th of May. Vegetation was but scanty in this extreme latitude, but many traces of animal life was found. Several other expeditions were made during the summer. A vessel from home was anxiously looked for when Lady Franklin bay was clear of ice in midsummer but none came and by September the hope of relief was given up, and the party settled down to a second long winter in their quarters. This was passed much as the first had been, and in the spring preparations were made to leave their station and retreat southward. An attempt was first made to expore the north coast of Greenland further, and a party started on the ice for that purpose, but was driven back by open water. Two other brief trips were made, one into the interior of Grinnell Land and one to the northwest, and then when the bay had been open for some time, but no sign of relief vessel appeared, the entire party left the camp in their boats August 9, 1883. They left most of their provisions there, in case they should be obliged to return, and relied mainly for future supplies on what they should find deposited by previous relief expeditions. They found food cached at Baird Inlet, Cape Cracroft, and Carl Ritter bay, and other points. They found the passage through the floating ice both difficult and dangerous. They had to abandon their boats, and were for nearly thirty days adrift on an ice floe. They landed on the north side of Baird Inlet and made their way along the shore to a point near Cape Sabine, where they established a camp and built a rude hut, covering it with an old whaleboat found there and banking it up with snow, for they had so little fuel that they dared not use it for anything but to warm their food; and the only light they had was a wick dipped in seal oil. From Nov. 1 the rations were reduced to less than fifteen ounces per day, and scanty supplies were eked out by killing a few foxes and ptarmigan from time to time. The long Arctic winter was inexpressibly dreary, though the men made heroic efforts to keep up their cheerfulness. The provisions gave out wholly May 14, and from that date till rescued the party lived upon boiled strips from their sealskin clothing, lichens and shrimps, caught in good weather when they were able to make the exertion of procuring them. As it took 1,300 shrimps to fill a gallon measure, the labor required to get them made a poor dependence for food. The relief vessels reached the camp June 22, finding only seven of the members of the expedition alive. The others had all perished of cold, exposure and lack of food.

Algiers—Aix-la-Chapelle.

J. W., Johnson City:

1. Can you give a brief sketch of Algiers? 2. Also Aix-la-Chapelle?

1. Algiers, the capital of Algeria, was built about 935 A. D. by an Arab chief. It rises from the sea-shore up the side of a precipitous hill in the form of an equelateral triangle. The apex is formed by the Casbah, the ancient fortress of the Deys, which is 500 feet above the sea level, and commands the whole town. The base is a mile in length. The present city may be regarded as divided into two parts: the old, or high town, the new, or low town. With the exception of some mosques, the latter consists of wharves, ware-houses, government houses, squares and streets, principally built and inhabited by French, while the former is almost wholly Moorish both in its edifices and inhabitants. The great center of bustle and activity in Algiers, is the Place Royale, a large oblong space in the town planted with orange and lime trees, and surrounded by houses in the European style. Here may be found as motley a crowd as any where in the world, denizens of all nations; Arabs, Moors, Jews, French, Spaniards, Maltese, Germans, Italians, etc. The streets are regular, spacious and elegant; some of them as handsome as the Parisian Boulevards, and adorned with arcades. The houses are in some instances five stories high, which, though it gives a massive and imposing appearance to the city, is yet a very perilous innovation in a place which has suffered dreadfully from earthquakes. (2.) Aix-la-Chapelle, is the capital of a district in Rhenish Prussia. It is situated in a fertile hollow, surrounded by heights, and wattered by the Wurm. Population is 74,238. The city is rich in historical associations. It emerges from historical obscurity about the time of Pepin, and Charlemagne founded its world-wide celebrity. Whether it was the birth-place of Charlemagne is doubtful, but it became his grave, 804 A. D. In 796 Charlemagne caused the already existing palace, called the Imperial Palace, to be entirely rebuilt, as well as the chapel in which Pepin had celebrated Christmas in 765. The present town house has been built on the ruins of the palace; the chapel, after being destroyed by the Normans, was re-built on the ancient plan by Otho III. in 983, and forms the nucleus of the present cathedral. This ancient cathedral is in the form of an octagon, which, with various additions around it, forms, on the outside, a sixteen sided figure. In the middle of the octagon a stone, with the inscription, "Carolo Magno," marks the grave of Charlemagne. Much has of late years been done to restore this venerable pile. The columns brought by Charlemagne from the palace of the ex-arch at Ravenna, to decorate the interior of the octagon, had been carried off by the French, and although part of them had been restored at the peace of Paris, they were not replaced in the building until recently. The town house, which incloses the remains of the Imperial Palace, adorns the market place. The coronation hall, 162 feet long by 60 wide, in the interior of the town house, in which thirty-seven German emperors and eleven empresses have been crowned, has been restored to its original form, and the walls have been lately decorated with large fresco-paintings of scenes from the life of Charlemagne, by Rethel. In 1870 a new Polytechnic school was erected. Aix-la-Chapelle was formerly noted for its gambling-tables, but these are now disallowed. The name of Aix, or Aachen, is evidently derived from the springs, for which the place has always been famous. Charlemagne granted extraordinary privileges to this city. The citizens were exempted from military services, from imprisonment, and from all taxes. The city also possessed the right of sanctuary: "The air of Aix-la-Chapelle made all free, even outlaws." In the Middle Ages this free imperial city contained more than 110,000 inhabitants, and held an important place among the confederated cities of the Rhine. The emperors were crowned in Aix-la-Chapelle from Louis the Pious to Ferdinand I., (813-1531 A. D.) By the treaties concluded at Campo Formio and Luneville, it was formally ceded to France, but at length, in 1815, the city fell to Prussia.

Jenny Lind.

D. H. S., Rawson, O.:

Can you please tell me who Jenny Lind was?

Jenny Lind was a celebrated Swedish singer, born at Stockholm, 1821. She was of humble parentage, and her musical gifts were first noticed by an actress, by whose influence she was admitted, at the age of 9, into the Conservatory sf Stockholm, where she received lessons of Croelius and Berg. She sang before the court with success at the age of 16. Four years later her voice was thought wanting in volume, and when she appeared at he Grand Opera two years later her failure was so mortifying that she is said to have resolved never again to sing in France. Returning to Stockholm she was heard with enthusiasm in *Robert le Diable*, and at the instance of Meyerbeer was engaged in Berlin in 1845. After singing two years in Prussia she visited Vienna and other German cities, and made her debut in London in 1847 with a very marked success. Her return to Stockholm was greeted with an ovation, and the tickets to the opera in which she appeared sold at auction. She returned to London in 1849, and won an immense triumph. In 1850 she made an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour in America, extending through the United States, British Provinces, Mexico and the West Indies. The receipts of this well-managed tour were $610,000, of which Mademoiselle Lind received $302,000. While in America she was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a native of Hamburg, who accompanied her as pianist. They returned to Europe in 1852, and reside at Dresden, after she had visited Stockholm and expended $200,000 in endowing schools in her native country. Since then Madame Goldschmidt has rarely sung at concerts. In 1874 she and her husband became leading professors at the Rhenish Academy of Music in Wiesbaden. Her voice is a contralto of moderate range, but much power and expression. Her kind manners and abundant charities contributed to her popularity and success.

Giant's Causeway.

A number of boys, Fort Worth, Tex.:

Will you tell us what the Giant's Causeway is?

The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in cliffs of basalt, many of them made up of rude verticle columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial semblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to only a small part of it, which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from 15 to 36 feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low-water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle, and Grand Causeway, these being separated from each other by dikes of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the utmost precision, and it is said that even water cannot penetrate between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform, as its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that it presents an almost smooth area extending to the water, seeming to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convenience of giants.

The Gordian Knot.

G. J., Atchison, Kansas.

Please tell me the meaning of a Gordian knot; what is it?

The traditional origin of this famous knot was as follows: Gordius, a Phrygian pleasant, was once plowing in his field, when an eagle settled on his yoke of oxen, and remained until the labor of the day was over. Surprised at so wonderful phenomenon, he sought an explanation of it, and was informed by a prophetess of Telmissus, that he should sacrefice to zeus. He did so, and out of gratitude for the kindness shown him, married the prophetess, by whom he had a son, the famous Midas. When Midas grew up, disturbances broke out in Phrygia, and the people sent messengers to the oracle at Delphi, to ask about choosing a new king. The messengers were informed that a king would come to them riding on a car, and that he would restore peace. Returning to Phrygia, they announced these things, and while the people were talking about them, Gordius, with his son, very opportunely arrived in the requisite manner. He was immediately elected king, whereupon he dedicated his car and yoke to Zeus in the acropolis of Gordium (a city named after himself), the knot of the yoke being tied in so skillful a manner that an oracle declared that whoever unloosened it would be ruler of all Asia. When Alexander the Great came to Gordium he cut the knot in two with his sword and applied the prophecy to himself.

Columbus's Remains.

J. M. D., Eaton, O.:

Can you tell me where Columbus is buried?

Columbus died and was buried at Valladolid, in Spain, but his bones were transported to Seville. His son, Don Diego, died in 1526. Ten years after this, the remains of Columbus and his son were removed to the island of San Domingo, and interred in the principal cathedral of that city. It is claimed, that when Spain relinquished control of the island, and came to remove the remains of Columbus to the cathedral in Havana, in 1796, the fact had been forgotten that two bodies were deposited there, and when the disinterment was made, they took up the remains of the son, which they buried with imposing ceremonies. Tradition tells us that a sly old monk purposely pointed out the location that led them to exhume the remains of the son instead of the father. The mistake was discovered in 1878.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. E. G., Fillmore, Mo. It is against the rules of this department to answer questions by mail; also to answer questions not of general interest.

Mrs. F. L. Folsom. Sprague, W. T. Some person has gone through the Bible and noted the longest, and shortest stanza. the longest word and many other such things but we have not on hand the information which your question requires. Many songs are copyrighted and cannot be published without the author's consent.

A. M. E., Tucson, Arizona:

Is it true that any country holds elections on Sunday?

Elections are held in some parts of France on Sunday.

A. H., Albienne, Kan.:

What ex-President was buried at the expense of his relatives?

Monroe died in financial straits, at the house of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, in New York, and is said to have been buried at the latter's expense, but he did not die insolvent, as he left his daughters a competent fortune derived mainly from grants made to him by Congress.

John R. B., Napoleon, O.:

Can gravestones for unmarked soldiers' graves be obtained from the quartermaster-general?

The appropriation made by the last Congress was only sufficient to satisfy the claims filed prior to March, 1887. All applications which have been recorded since that date have been recorded, and should Congress at some future date make an appropriation they will be supplied. We advise all who are in want of headstones for soldiers' graves to write to the quartermaster-general and file their claims, so that if Congress shall make another appropriation they can be supplied. The rank, name, company and regiment of the soldier is placed on the stone.

H. A. B., Wichita, Kans.:

Please give a short sketch of "Greenback" Weaver?

General J. B. Weaver was born in Dayton, O., June 12, 1833. He attended the common schools and entered the Ohio University at Cincinnati as a law student, where he graduated in 1854. He removed to Iowa to enter upon the practice of his profession. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Co. G. 2d Iowa, and shortly afterward his comrades elected him first lieutenant. He took part in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh and in the operations against Corinth. Just before the battle of Corinth in October, 1862, he was promoted to major of the regiment. In that action his regiment lost its colonel and lieutenant-colonel, and he was promoted to colonel, which position he held until the regiment mustered out. He was brevetted a brigadier general March 13, 1865.

A. B., Ionia, Mich.:

What was the origin of popery?

The Bishop of Rome by the seventh century had come to be recognized as the "Papa" of all churches. The word "Papa" was first applied to all bishops, and then to the Roman bishop alone. The primacy of Rome has nothing to do with Peter or any other Apostle, and it is not true that the early popes gradually gained supremacy over the churches because they claimed to descend from Peter, though this claim has been fully set up since. The special dignity of the Popes of Rome is inherited from the Roman Emperors. This secular succession is proved by the fact, so little noticed, that the pope himself need not be in Holy orders. John XIX., 1024, Adrian V., 1276, and Martin V., 1417, were all laymen when made popes, and Martin died without even taking holy orders. The origin, therefore, of popery is to be found not in the Early Christian church, but in the history of the Beast, the Pagan Empire of old Rome.

F. S., Cheboygan, Mich.:

1. To make a walnut stain or painting in imitation of walnut. 2. Explain why hail storms generally occur in the afternoon. 3. How is the word Douay pronounced?

1. First paint over the wood with a solution made by boiling 1 part of catechu (Crutch or Gambier) with 30 parts water and a little soda. This is allowed to dry in the air, and the wood is then painted over with another solution made of 1 part bichromate of potash and 30 parts water. 2. In order to form hail stones it is necessary that a very warm humid body of air be suddenly mingled with a body of air so exceedingly cold that after their union the temperature shall fall below the freezing point, the stones then forming of alternate layers of ice and snow about a nucleus of the latter. In securing these essential conditions the sun is an important factor, hence hailstorms rarely occur at night. 3. Pronounced dew-ey; accent on the first syllable.

S. N. K., Waterville:

1 Who invented printing? 2. When was the first book printed? 3. Who discovered Brazil?

1. The idea of printing originated with Coster, of Harlem, in Holland, by accident. He one day picked up a branch, and after amusing himself by carving some letters on it, wrapped it up in a piece of paper and fell asleep. On waking, he found the paper moistened with rain and distinctly impressed with the letters which he had engraved. The practical application of this principle at once suggested itself, and Coster was not long in devising a process for taking impressions from wooden blocks. Not, however, till movable types were employed by Gutenburg, of Mentz, was the invention made available. 2. The first book was printed by Gutenberg and Faust, in 1455. It was the Bible, and so rapidly were copies of it produced that they were looked upon as the work of magic. Faust was apprehended as a wizard, and to save himself from the flames, had to make known the secret of his art. 3. Brazil was discovered by the Portuguese, Cabrel, in 1500.

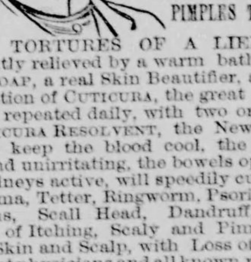
R. J. P., Gainesville:

1. Please give dimensions of the world's great cathedrals. 2. The names of the great cities of the world.

1.	Length.	Breadth.	Height.
St. Peters........	613	450	438
St. Pauls.........	500	248	404
Duomo..........	550	240	375
Notre Dame.....	416	158	298
Cologne..........	444	282	....
Toledo...........	395	178	....
Rheine...........	480	163	117
Rouen............	469	146	465
Chartres.........	430	150	375
Antwerp.........	384	171	402
Strasburg........	525	195	465
Milan............	477	186	360
Canterbury......	530	153	295
York.............	524	261	....
Winchester......	554	208	....
Durham..........	411	170	214
Ely..............	517	178	....
Salisbury........	473	229	379

2. The oldest city in the world is Damascus, Syria; it has a population of about 520,000. The oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, Fla., which was founded by Melendes, November 15, 1565. The oldest city in Europe is London, England; it is also the largest city in the world; it has a population of nearly 4,000,000; London has 8,000 miles of streets, and has on an average 40 miles of streets and 15,000 new houses built every year; it has 15,000 police and 15,000 persons connected with the Post-office, and has 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in the port every day. It has as many beer-shops and gin-palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 78 miles. The largest city of the United States is New York; it has a population of about 1,206,990. The largest city in South America is Rio Janeiro; its population is 274,972. The largest city in Asia is Canton; its population is 1,500,000. The largest city in Africa is Cairo; its population is 327,162. The largest city in Australia is Melbourne; its population is 250,468. The largest city in Canada is Montreal; its population is 107,220.

The West Davenport Furniture company failed for $22,000. Assets somewhat less.



Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INstantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

A RELIC OF WAR DAYS.

A History of the Rebellion in Pictures Upon Envelopes.

The widespread interest taken in Grand Army matters the past few days, due to the national encampment of the order at St. Louis, and the consequent recalling of interesting war reminiscences, has brought to light one of the most curious and unique of war relics. This rare "find" is a collection, in scrapbook shape, of the illustrated envelopes used throughout both North and South during the rebellion. It is in three volumes, and there are 1,500 envelopes. To a great extent the pictures, many of which are printed in colors, form a consecutive history of the more stirring events of the war. They range in subjects from grave to gay, the horrible to the pathetic; some are drawn with care and really artistic, while others are the rudest of outline sketches. Flags and mottoes and patriotic sentiments, the latter expressed in couplets and verses, are most numerous. Some of these designs are very attractive. One, especially, is an envelope, the face of which is entirely covered with the stars and stripes in colors, on the upper stripes being printed this sentiment:

> Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
> And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
> And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Another very pretty design is an eagle and shield, in colors, under which is the legend:

> The Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws.

One of the most popular pictures is entitled, "Why don't you take it?" It represents a big dog whose collar is marked "Gen. Scott," guarding a bone labelled "Washington." A smaller dog, cowed and on the retreat, is marked "Jeff Davis." The firing on Sumter is made the subject of many pictures, one in particular being very expressive. This shows the fort in flames, but arising out of the fire and smoke is the American shield unharmed.

The killing of Col. Ellsworth was promptly taken up by the envelope designer and that sad incident is presented most graphically. It is generally in colors, showing the gallant colonel as he is about to fall and still clasping the rebel flag he has just hauled down. Under the picture is this verse:

> Thou noble warrior, young and brave,
> Sleep sweetly in thy silent grave,
> For millions praise thy name.
> Thy courage ne'er shall be forgot,
> A nation weeps, thy mournful lot
> But adds unto thy fame.

Cuts containing caricatures of Jefferson Davis were evidently the favorites. They are of all descriptions. One is called "a picture of Jeff taken from life." It represents a body hanging to a gallows. Another picture is a photographer with his camera pointed to Washington, which is in the distance. It is entitled, "Jeff taking Washington." Another represents three figures, a big and a little boy, each in regimentals, addressing a goddess of Liberty. Under it is this:

Jeff Javis—Please, ma'am, my big brother won't let me alone.

Goddess of Liberty—Well, it serves you right; why don't you mind your uncle Abel? Just wait until McClellan comes in contact with you; he will give you such a sound thrashing you'll never complain again.

A neat hit is a picture showing the Confederate chieftain looking through the glasses of a showman's box of views. The showman remarks:

At the end of the avenue you perceive a White House. Keep your eye on it and it will dissolve and fade from your view.

The popularity of the Zouave is shown throughout the collection. A picture entitled "Latest Zouave Drill, All Up," represents a line of Zouaves all jumping high from the ground as a ball from the Confederate cannon comes toward them. Another, in rich colors, shows a handsome Zouave boy, with flag in one hand and a dagger in the other, leading a company on the battlefield. Underneath is this couplet:

> When thus our hosts go proudly forth,
> Let foes beware the spirit of the North.

The Southerners, however, though outdone in the number of Northern designs, were by no means distanced in the pointedness of some they got up. One represented two Confederate flags, crossed, wound about the staffs of which was a big snake. Underneath was the picture of a palmetto and the legend:

> Don't Tread on Us.

Another was the Confederate flag in colors, above it being "We stand by our flag," and below this sentiment:

We buy up no more Northern Congressmen or Senators—their God is Mammon, and our honor forbids that we should further succumb to their unholy dictation.

An evident favorite envelope at the North, for it is produced in a number of different designs represents a typical Southerner sitting under a palmetto. Under it is this doggerel:

> 'Neath a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat,
> A twisting the band of his Panama hat,
> And trying to lighten his mind of a load,
> By humming the words of the following ode:
> "Oh! for a nigger, and oh for a whip;
> Oh! for a cocktail, and oh for a nip;
> Oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher,
> Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher;
> Oh! for a captain, and oh for a ship;
> Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip."
> And so he kept oh-ing for what he had not,
> Not contented with owing for all that he'd got.

The Southern states represented as old women was a favorite design of the envelope man. One showed an old lady wearing spectacles about to take a teapot from the stove when the cover is pushed off by a death's head which rises up with the steam. Underneath the picture is this:

Virginny, mother of "Old Dominion" Presidents and other (Wise) things, is asked by Mrs. Davis to try a cup of secession tea—and finds Death in the pot.

Another of this description showed an old fat lady about to take a foot bath in a tub labelled "Secession." This is the inscription:

Poor deluded Miss Souri takes a secession bath and finds it much hotter than she expected!

The mottoes underneath the flags are most patriotic. Among them are, "We stand by our flag," "Rally round the flag," "The Union now and forever," "I'll float again o'er Sumter," "Death before dishonor," etc. The negroes came in for a large share of the illustrator's attention. One picture contained the face of a handsome young darkey. Over it were the words, "The innocent cause of the war." Another showed a darkey blacking boots. He says, "By golly, Massa Butler, I like dis better dan workin' in de field." A picture represents three grinning darkeys playing bones, tambourine and banjo, and is entitled "Music by the Contra-band." Another showed two darkies talking.

Julius—Is your massa Union or 'cession?

Sam—Why, he's 'cession.

Julius—Den I pities you; you was as good a 'leben hundred dolla nigga as eber I see, an' now yer ain't wuf wun cent!

One picture represents two boys and their mother. One boy was bruised and battered, and his clothing badly torn. The other boy had a military hat and was in fighting trim. Under the cut was this:

Mother—Why, Johnny, what have you been doing?

Johnny (the battered one)—Oh, nothing; Joe and I were playing Scott and Beauregard, and I was Beauregard, that's all.

John Bull received numerous attentions from the hand of the envelope funny man. One cut shows two horses travelling side by side, one stamped with the Union flag and the other with the Confederate colors. A fat man representing John Bull is endeavoring to ride them both with a bale of cotton on his shoulders. Underneath the picture are these words: "John Bull in His Perilous Feat of Horsemanship."

The pathetic side of the story was not forgotten by the envelope illustrator. A number of expressive pictures of woman's work for the soldiers are to be found, one representing a handsome, matronly woman making bread. She was saying: "If I cannot fight I can feed those who do." Another shows an elderly lady sewing by lamplight. Underneath are the words: "Our hearts are with them." One of the prettiest pictures is a woman sewing a blue coat. She has on a red dress and a long white apron. Over her waves the stars and stripes. The motto reads: "Our hearts are with our brothers in the field." Perhaps the most expressive of them all is a figure representing a woman who, as she cannot send any one to fight—maybe her own loved ones have been killed or wounded in the strife—nor to nurse the sick, has determined to go for the latter purpose herself. She says: "I have no one to send, so I'll go myself."

—Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Handy to Have in the House.

A paste that will hold firmly, and which can be preserved for months in a well stoppered bottle, is made by dissolving a piece of alum the size of a walnut in a pint of boiling water, to which two spoonsful of flour, made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves are afterwards added.

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

The Theatrical Profession.

Merit will win and receive public recognition and praise. Facts, which are the outcome of general experience, growing through years of critical and practical test, become as rooted and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar in public opinion, and henceforth need no further guarantee as to their genuineness. The indisputable fact that Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, is one of these immovable Gibraltar rock facts of which we have spoken, and every day's experience roots this conviction deeper and deeper in public opinion. Every class of our people in America and in Europe, every trade, calling and profession, including the medical profession, have borne voluntary testimony to the remarkable virtues of S. S. S. and its infallible efficacy in curing all diseases of the blood. These testimonials are on file by the thousands, and open to the inspection of all. Now come, unsolicited, two distinguished members of the theatrical profession, who gratefully testify to the wonderful curative qualities of the Specific in their individual cases. Their testimonials are herewith submitted to the public without further comment—let them speak for themselves. The lady is a member of the famous Thalia Theatre Company, of New York, and formerly of the Residence Theatre, Berlin, Germany, and of McVicker's Stock Company, of Chicago. The gentleman is a well known member of the New York Thalia Theatre Company. Both are well known in theatrical circles in this country and in Europe.

Charlotte Randow's Testimony.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1887.

Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Having been annoyed with pimples, eruptions and roughness of the skin, from bad condition of my blood, for more than a year, I used a leading preparation of sarsaparilla and other advertised remedies to no effect. Then I consulted a prominent physician, and from his treatment received no benefit. I then concluded to try the S. S. S. remedy for the blood, and five or six packages, by thorough eradication of my trouble and restoring smoothness to my skin, have made me happy, and I cheerfully give you this testimonial for such use and publicity as you wish to make of it.

CHARLOTTE RANDOW,
152 Bowery, near Canal Street.

Hugo Hasskerl's Testimony.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—For two years I had a severe case of eczema. I used tar soaps, sulphur soaps, and various other remedies, and was prescribed for by numbers of physicians, but found no relief. At last I determined to try the S. S. S. remedy, and seven or eight bottles have thoroughly relieved me, and you can use this certificate in any manner you wish.

HUGO HASSKERL,
Member of Thalia Theatre

New York, May 3, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BREAD FROM HEAVEN.

An American Missionary Describes a Fall of Manna in Eastern Turkey.

Mr. Cole, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American board in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says:

"We traveled for days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread—as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants—men, women and children—were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite state as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks the branches, that from having been spread on the ground have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a rather dry region the article came in play for our plain repasts."

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

Rice vs. Oatmeal.

The Boston *Record* informs us that rice is taking the place of oatmeal in this country, and that oatmeal is not approved by most thinking hygienists. We are also told that rice is more easily digested, nutritious and withal amiable food than oatmeal. This is newspaper chemistry, which is generally wrong. There may be objections to oatmeal; but to say that rice is more nutritious, is simple nonsense. Oatmeal only lacks fat to make a perfect food, and this can readily be added by butter. Rice, on the other hand, lacks not only fat, but all albuminoids. See the analysis of the two: Oatmeal contains a higher percentage of albuminoids than any other grain, viz.: 12.6, that of wheat being 10.8, and of rice none, and less of starch, 58.4, as against 66.3 in wheat, and 86.9 in rice. It has rather more sugar, 5.4, wheat having only 4.2 and a good deal more fat, viz.: 6.6, against 2.0 in flour, and in rice 0.8. Lastly, salts amount to 3 per cent. in oats, but only 1.7 in wheat, and 0.9 in rice. As the value of a food depends entirely upon its albuminoids, it is clearly seen that oatmeal is infinitely superior to all other cereals.

Breaking Down and Building Up.

When a man breaks down in the matter of physical strength, the question of its recovery depends in great measure upon the length of time he allows to elapse before adopting medicinal means to recuperate it. A tonic, which gives a speedy and powerful impulse to the processes of digestion and assimilation, is the best auxiliary he can employ, and he should resort to it promptly. The most reliable dependence of the feeble, the aged and the nervous has ever proved to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant of national reputation and proven worth, commended by medical men of distinction, not only for building up a broken-down system, but as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation liver complaint, fever and ague and kidney trouble. While not claimed to be a panacea, it is a most useful and comprehensive household remedy. It is, moreover, eminently safe as well as effective.

Novel Use for the Scriptures.

Bible readings in parlors will be a feature of society—diversion shall it be said?—this winter, and will take the place among some of the intellectual that Browning recitals occupied last year. Readers who may conclude from this preface that society is becoming pious will be disappointed when they learn that the new movement finds its support among the agnostics, and that the old Bible will be selected solely with the rhetorical and oratorical possibilities of its stately language in view. It is understood that a young society man, who quite distinguished himself as an amateur reader of Browning, has studied the Psalms this summer for the purpose of reading them to ears sated with the "Flight of the Duchess" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and is very eager for the opening of the reading season, which usually dates from November 15. From the Psalms he hopes to progress to the Book of Job, should society graciously smile upon the bold experiment in its first phase. Perhaps to a portion of his hearers the Rig Veda is more familiar than the holy Scriptures.—*Boston Transcript.*

One of His Repartees.

Jenkinson has established a great reputation for his repartees, among his own set.

"I suppose," the listener heard him say one day, "that my repartees will get me into trouble some day, but if one is blessed with a natural gift of that sort, why, what has he to do but exercise it?"

This sort of talk made the Listener a little curious to hear one of Jenkinson's repartees. His curiosity was gratified yesterday when a friend remarked to Jenkinson.

"I think, my dear fellow, that you really ought to govern your tongue a little."

"Shut up!" said Jenkinson.

It was one of his repartees.—*Boston Transcript.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Est'b'd 1870.

FIRE! BURGLARS! THIEVES!

YOU MAY BURN OUT TO-NIGHT. YOU MAY BE ROBBED TO-MORROW.

BUY A VICTOR SAFE AT ONCE. The Cheapest and Best Insurance in the World.

Warranted fire-proof; burglar-proof combination locks. LOOK OUT FOR SHARKS AND INFRINGEMENTS. Buy no safes that bear no patent dates. *The Victor is patented Dec. 29, 1885, June 7, 1887. Oct. 11, 1887.* Farmer's Safe, 19x12x13, $24; Household Safe, 22x15x16, $30; Dealer's and Office Safe, 28x18x18, $40; Postal Service and Business Safe, 32x22x22, $60. Sold on 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8, and 9 months' time. Agents wanted everywhere. No charge for territory. We take all risks. No competition. We monopolize a field unsupplied by other companies. Each agency worth from $1,000 to $5,000 per year. Send at once for catalogues and full information. Mention this paper.

THE VICTOR SAFE & LOCK CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Taking Care of Their Relations.

Cincinnati Enquirer Washington special.

Nepotism seems to be on the increase among the Democratic Congressmen, if the pay-roll of the door-keeper of the House of Representatives is to be taken as a criterion. The following are the names of sons and relatives of Congressmen which are at present borne on the pay-roll of the door-keeper, together with the respective salary received by each of the parties named:

James W. Blackburn, of Kentucky, chief clerk in the folding-room; salary, $1,800.

C. L. Harris, son of Senator Harris, of Tennessee, messenger; salary, $1,000.

H. L. Pugh, son of Senator Pugh, of Alabama, folder; salary, $900.

Charles H. Mills, son of Representative R. Q. Mills, of Texas, clerk in folding-room; salary, $1,200.

Joseph Casey, brother-in-law of Representative M. L. Clardy, of Missouri, folder; $900.

Representative Weaver's son, of Iowa, was appointed to a $1,100 position about one month ago, but has been removed

Something for James to Think Of.

A fair and buxom widow who had buried three husbands recently went with a gentleman, who in his younger days had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them in mournful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that now if you had only had a little more courage."

CARDS.

FUN. Cards, Scrap Pictures and book of beautiful sample cards for 2 cts. A. B. Hines, Cadiz, O.

YOUR Name printed on 50 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

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22 all Hidden Name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 34-page sample book, 10 cts. 40 mixed, and Solid Silver Ring, 20 cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

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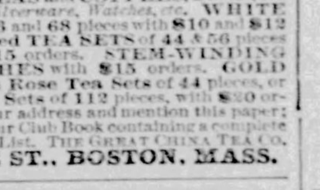

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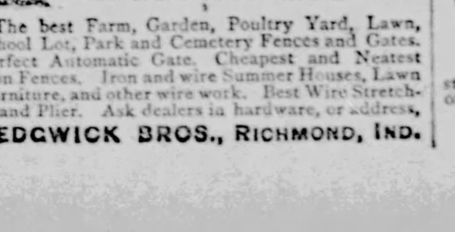

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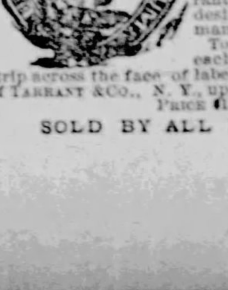

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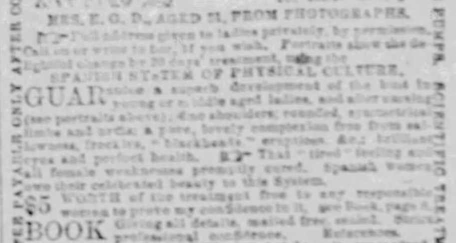

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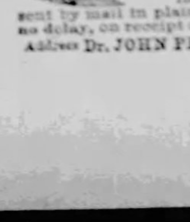

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THE OBLIGATION OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS TO OBEY THE LAW.

It is a strange thing, rightly considered, that obedience to law should be deemed so novel an occurrence as to be telegraphed from one end of the land to the other; be printed in the daily newspapers with conspicuous head-lines, and commented upon in their editorial columns. It would seem that a violation of the law would naturally attract attention, and be considered news; there would be nothing extraordinary in that. But does it not seem strange that a general obedience to law should be considered such a novel, such an unprecedented thing, that it becomes at once a first-class item of news, and attracts attention in every city of the land?

Yet we recall a number of recent instances in which the observance of a law becomes thus a matter of wonderment to the people of this country. We will mention two noted occasions. The first was one in which the law had been operative for years. It was in the city of New York, several months ago, when Mayor HEWITT issued an order that all the saloons of the city should obey the law requiring them to be closed on Sunday. The newspapers were full of it on the Monday following the first Sunday on which the mayor's order was enforced. The editors discussed the order, as if the mayor were not elected to execute the laws of the municipality, and was only fulfilling his official oath in ordering this law to be enforced like all others. The humorists and would-be wits of the press cracked their alleged jokes on the subject. The comic papers had cartoons on the order and its effects. It seemed something surprising that the law was observed at all. The second instance was a few Sundays ago, in Detroit, when a new law went into effect for closing the saloons on Sunday. The general observance of this law on that occasion in that city created a similar interest in the news columns of the papers.

We repeat—is it not a grave thing that the simple fact of a law being *obeyed* should create such a sensation on the part of the people? Does it not mark a wide departure from the line of safety for the community to become so accustomed to the wholesale defiance and violation of a law, that the mere fact of its enforcement becomes a matter of general interest—so much so as to make it an interesting news item in the daily press? Are we not drifting toward a state of society in which every man will obey or disobey any law as he may please? Does not such a state of public feeling portend a coming danger to the whole social fabric?

"But it is only in regard to Rum," is the ready reply. "Many people do not recognize that the state has any authority to say what they shall or shall not drink, nor when they may or may not drink."

Just so; but is it a stable state of society when any man may set up his private judgment against the voice of a majority of his fellow-citizens, and his disobedience be followed by no punishment? Is there not great danger that the idea may extend to other things than Rum-drinking? That our growing boys may be led to think that, unless they believe a law is just and proper, they are justified in disregarding that law, and that any punishment of such disregard and disobedience is an act of tyranny and oppression?

Let us look at the subject matter of the law in the two instances quoted above. The provision simply is, that the saloons shall be closed on Sunday. Why should not the keeper of a saloon obey the law just as fully and completely as a dry goods man, or a grocer, or a blacksmith, or the owner of a machine shop, or a farmer or a day laborer? Have we a privileged class growing up here in America, who are exempt from the laws governing men pursuing all other occupations? Are the keepers of Rum-holes such excellent men, is their occupation such a noble one, that they shall be allowed special privileges? If so, people should know it, and these men be given the benefit of special exemption from all legal restraints, rather than that the example of an open, defiant, systematic, constant violation of law shall be set before the eyes of the rising generation. So long as the law gives them no such exemption, why shall they not be compelled to obey, as do all other men in the community? All the rest of us are obliged to do as the law directs, or we are held to a strict accountability. Is there any justice in allowing Rumsellers the special privilege of violating law with impunity?

Suppose these men do claim that the Sunday law is a hardship, and that it is unjust. Does any one suppose that they are the only men who are restricted by such law? There is no class of the community which does not have its full license to do as it pleases abridged by the statutes in some particular. The law pinches us all somewhere. It is the price we pay for civilization. To have the security which the law throws around the community, each person must surrender somewhat of his individual liberty and convenience, resign some of his personal rights. It is a necessity of all law.

Laws are enacted for the general good. In our system of government, the majority decides what law it thinks will best subserve the public welfare, and enacts it accordingly. The fact that such law may work hardship or loss to one person or one class does not change the situation, nor does it relieve that person or that class from the obligation to obey that law implicitly. There is no other way to preserve free government than to accept the decision of the majority and abide by it faithfully, whether we like it or not.

What burden any law may put upon us individually, we should bear, as good citizens, until the law-making power removes it. It is the right of this minority, even a minority of one, to work in a legitimate way for the repeal of a law; but to defy it, to brazenly disobey it, is to strike a blow at all government, and is a step in the direction of anarchy. The man who does it imperils the interests of all men.

Yet this is the course, everywhere in this country, of the Rum Power. It openly disregards all laws that interfere with its infernal business. It is educating millions of people in a contempt for authority. It is the mainspring of anarchy in our cities. It is an evil to the whole body politic, an enemy of free government. Its example lessens respect for law, and renders life and property less secure. This has gone on for years, and the fruits of this reckless disregard of the law has bred in every great city of our land a class that is a menace to freedom. The people should see in this another cogent reason why they should unite in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THAT INDIA WHEAT MATTER.

The United States consul general at Calcutta, Mr. BONHAM, writes the State department that the India wheat crop will aggregate 289,000,000 bushels from 27,500,000 acres. Some of the free trade organs have seized on this as an argument, and are predicting that British India will soon become a strong competitor of our farmers in the wheat markets of the world. Says one:

> Mr. Bonham deems it a mere question of transportation facilities, which are likely soon to be supplied by British capital and enterprise. With this fact staring our farmers, and indeed all our communities in the face, it is little less than suicidal for the United States to pursue the policy of antagonizing the people and authorities of every foreign country by the tariff wall we have erected to drive them from our shores.

But this free trade organ cunningly suppresses part of Mr. BONHAM's report. He says that Indian wheat is far inferior in quality to American wheat, and that English millers are compelled to mix it liberally with our American grown wheat, which is the finest quality in the world, in order to make a flour which they can sell at all.

There is another fact stated in this report which is suppressed by the free trade organs. It is that labor in India is cheaper than anywhere else in the world. The ryots, or farm laborers, need no fuel, and a strip of cotton cloth is their only clothing. The wages they receive is $2.50 per month—and they are consequently the lowest-paid laborers on the face of the globe. Mr. BONHAM says the entire outfit of the India farmer represents a capital not to exceed $50.

Now, it is plain to any honest man that American labor can never retrograde to that level. Our climate forbids it, for one thing. Our farmers need comfortable homes, good clothing, good food. How, then, are our free trade friends going to equalize the conditions so that American wheat can be sold as cheaply as Indian wheat—leaving the inferior quality of the latter out of the question? We pause for a reply.

But, in the free trade quotation given above, there is a fallacy that can be plainly seen. How will a "tariff for revenue," or even full free trade, make American wheat sell? How will it cause foreign countries to take more than they now do? We pause for a reply.

Leaving out of the question the fact that Indian wheat is of poorer quality than ours, and can not compete with it on equal terms, we wish to call attention to certain well-ascertained facts, not capable of denial:

People buy where they can buy cheapest, the qualities being equal. If Indian wheat can be put down in Liverpool much cheaper than ours, and if it were as good in quality, there is nothing which could make the English millers buy our wheat at the higher price. The free traders cunningly speak of a nation as if it were an individual. They say that "England" is angry at us because we impose a tariff on "England's" manufactures, and that therefore "England" won't buy our wheat.

English manufacturers probably are angry from the cause mentioned. English millers care nothing for that. What they want is cheap wheat, so as to make more profit on their flour. If the manufacturers who sell goods here in America, also were millers, they might, possibly, cut off their noses to spite their faces, by refusing to buy American wheat. And with free trade we do not believe that they would buy American grain at a certain price if they could get other grain cheaper. Nobody does such things, outside of a free trade novel. Look at your own town: Does SMITH, the miller, refuse to buy grain of BROWN, the farmer, because the latter does not buy his hardware of JONES, the dealer, but goes across country to buy of a dealer in another village?

Again: All civilized peoples eat bread. Would free trade in the United States make the peoples of Europe eat more bread? Certainly not. Well, then, how will free trade cause one more bushel of American grain to be sold? European millers buy our grain to feed the mouths of their customers. Unless it can be shown that free trade will make these mouths eat more bread, we cannot see how free trade will increase our grain exports.

Will free trade cause any one to buy our grain who does not buy it now? Will not the English millers, for instance buy wheat where they can buy the cheapest, then as well as now? Of course they will.

Again: It can not be shown that India, even if our tariff were abolished would produce a bushel the less of ryot-grown grain, and therefore would not be any the less a competitor of the American farmer. India belongs to England, and England never buys from a foreigner that which she can produce herself or in her own dominions. The one desire and prayer of England is that she may become able to supply herself with wheat, meat, and cotton from her own dominions; the one supreme drop of bitterness in her cup is that she is dependent on America for her food and for the raw material for her textile manufactures, so that if America could be compelled to withdraw her tariff and open her markets to European products, especially to those of Great Britain, all that would befall the American farmer would be a restriction of his home market by the closing of American factories, and continued and increased competition with Indian wheat.

There are some intelligent Democrats who are willing to tell the truth about this matter of Indian wheat. Here is what Hon. POINDEXTER DUNN, a Democratic Representative from Arkansas, said on the floor of the last House:

> The wheat producer of the Northwest is standing face to face with the wheat producer of India. A few years ago India shipped 40,000 bushels of wheat. Last year she put into the market 40,000,000 of bushels. Can you protect the Northwest farmer against that labor? India can put wheat down in the markets of consumption in Europe cheaper than we can transport it from the fields of production to the markets of consumption.

THERE is a movement on foot to induce the national political committees to select Washington as the place for holding one or both of the next national conventions. At present the city is not provided with a suitable place for a large gathering, and if the movement is successful there will have to be built a hall large enough to accommodate a crowd such as would surely be in attendance. The projectors of the plan are talking of purchasing one of the principal markets and converting it into a hall. Up to the present time little headway has been made, but it is quite possible that before the meeting of either of the committees next winter enough will be done to insure the success of the project if there is any probability of the selection of Washington.

RUSSIA is getting more and more angry over the condition of Bulgarian affairs; and this, together with the inactivity of the Porte, renders it extremely likely that the czar's government will make a positive demand upon Bulgaria and upon the powers with reference to the status of that principality almost immediately. In semi-official circles here there is a strong conviction that something of the kind will occur during the week.

POWELL will find that the people of Ohio will be as obdurate as was the conductor on the Hocking Valley road when he tried to ride on MCCORMICK's ticket. They will refuse to honor the Democratic ticket for a trip to the State-house.

NO SENSIBLE Ohio voter will, by his vote, favor a policy which will lessen the demand for his labor, or for the products of his labor.

THE VIRGINIA DEBT CASE.

The United States Supreme court has granted writs of habeas corpus in the cases of AYRES, the attorney general of Virginia and the two state's attorneys, now in prison at Richmond for disregarding the order of Judge BOND, of the United States Circuit court, in the "coupon-crusher" muddle. The writs are returnable on next Monday, and the cases will come up for trial without delay before the highest tribunal of the nation.

It may be of interest to give a resume of this case, that the important question thus brought before the Supreme court may be clearly understood. Virginia is burdened with an enormous state debt. Several years ago, the legislature passed a law providing that the interest coupons of certain issues of state bonds shall be receivable for taxes. It is charged that bondholders in New York and elsewhere outside the state sold their coupons at a discount to Virginia taxpayers; at any rate, so great a proportion of the taxes were thus paid that the state could hardly raise enough money to meet its current expenses. A later legislature enacted a law repealing the provision allowing taxes to be paid in coupons, and distinctly declaring them non-receivable for taxes. This law is called the "coupon-crusher."

The bondholders brought suit in the United States court to compel the coupons to be received for taxes. That court held that the law was of the nature of a contract between the state and the bondholders, and therefore could not be repealed, as such repeal would violate the constitutional provision that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts. The case was taken to the Supreme court of the United States, which affirmed that decision.

The state officers of Virginia have made every possible effort to collect taxes in money, and to avoid the acceptance of coupons. Efforts were made to stir up the state pride of Virginians, and organize clubs of taxpayers, pledged to pay taxes in money. But your Virginian, while he will prate of the faded glories of his state by the hour, when it comes to his pocket is as practical as anybody else, and the effort failed. Then a desperate attempt was made to compel the collection of taxes in money, by suits in court. The attorney general, and the state's attorneys in various counties, set on foot a number of such prosecutions.

The tax-payers appealed to the United States courts for protection. The federal circuit and district courts issued injunctions against the Attorney General and state's attorneys in the counties engaged in this work, forbidding them to prosecute such cases. The injunction was disobeyed. For such disobedience, United States Circuit Judge BOND imposed $500 fine on Attorney General AYRES, and directed his imprisonment until it should be paid; and the state's attorneys of Loudoun and Fauquier counties, who had also disobeyed, were given a like penalty. Judge TEBBS, of the state court in Loudoun county, had directed the attorney to proceed with the cases in spite of the injunction issued by the federal court.

The proceedings in habeas corpus are undertaken on the part of the state, to relieve these officers, and the question will again come up before the Supreme court. The proceedings of these functionaries was in direct contravention of the Supreme court decision, which has all the force of federal law. Thus the infernal dogma of state's rights comes up again, after bringing unnumbered woes upon this nation, and especially upon Virginia herself.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

PRESIDENTIAL STRAWS.

Comrade C. M. CRANDALL, adjutant of Captain Wagoner Post No. 31, G. A. R., Independence, Missouri, sends the BLADE the two following votes as to Presidential preferences, taken on the trains going to and returning from the national encampment at St. Louis. The train going had many more passengers than the other, and the vote stood:

Robert T. Lincoln	165
James G. Blaine	32
John Sherman	17
St. John	2
Clinton B. Fisk	7
Gov. Foraker	11
Senator Hawley	15
D. B. Hill	16
Cleveland	13
Any Republican	9
Any Democrat	1

On the train returning the vote stood:

Robert T. Lincoln	89
James G. Blaine	25
John Sherman	23
Governor Foraker	5
St John	1
Clinton B. Fisk	5
Cleveland	18

Mr. J. W. STEVENS, of Laddonia, Missouri, also sends us a vote taken by him on the train returning from the St. Louis reunion, which stood as follows:

Robert T. Lincoln	79
James G. Blaine	33
John Sherman	24
Cleveland	16
St. John	1

He also says, "I have yet to hear the first word in disparagement of LINCOLN. Our local paper has already hoisted his name to the masthead."

Mr. C. L. THOMAS, of Dwight, Kansas, sends the BLADE the result of a poll to ascertain presidential preferences for next year, of a train bearing an excursion to St. Louis to the national encampment of the Grand Army. Only the votes of members of the order were taken. The result is significant:

Robert T. Lincoln	174
James G. Blaine	56
John Sherman	26
The Republican nominee	16
Grover Cleveland	5
Scattering	12

VILAS, the present postmaster general, is apparently toad-eater and boot-licker in ordinary to the President. The New York *World* raps him severely over the knuckles for saying, in his Milwaukee speech, that CLEVELAND is the person "to whose personal keeping are committed not only the sovereignty and dignity of the nation but weal or woe of sixty millions of their race and a limitless posterity." The *World* declares that this kind of talk is flunkyish, sycophantic, unmanly, undemocratic and also ridiculously untrue; "the people of the United States live under a government of laws, not under the rule of a great mogul or a tycoon." It points out further that VILAS, in indulging in such talk in the President's hearing, does him an ill turn, since uncharitable people will infer that CLEVELAND is a person to whom fulsome adulation is agreeable.

THE Inter-state Commerce Commission is again assembling in Washington, preparatory to hearing any cases that may be presented, and for the delivery of opinions already prepared. The annual report of the commission, will, it is said, suggest to Congress some modifications of the law, suggested by its workings so far.

THE United States government has done a righteous thing in declaring that foreign pauper children, sent across the sea by foreign charitable associations, can not be permitted to land. We have enough poor children of our own to take care of, without attempting to rear the foreign little ones.

FRED GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On Tuesday, the New York *Herald*, which since 1884 has been a most energetic Democratic organ, had the following paragraph repeated a half-dozen times or more on its editorial page:

> By all means vote for Col. Fred Grant, the Republican nominee for secretary of state, the son of a worthy sire, who was the savior of the Union.

Col. GRANT heads the Republican state ticket in New York, and the fact that the *Herald* swings into line in his support is a clear indication of the drift of public sentiment in the Empire State. But the *Herald* is evidently committed to CLEVELAND on personal grounds; for it has a long editorial article under the caption, "The Result in This State," in which it commends the nomination of Col. GRANT; declares that "thousands of Democrats will cast their votes" for him this year, and that "they can not do better;" yet it goes on to say that if New York goes Republican this year "it will not mean that the Republican party would carry this state [New York] or the Union in the Presidential election next year."

This sounds to us like an ingenious piece of special pleading to "take the edge off" the very probable Republican triumph in New York in November. Yet there is something worth the consideration of every intelligent Republican in the concluding paragraph of the *Herald's* article, which we reproduce below:

> The position of the Democratic party in the country is such to-day that it is not the sport or creature of any man's personal ambition. It does not depend on any one man's name for success. In this it is far more fortunate than the Republican party. * * When a political party, or a nation, or a bank, or a newspaper, or a dry goods house, comes to that pass that it depends for success upon one man, that concern, whatever it may be, is not in a sound state, and will go down.

The *Herald* here assumes that the Republican party depends upon "one man's name" for success; that it represents a person, not certain principles of governmental polity. Were this true, there would probably be some ground for the belief expressed in the article that the Democratic party has the best chance of winning in the national contest of 1888. But it is not true. The Republicans of the nation are studying the situation thoroughly at the present time. They are beginning to see that the time has come for the Republican party to take another step forward in the path of progress. It will not do to lag in the glorious course it entered over thirty years ago. It must keep in its ranks the earnest, eager men of progress who are the life of the nation, the source of its power. The party is too great to be tied to the chariot-wheel of one man. We have an earnest faith that the masses of the party will dictate the nomination next year, and not yield it to any personal demand.

THE YEAR'S CROPS.

The tendency to follow the ideas of English economists has not yet been outgrown in the United States. In that country, small in area, where the bulk of the grain which feeds the people has to be brought from other countries, superabundant crops and consequent cheapness are treated as the highest marks of favor of Divine providence. This philosophy suits England, which is a buyer of food and raw materials, but the situation here is the opposite. Our greatest trade and wealth resource is agricultural produce, and farmers are also the most important class to the support of the people supported by manufactures. Superabundance is ruinous to the farmers' margin of profit, and when the limit is about enough to meet the wants of his customers at home and abroad with no great excess, he has the best possible situation financially that he can derive from the soil.

Let us look at this year's products. Not one of our crops is full, and in Europe, while wheat is a somewhat larger yield than last year, this little difference is like an ounce compared to a pound in quantity when it is contrasted with the shortages in oats, hay, potatoes and other accessory food staples, the latter being as short in this country as in Europe. The contrast does not end here. The coffee yield is the smallest ever known in any near approach to the present scale of consumption; the sugar crop of Europe is 200,000 tons short, and the cotton crop is short of an average. There is no doubt enough to "go round" and something to spare, but the world's store-houses are to lack in the next twelve months that surplus beyond plenty which puts everything at the feet of money changers and capital. The seller will have his say, if he understands his position. And as prosperity of the farmers means prosperity for every one else, the outlook is a good one.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

The car stove began its hellish work early this winter. The number of victims burned to death in the Kouts disaster will probably never be definitely known. The state legislatures this winter should devote some time to legislation by which such hideous human sacrifices shall be prevented, as far as possible. The car stove should go; and there should be legislation providing for an adequate system of track inspection and patrol, bridge inspection, etc., which legislation should be executed fearlessly and strictly. The federal government puts all steam vessels, even the smallest, under the most rigid inspection and supervision. The states should do the same thing for the railways, in the interests of public safety.

THE following questions are stated as topics for study at the Evangelical Alliance conference to be held in Washington, on December 7, 8 and 9 next: 1. What are the present perils and opportunities of the Christian church and of the country? 2. Can any of them be met best by a hearty co-operation of all evangelical Christians, which, without detriment to any denominational interests, will serve the welfare of the whole church? 3. What are the best means to secure such co-operation and to waken the whole church to its responsibility?

MR. BAYARD insists on a Fishery commission, in spite of the refusal of Congress to authorize one. He has wasted two years of time in doing nothing, and his red-tape commission will probably waste a year more, and then fail to have its work confirmed by Congress. It begins to look as if Mr. BAYARD is trying to postpone the settlement of the question until a Republican administration comes into power, being afraid to insist on the rights of our fishermen.

THE Democratic campaign in Ohio has flattened out completely. It was announced with much pomp that the fight should be made on free trade, but the Democrats soon found that it wouldn't do. There is not a Democratic paper that is giving space to any arguments in favor of tariff reduction in the state, so far as we can find out. SAM. COX's speech was pruned of all free trade talk before it was circulated by the Democratic committee.

AS THE constitution of Tennessee provides that the legislature shall not propose amendments thereto oftener than once in six years, the effort at constitutional prohibition will have to be held in abeyance until 1893. But this affords a fine field for singleness of effort in behalf of local option, and the state may be practically won to prohibition by its means by the time the six years roll around.

THERE is a general expectation shown all over the country that the Republicans of Ohio will carry the state by a tremendous majority. If we do not, we shall have failed to do our whole duty, brethren.

A BRITISH TARIFF DEMANDED.

The British Iron and Steel Institute held its annual meeting several weeks ago in Manchester. The president, Mr. DANIEL ADAMSON, in his inaugural address, made some statements which are of the highest importance, as showing that the development of industries in other countries, due to the adoption of the protective system, is rapidly bringing the time when Great Britain herself must drop her free trade policy or lose her markets. Mr. ADAMSON declared to his auditors that their only chance of holding such markets as they now have, depends upon the enactment of a protective tariff to exclude Belgian and German irons from every market for which Parliament has power to legislate.

He also said that the best chance of the British ironmaster was to sell rails and other iron wares to China, India and Burmah for the building of their railroad systems. As regards the competition for markets outside the British Empire, and especially the markets of Europe and America, Mr. ADAMSON was quite hopeless. Instead of gaining there, England was losing her own home markets, and could save it only by a return to the protective policy. As it was, there was a saving of £120 in placing a £20,000 contract for iron in Belgium rather than in England. As to the causes of this, he said:

> So long as we taxed ourselves for the benefit of a foreign producer, and paid all the cost incident to the carrying on of our country, and enable the merchant to import manufactured goods at a greater profit than he could realize by purchasing at home, so long would our great trade remain depressed and our foreign competitor rejoice at our want of foresight. We told the Belgian ironmaster that he could find a market free from toll in England, as the British ironmaster, in the generosity of his heart, in practice declared he would pay all the taxes incident to the country for the benefit and advantages of foreign competitors. John Bull must be something more than a generous soul to assist in destroying his own trade and the manufacturing industries of his beloved but oppressed country.

The cardinal doctrine of free trade is—cheapness. "Cheapness" is the greatest good, the sole aim of national economy. However much the producer might suffer, the nation would gain if it could sell its yard of calico and its pound of iron a farthing cheaper than any one else. But to do this, labor must be cheap; and in order to bring the wages of the working-men down to the lowest notch, the "corn laws" were passed. The duty was taken off American wheat, that cheaper bread might make wages lower, and competition with foreign markets more successful. Free trade was the idol of the British iron-master, so long as he could undersell everybody else.

But this cheapening of wages was a game that others could play at. The trades unions in Great Britain, through years of effort, have gradually extorted a raise in wages. No such rise has taken place in Belgium. The working people of that country live in a state of wretchedness which provokes constant collision between them and their employers and the civil authorities. They work for a greater number of hours than in England; they are paid less by the day; there is less restriction upon the employment of women and minors. So Belgian iron costs less than English does, the difference being extracted out of the Belgian workman's flesh and blood. The ideal of free trade conditions is found in Belgium, at a cost that will cause a revolution like that of France a century ago, if this abominable, heartless policy is not stopped. Free trade make cheapness of product, not the welfare of the people, it great end. Belgium has reached the acme of cheapness, and her working people are the most miserable on the face of the globe.

The British ironmasters know that there are but two lines of policy for England to choose, whereby they can still compete with Belgium. The one is, to follow Belgium in cutting down wages, increasing the hours of labor, and deepening the misery of the working classes; the other is, by protection. On the first point, the Philadelphia *American* points out what would have to be done to bring the conditions of English labor back to the point where the free trade ideal of cheapness can be carried out:

> First of all, repeal all the factory regulation acts and the like, which the labors of the late Lord Shaftesbury introduced into English legislation. Leave the employer to arrange the hours of labor, the employment of women and minors and the safeguards for life and health at his own pleasure, as the Belgian employer is free to do. Then suppress the trades unions as "conspiracies in restraint of trade," and compel the workman to deal separately and individually with his employer. In other words, abolish the restraints upon pure competition which parliaments and trades unions have imposed, and give the free trade principle a fair chance. If that were done, there is little doubt that the British ironmaster would undersell the Belgian. The advantages of larger capital and the better qualities of the English workman would bring him to the front again. But that cannot be done. Mr. Bright, Mr. Fawcett, and other logical free traders, are ready to vote for the repeal of all or nearly all of Lord Shaftesbury's laws; but the English people are not. And as for suppressing the trades unions, no British statesman would dare propose it.

The only other hope is in a protective tariff. Mr. ADAMSON brings the ironmasters to join the growing throng of British industries which demand protection. For fifteen years the cotton manufacturers have been declaring that England cannot stand free trade many years longer. The sugar-refiners and other lesser industries have united in that demand. Now comes the president of the national organization of British ironmasters, to join in the demand for a tariff. And a significant fact is, that Mr. ADAMSON's demand met no opposition in the body over which he presides. Not many years ago such a speech would have met with instant and stormy protest.

But what comes of the doctrine, so long preached in England, and mouthed in the United States by the free trade puppets, that "Anglo Saxon labor is cheaper than any other, despite higher wages?" That our intelligent laboring classes, our development of labor-saving machinery, render us able to do more in a day's work, and thus compete with lower-priced labor? An English iron plant has as much and as good labor-saving machinery as an American one. Does not Mr. ADAMSON's speech give a lie to this fine-spun plea?

The fact is, free trade is proving an evil, in the long run, to England. It has ruined her farmers. For thirty years the British agriculturists have groaned under the competition of foreign products. And in her manufactures, the increasing competition of other nations is showing the fallacy of free trade. The day is coming when England will have a protective tariff, instead of one for revenue.

IN an address at Dubuque, Congressman COFFIN stated that in the past nine years the old-fashioned car coupler and hand-brake had killed 441 railroad employes in Iowa, and crippled for life 1,439 persons. If these figures be correct, what must be the ghastly total of dead and maimed men to be charged up to the pin and link coupler! There should be some steps taken to compel the adoption of a coupler which is not a death-trap.

INDIANAPOLIS elected a Republican mayor, and a Republican majority in the city council, on Tuesday. CLEVELAND's visit did not have much effect in converting the citizens to the support of the ballot box stuffing Democracy of that city.

ON Tuesday the city of Chattanooga elected all the Republican candidates for aldermen by an aggregate majority of about 1,000, and the Democratic candidate for mayor squeezed in by only about 100 majority.

THE girls of the Protestant Episcopal churches of Scranton, Pennsylvania, have agreed to boycott the young men who use intoxicants. A boy caught by one of these girls will have to boycott Rum himself.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE Treasury department is said to have under favorable consideration a proposition to extend to the banks of Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities the privilege recently granted banks in New York, to hold public funds to the amount of 110 per cent. of their bond deposits, and to increase the amount so held to $1,100,000. Secretary FAIRCHILD is known to favor this plan of utilizing the surplus.

OF the 352 towns and cities of Massachusetts 294 vote against licenses. Three-fourths of these anti-saloon votes come from the Republican party. This fact is the best answer to all the abuse of the party and attacks upon its members so freely indulged in by the third party organs.

A NATIONAL Farmers' Congress will meet in Chicago on November 10, 11 and 12. There will be delegates present from various states.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

XV.—Protection and the Farmer.

Let us take another illustration of the benefit of the protective system, which develops manufacturing, which diversifies our industries, to the farming community. We are indebted for this example to Hon. THOMAS W. DUDLEY, of New Jersey. It is the silk industry of that state. The duty on imported silks is the only reason it is at all possible for any one to engage in the manufacture of silks in the United States. There are silk mills at Paterson, Hoboken, Newark, and other points in New Jersey. They give employment steadily to over 14,000 persons. Many, indeed most, of these persons have others dependent upon them. Men have families, and girls have parents who live from the wages earned in the mills. If you assume that each of these persons has two others dependent upon him or her, and who thus live from the wages earned, it will make 42,000 people who are living in New Jersey from this one industry alone.

To get a good idea of the benefit of these silk mills to the agricultural community let us suppose that all these people should be gathered together in one town; they would make a city of themselves. But when you put them together in a town you create the necessity for other persons living with them. They would want churches for religious worship, and clergymen to preach; school houses and teachers to instruct their children; carpenters, masons, plasterers, and painters, to build and keep the houses in repair; cabinetmakers to manufacture furniture; shoemakers, tailors, and hatters to make clothing; wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and carriage and harness makers; storekeepers, butchers, and bakers to feed the people, and supply the necessaries of life; doctors and lawyers, hackmen and day laborers. You must have banks and insurance offices. Nor is this all. There must be some kind of government and men to carry it on. Your police, fire, light, water, and tax departments would require many men. With all these and those dependent upon them you would swell your city to not less than 65,000 people, all of whom, either directly or indirectly, would be dependent upon this one industry; and all of whom, every man, woman, and child, whether working in the mill, attending school, engaged in building houses, making clothes, baking bread, tending the stores, ministering to the sick, or performing police duty, would be fed by the farmer.

Although these people are not gathered in one city, yet this one industry gives employment to, and supports, directly and indirectly, the same number of persons scattered up and down in different locations of the state. And the farmers feed them. And so with every other manufacturing industry, not only in the state of New Jersey, but in the whole United States; the farmer not only feeds them and all those dependent upon them, but all the other persons who live off of them, whether as lawyers, doctors, teachers, storekeepers, butchers, bakers, tailors, dressmakers, carters, or mechanics.

XVI.—The Home Market made by Protection.

Now, what is true in the above case, which is but one industry, in one little state, is true of the whole nation. The cities and towns all over the country, which are made busy industrial hives by the benignant effects of the protective system, made up mainly as they are of manufacturers, merchants, artificers, and those dependent upon them, constitute the home market for the farmer. The produce is furnished by the farmer; the price is paid by the consumer and constitutes the farmer's income. The manufacturers, by giving employment to labor, create the consumers, and protection builds up the manufactories; hence it follows that the more manufacturers you have, the more consumers there will be, and the more extended and better the farmer's market, both as to the quantity required and the price he will be able to obtain. Therefore, as has been seen, when you protect the manufacturer you help the farmer; and you can not help the one without benefiting the other.

XVII.—Labor Elevated by Good Wages.

There is another element that comes in here; our system is one of protection to labor. The protection given by the tariff goes indirectly into the pockets of the operatives; it enables the manufacturer to pay more to labor. Hence it is that our operatives as a whole are paid wages probably double what they are paid in England. Receiving more wages for his work, a laborer in this country lives better than a like laborer in England; he is better housed, better clothed and better fed. He becomes therefore a better customer to the farmer, consuming more agricultural products than a like laborer in England. A thousand operatives in the United States consume at least a third more agricultural products than a like number of operatives in England.

XVII.—What the "American System" Does.

The protective tariff protects labor and protects our industries by equalizing the conditions of production and keeping up the standard of wages to our self-respecting American workmen. This is the American System, and under it the manufacturing business of our country has been increased and multiplied in numbers, varied in kind, and improved in quality to such an extent that, of the manufactured commodities now used and consumed in this country, over ninety-one per cent. is manufactured at home, and less than nine per cent. is made or imported from abroad.

It is only when a census is taken that we can get accurately the value of our manufactured products. By the census of 1880, the total value of our manufactured commodities for that year was, in round numbers, six and a half *billion* dollars—$6,500,000,000. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, we exported manufactures to the value of $229,940,238. That is as near as we can come to a comparison of our products with our exports of manufactures. But look at it! We consumed 96½ per cent of our total manufactures, and exported only 3½ per cent!

In the year 1880 our total imports of merchandise were valued at $667,954,946, of which not over $450,000,000 were manufactured goods. This is not over 7 per cent of the manufactured goods consumed in this country. Hence we have the following statement for comparison: In the year 1881 (and the figures will vary little since then), of all the manufactured goods used in the United States we made at home over 92 per cent, and imported less than 8 per cent!

Let us compare this fact with the condition of things under a "tariff for revenue," thirty years ago. It is a fact of record that of the manufactured commodities then used in the country 90 per cent. were made abroad, the larger portion in England, and only about 10 per cent. were manufactured at home. That is what protection has done for us in that time—or in fact, in less time; for the actual industrial prosperity of the country dates from the enactment of the Morrill tariff, in 1861.

And with this great and astonishing change, and the large increase in the consumption of manufactured commodities since that period, we have this additional result: that nearly every kind and description of manufactured commodities is cheaper to-day than it was 30 or even 25 years ago.

XIX.—The Net Result to the Farmer.

The result to the farmer of our country may be summed up as follows: Of the crops he raises, outside of tobacco and cotton, 92 per cent. is consumed at home, and not more than 8 per cent. is exported; and he can buy all the manufactured commodities he requires for less than he could before the present protective laws were enacted, and many of them even cheaper than they can be bought in any foreign market.

As one proof of this you have only to look over the exports from our countries of our manufactured commodities. We are sending to other nations yearly our agricultural implements, including fanning mills, horse powers, mowers and reapers, plows, cultivators, forks, hoes, etc., carriages, carts, cotton goods, railroad cars, locomotives, steam engines, watches, clocks, glass and glassware, hats, caps, boots, shoes, wearing apparel, machinery, cutlery, edge tools, files, saws, firearms, nails, India rubber goods, jewelry, lamps, saddlery, harness, organs, piano fortes, paper, stationery, printing presses, sewing machines, household goods, furniture, woodwork, tinware, and scales.

XX.—A Question.

We have received a very comprehensive question from "Inquirer," as follows:

> We hear much about the necessity of reducing taxes to lessen the surplus. Will the BLADE tell us what taxes the man worth $5,000 to $10,000 pays to the treasury of the United States, outside of his whisky and tobacco revenue?

The free traders assume that the tariff is paid by the man who buys the goods. To illustrate by example: The tariff on salt, imported in barrels, is 12 cents per 100 pounds. A barrel contains 280 pounds; hence the duty on a barrel is 33.6 cents. Now, the free trade "argument" is, that the salt producers of the United States sell their salt, made at home, at 33.6 cents per barrel *more* than they otherwise would, if there were no tariff. A barrel of the best Michigan salt can be bought at retail in Toledo to-day for 70 cents. The free traders claims that, were there no tariff, it would sell at 36.4 cents! The fallacy is plain. If you buy *imported* salt, you pay the tax. If you buy *American* salt, you don't—all the free trade ranters in the country to the contrary notwithstanding.

The truth of the whole matter is this: if you buy articles which are not made or produced in this country, you pay the duty, or tax on it. But when you buy anything that is also manufactured in this country, you do *not* pay the tax unless you buy the *imported* article. For instance, if you buy a tapestry Brussels carpet made in Europe, the duty is 20 cents a yard and 30 per cent. on the invoice price. You pay just that much more than you would have to pay if we had absolute free trade. But you can buy just as good (and often better) carpet, made in America, and you pay not one cent of tax, directly or indirectly, to the government. The assumption is that the American manufacturer adds an amount equal to the duty to his selling price—which is absurd. There is too much sharp competition among American manufacturers. If they could do that, manufacturing would pay 40 or 50 per cent on the capital invested! Any manufacturer knows that this is not true.

XXI.—Three More Questions.

C. B. S., of Vea, Iowa, sends us three questions on the tariff, which we will answer in order:

> Why was the high protective tariff from 1861 to 1870, reduced, if it was a benefit to us?

When the tariff of 1861 was imposed, we were importing 90 per cent. of the manufactured goods we used. We had to have these goods, and our own manufacturers could not supply the demand. We were carrying on a tremendous war, and the government needed enormous sums of money. The high tariff produced very large customs receipts. After the war closed, and the nation began to get over the great financial derangement it produced, our own manufactures extended rapidly, and the receipts from customs declined, because American goods were so much cheaper. The tariff was reduced for this reason: The duties were so high that they acted to practically prohibit importations, and reducing the duty increased largely the amount of imports, and consequently increased the revenues.

> If our present high protective tariff benefits and enriches us, why not increase it?

A just tariff should only be high enough to equalize the conditions of manufacture between this and other countries. To make it too high would be to practically prohibit dutiable imports, and thus reduce the revenue therefrom, which is the chief source of supply for the enormous expenses of the federal government.

> If the consumer does not pay this large amount of money that is gathered into the United States treasury by the tariff, who does?

The men who use *imported* goods pay it. They embrace but a small proportion of the population, and are able to stand it. The writer is wearing, at the present moment, a suit of woolen clothing that cost $21. It is of American-made cloth. As a matter of curiosity, inquiry was made among the tailors of Toledo as to the cost of a similar suit made out of imported English cloth. It was found that a similar suit, of exactly the same quality, made of English cloth, would cost $38. The American goods look just as well, will wear as long, and in every particular is as good as the English. Why, then, buy English goods? There is but one reason: There are a large number of people in America who, for some foolish reason, think that "imported" goods are nicer, or better, than American goods; and having plenty of money, they buy the imported goods. If they prefer to do so, and don't care for the extra cost, let them do it. But what American farmer, or workingman, wears foreign goods, eats foreign-grown food, or uses foreign goods of any kind? Not one in a thousand. Why cry out because those who prefer foreign goods have to pay for the preference?

TO BE CONTINUED.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Ex-Senator Dorsey was never shaved in his life.

The President wears a 17½ inch collar and a No. 12 shoe.

San Francisco is to have a statue of Liberty in blue sandstone.

Howells is in Washington "measuring people for a new novel."

Many New York ladies wear Japanese morning robes, slippers and all.

Jumper Page has broken the world's record by clearing six feet four inches.

Chicago is to have a new water tunnel four miles long and eight feet in diameter.

Miss Fannie Hayes, daughter of the ex-President, will winter in the Bermudas.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Storey has refused $350,000 for her interest in the Chicago *Times*.

Gen. Joe Johnson has contributed $100 to the Lee Monument Fund, of Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, pays $15,000 a year out of her income for the education of poor children.

Col. Charles Marshall, Gen. Lee's chief of staff, is now a resident of Baltimore and a prominent Democrat.

The distance from Queenstown to New York is 2,848 miles, as sailed by the Umbria on her recent quick passage.

It is said that Zola has finally written a novel so nasty that the name of it cannot even be translated into English.

Philadelphia is considering the erection of statues to Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse and Logan on the squares named after them.

A Brooklyn "medium," who gave a seance in Rochester, produced an alleged pencil sketch of Jean Ingelow, which represented her as a man.

The queen of Spain went to weep at the tomb of Loyola the other day, and the people came out in their old clothes and hooted at her.

The organ in the new auditorium building in Chicago will be the largest in the United States. It will contain 6,000 pipes and cost $30,000.

Two sons of Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, are settled as real estate agents and brokers in Australia.

High license in Minnesota has driven one-third of the saloons out of business since January 1, and in three months another third will have gone.

Mount Williamson, in Inyo, Cal., is the grandest peak in the United States. It stands 15,000 feet high. Two of the three summits are inaccessible.

Girls, save your kisses for your better half, if you are so lucky as to get one. Nobody will appreciate them more, and you will have no cause for regret.

Edison's talking machine will soon be on the market, at a retail price of $100. You can talk into it as you would into a telephone and there it will be for all time.

A pheasant flew against the window of the State House at Salem, Or., last week with such force that it went through the glass, making a clean, round hole, and fell dead inside.

The chief of the equipment division of the postoffice department, Washington, has been in the service of the department for 40 years. He should know a good mail-bag when he sees it.

Mrs. Nevins, widow of the first superintendent of schools in San Francisco, recently celebrated her 80th birthday. She has been a teacher for 50 years, having begun in South Carolina in 1828.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins, who is said to be worth about $40,000,000, is noted for her charity. She has given to Great Barrington a church which cost $150,000, besides paying the minister's salary.

The names of Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland are on documents relating to the transfers of a certain piece of land in Fairmount, Ill. Lincoln's signature was written in 1856 and Cleveland's in 1879.

The late King of Oude ruled with absolute sway the 7,000 retainers within the domain of his palace. Despite the $1,200,000 pension paid to him annually by the Anglo-Indian Government, he was always deeply in debt.

Senator Hoar, in a recent speech, made a neat hit when he said that "Mr. Cleveland might be a great deal better than his party in Massachusetts, but he is a great deal worse than his party in Maryland and Indiana."

Chris Buckley, the Democratic boss of San Francisco, is totally blind, and the bitterness of political contests in that city may be inferred from the fact that the *Chronicle* constantly speaks of him as "the blind white devil."

There are four great accumulated masses of gold in the world: $282,000,000 in the United States treasury, $237,000,000 in the National bank of France, $107,000,000 in the National bank of Germany, and $100,000,000 in the Bank of England.

Eugene Higgins, the power behind the throne in the distribution of the spoils, is said to be making a vigorous still-hunt for the House Doorkeepership this winter. Only his well known excessive modesty prevents the open announcement of his candidacy.

The state of Michigan is preparing to send to Washington a statue of Lewis Cass to take its place among the large number now in position in Statuary Hall, at the capitol. It is to be seven feet high, made of white Italian marble, and will cost $10,000.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, socialist candidate for mayor of Newark, N. J., and general agitator and disturber, publicly boasts that "when I want a drink I take it." From the general tone of his discussion some people might perhaps infer that he wants one pretty often.

Mrs. Gen. Sheridan was regarded as one of the handsomest women seen at the Philadelphia celebration. Her eyes are large, brown and beautiful, and she has a special fancy for brown costumes, which seem admirable match for these attractive eyes. She would make a charming mistress of the White House.

James Russell Lowell has recently bought a house in Ashfield, Mass., which is described as a little bit of a red farmhouse lying on the southern slope of one of the highest hills in that region. The low front door reaches nearly to the eaves, and there is room for only one small window on each side of the house.

Mrs. Elizabeth d'Arcy Kinne, National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, is at the head of 1,359 corps, with its combined membership of 45,682. She resides in San Francisco, and her recent trip to St. Louis is her first trip East in 21 years. Mrs. Kinne is a handsome, well-preserved woman of 42 years.

James Fisher, a veteran of the war, aged 59, who recently applied for admission to the Dayton Soldiers' Home, was discovered to be a woman. In appearance she is short and heavy set, with a round, smooth face and rather effeminate voice. She was a brave soldier, and the long and successful concealment of her sex is one of the most remarkable on record.

Chauncey Depew told this experience in a recent speech: "I was up in Scotland this summer, where they understood a joke more easily than anywhere in the world, and was tired out traveling and sight-seeing, and said to my Scotch guide: 'I must find a soft stone somewhere to sit down on.' He said: 'My friend, there are no soft stones in Scotland.'"

Mrs. Garfield and her daughter Mollie, who is now a young lady, sailed from New York for England on Saturday, and will spend the winter in Europe. Miss Mollie is engaged to be married to Mr. J. Stanley Brown, who was her father's secretary when he was President. The wedding was to have taken place this month, but has been deferred until next year.

Mrs. Holbrook, of Woodstock, Conn., is a lineal descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam. She has a number of letters written by "Old Put," which show that he was a better soldier than scholar. She also owns the canteen he carried through the Revolutionary war. It is made of straight wooden staves, tightly hooped at each end. The canteen has a capacity of three pints.

Mrs. Dahlgren, the widow of the admiral, will take up her residence in Washington during the winter. For several years past Mrs. Dahlgren has lived at her country seat near South Mountain, which is said to represent a medieval castle. She owns nearly 8,000 acres of land in Maryland, and is in receipt of a large income. The people in her neighborhood always speak of her as the "lady in the castle."

Sir Salar Jung, the former prime minister of the great Indian feudal state of Hyderabad, who is now on a visit to England, has caused considerable astonishment both at Balmoral and in London by his gigantic stature. Differing entirely from the majority of his countrymen, who as a rule are small in stature and delicately and even effeminately formed, he tips the scale at nineteen stone, is six feet five inches in height and broad in proportion.

THE Ohio Democrats, in their sore need, have invited Gov. HILL, of New York, to come out and stump the state in aid of their sinking cause. This presages an entire change of front, and an antagonism of CLEVELAND's pretensions to a second term.

THE alliance among Italy, Germany and Austria has been renewed for five years, Italy reserving the right to maintain absolute neutrality in the event of a Franco-German war.

THE State Masonic Grand Lodge of Missouri has decreed that no saloon-keeper or liquor-seller shall hereafter be eligible to membership in the Masonic order in that state.

MRS. CLEVELAND is receiving an ovation in the South. Her husband accompanies her triumphal progress, but he is a cipher in the programme.

TRADE is increasing steadily all over the country, and speculation is decreasing—two very good signs of a healthy condition of things.

THE official majority against the Prohibition amendment, voted on at the recent election in Tennessee, was 17,693.

WHAT THE BLADE'S READERS SAY.

Another Batch of Letters from the People on Their Preferences for Presidential Candidate in 1888.

We are giving the letters we have received as rapidly as space will permit. Those published below embrace all received up to September 23, and all received since that date are waiting their turn. We have been compelled to cut each of them down considerably, but we give the main part of each letter:

ALMA, NEB.—There are several reasons why Robert T. Lincoln should be the unanimous choice of the Republican convention of 1888:

First—The masses of the people have not the fullest confidence in any of the old leaders of the Republican party; and, as a mass, they demand the introduction of new young blood into the political life of the nation, with new and independent ideas of progress and development, all, of course, in harmony with our institutions.

Second—Robert T. Lincoln has sterling qualities in individual merit, independence of character and action, and can win over and back to Republican fealty at least one-half of the good Republican element now at work in the Prohibition ranks. I am a Republican, and I bear the scars of rebel balls on my person. I do not wish to vote aught but the Republican ticket. But I will never cast another Republican vote for the old leaders. Robert T. Lincoln, however, will catch my vote if nominated for the head of the ticket, and I think he is a man of too much good sense and ability to accept anything beneath that.

Great stress is laid by some on the name of his noble father. Let that help him, if it will; but Robert Lincoln can demonstrate power and ability and wisdom to lead him and Republicanism to success in his own right as a citizen, scholar and statesman, without leaning on the arms of the honored and revered dead. Robert Lincoln will, if he be given opportunity, perpetuate honor to the name of Lincoln and intelligent America.—ROVER.

SPRINGDALE, KY.—Blaine is the man who should receive the nomination for the Presidency in 1888, and for my reasons: First—He came so near it in 1884, and only lost it by fraud, by third party cranks, and by that miserable old preacher. Second—Because he is a fearless, bold, patriotic man, and will do his duty regardless of all.—C. P. VAWTER.

ALVIN, ILL.—I would sooner see Blaine President of the United States than any other man living. Sherman has done enough for the country, and has well earned the Presidency. But I believe neither can be elected. Blaine has too many bitter enemies in his own party; Sherman hasn't the enthusiastic followers as Clay or Douglas, that is, men who would cling to him right or wrong. I am in favor of R. T. Lincoln. I firmly believe we could elect him over any Democrat they could bring into the field. I have talked with a great many of the common people, and they all express the same views.—JAMES D. BIGHAM.

PLAINVILLE, Ind.—Blaine's election as President would place at the head of the nation a statesman, such as no nation could boast a greater. But with the Rum interest and party prohibition united to aid and abet the Democratic party, with the additional corruption of the ballot, and the solid South organized against him, throwing in mugwumpery, I fear the contest would be close, if not doubtful. My motto is, run no risk for sake of friends or foes. A judicious nomination will elect a Republican President, and turn the government into safe channels again. Robert Todd Lincoln, if nominated, with some safe man as second on the ticket, can be elected.—PETER WALLACE.

COLDWATER, MICH.—The true and loyal people of this great nation desire a man for our next candidate, who is not a political trickster, who has not dabbled in vast speculations, who has not for years been blowing his own bugle and beckoning to his constituents to boom him, but a man wholly exempt from these obstacles to victory; a man who has grown up in the path of rectitude and honest integrity, and who lives in the heart of every true patriot, one whom not only the nation can trust to administer its affairs, but who, like Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield, that God Himself could trust; and such a man is Robert Todd Lincoln, of Illinois.—D. R. SMITH, Co. B, 42d Ohio.

NELSON, NEB.—Robert T. Lincoln has had experience in the Cabinet sufficient to convince all that he is capable of executing the Presidential office successfully. He is sound on all questions. He is the people's choice. Blaine and Sherman are able statesmen, but they can't get the votes that Lincoln can. We want victory in 1888, and not defeat; and I think Lincoln is as well qualified as Blaine or Sherman, and he can get there, while I doubt that Blaine or Sherman can.—J. W. VITTETOE.

——, FLA.—I have taken a great deal of pains to ask all Republicans their choice, and thus far have found one Blaine man, but if Mr. Blaine does not intend to run, he will vote for Lincoln. All the rest I have talked to about it, and also many Democrats, will vote for Lincoln. There has been a big emigration from the North for the last few years, and if they all will do as much as I intend to, we will break this end of the Solid South.—G. H.

RIVERTON, KAN.—Lincoln will do more for civil service reform than any other man in the rank and file of the Republican party. Lincoln is the choice of every Republican here, and if he is nominated he will be elected.—A BLADE READER AND A REPUBLICAN.

TRIBUNE, KAN.—Lincoln's character defies the scandal-monger, and invites the closest scrutiny. His qualifications are beyond doubt. The veterans will receive from him the sympathy and consideration due them as the defenders of the nation's liberty, instead of being anathematized as beggars and bounty jumpers. The office, in his case, will seek the man, and he will draw support from all Democrats save those who in 1864 proclaimed the war a failure.—J. D. RILEY.

SAGO, KAN.—Give us Bob Lincoln for our standard bearer, and the earth will tremble under the giant tread of the grand old Republican party, as it marches on to victory.—M. A. WATKINS, WILLIAM POTTER.

MANDERSON, NEB.—Blaine is my personal preference, but is there a man that can poll more votes than he? I think there is, and that is Robert T. Lincoln. He has no political enemies and no ax to grind. I think every Republican who would vote for Blaine would vote for Lincoln. Besides, he would gather around him the independent vote and we will need all the votes we can get.—D. B. SMITH.

CEDAR VALE, KAN.—All who are booming Lincoln for the Presidency, and building a highway, over which to defeat the Democrats in 1888, Lincoln can sweep New York by a large majority. He can carry Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey and possibly some of the Southern States. Kansas would like to see Mr. Blaine occupy the executive chair. But we do not want the Republican party beaten in the vain attempt to elevate our pet. We would like to see Mr. Sherman elected but fear that he nor any other Republican would make as strong a fight as Bob Lincoln.—U. S.

BEAUMONT, CAL.—Why not suggest to our party to celebrate the birth day of Abraham Lincoln? Consider the propriety of it. Let us celebrate Old Abe's next birth day, February 12, 1888, and put his boy in the Presidential chair.—JOHN A. BUTLER.

ROCK SPRING, MO.—I think Robert T. Lincoln stands higher now in the estimation of the people as an available candidate for the Presidency than any other man spoken of. True Mr. Blaine is well competent to fill the place, but he stands in the estimation of the people where Henry Clay did, and to put him forward would be to elect Cleveland.—CHARLES L. GOUGH.

BRUCE, MICH.—Blaine is my choice, for these reasons: First—Ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Bayard, now the power behind the throne, introduced a bill in the Senate to repeal the legal tender act, and thereby commence the destruction of the greenback, and to take out of circulation $365,000,000 of the cheapest and best money the world ever saw. Mr. Blaine arose and delivered one of the ablest financial speeches ever delivered in Congress, and saved the greenback to the country. Second—Mr. Blaine fearlessly stood up for the bill to prevent the immigration of the Chinese, a race that can never make free citizens or build up the country, and who work for a mere nothing and destroy the wages of our own laborers. Third—Because he is a true friend to the soldier. Fourth—Because he is able and enterprising and has a broad and liberal mind; and, lastly, because President Garfield, one of the ablest and purest of statesmen, had unbounded confidence in the man. In these few acts Mr. Blaine did more for the workingman than all the visionary moonshine theorists like Henry George. For these reasons, I am for Blaine, or, if he fails, Bob Lincoln next.—JOHN B. LOVE.

MORRISVILLE, PA.—I would rather see James G. Blaine President than any other man. I believe that if the votes of those who cast their votes for the Republican candidates in '84 had been honestly counted, he would to-day be sitting in the executive chair of the nation. If Robert Lincoln is nominated, I will cordially support him or any other good Republican, but prefer Mr. Blaine to any man.—BAILLIE MORRIS.

BELLVILLE, MICH.—Robert Lincoln is the man above all others that I would prefer for President. First, because he possesses an unimpeachable character; second, because if elected he would have no axe to grind, but would discharge the duties of the high office with impartiality and integrity; third, because he is a good man and the son of one of the best men in the United States.—REV D. J. PARKER.

GREENVILLE, OREGON.—We want Robert Lincoln because: First, he has a clear and clean record; second, he does not seek the office; third, he is Republican to the core; fourth, he is called for by the people; fifth, because his nomination will cement the party more solidly than the walls of Gibraltar. The name of Lincoln makes our Democratic friends wilt when they hear it mentioned as the standard bearer. These are the sentiments of all of my neighbors. Being authorized to so do I will give a few of their names.—[The above is signed by J. B. McNew and eleven others.—ED. BLADE.]

DENVER, COLO.—The name, together with the known integrity, conservatism and ability of Robert T. Lincoln, will sweep the country as in 1860. With Lincoln the return of the Republican party to power is assured. With any other leader it is doubtful. I believed this in 1884, and more undoubtingly now. The colored men will vote for him or die. The Independents and Prohibitionists will flock back to the old ark as doves—for very confidence in the ancestral blood, and the love and veneration for the father, already transmitted to the son.—G. W. WOODS.

JACKSON, MICH.—Aristides was once asked by a countryman to write his own name on a shell for expulsion. "But what have you against Aristides?" "Nothing, but I am tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" Blaine and Sherman are able statesmen, and I would not ask for better Presidents than they would make, but they have been before the public so long that many people are getting tired of them. It is no particular individual, but the Republican party with its grand old principles, that we want to put in power; so I say give us the most available man. Nominate Lincoln and Hawley or Hawley and Lincoln, and the next President of the United States will be a Republican.—L. B. TRUMBULL.

DR. R. C. FLOWER, OF BOSTON, MASS.

We understand that Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, has arranged a Western trip, and can be seen by his patients and friends at the following places on dates given:

Cleveland, Ohio, Stillman House, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21 and 22; Toledo, Ohio, Burnett House, Monday, Oct. 24; Milwaukee, Wis., Plankinton House, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 25, 26 and 27; La Crosse, Wis., International Hotel, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28 and 29; Atchison, Kan., Bryam House, Monday, Oct. 31, and Tuesday, Nov. 1; Wichita, Kan., Manhattan Hotel, Wednesday, Nov. 2; Cherry Vale, Kan., Thursday Nov. 3, Handley House; Memphis, Tenn., Guyosa House, Friday, Nov. 11; Nashville, Tenn., Maxwell House, Saturday, Nov. 12; Louisville, Ky., Galt House, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14 and 15; Cincinnati, Ohio, Grand Hotel, Wednesday, Nov. 16.

Dr. Flower, it will be remembered, spent several weeks in Europe, examining the different Health resorts and Health Institutions of the different countries and schools of practice, preparatory to establishing a Sanitarium, or Health Home, after his advanced plans and methods. This great Institution is now being built in Boston. It is upon one of the highest points of the city, in the midst of a magnificent square, surrounded by trees, vines, and lawns, overlooking from its eminence the ocean, Boston with its suburbs, and the blue mountains. This institution will be open for patients by early spring. Here will be the most skilled physicians for all specialties. The Institute will be a marvel in its electrical and bath departments, surpassing for thoroughness and perfection in their appointments anything on this continent. This Institute in connection with Dr. Flower's enormous practice, must become one of the great features of Boston. This visit of Dr. Flower to the West is a hurried trip as will be seen. It will nevertheless enable many to consult this distinguished physician close to their own homes.

MASSA LINKUM'S BOY.

BY H. PARKER.

Dar's a new song floatin' 'roun,
De darkies all am singin;
It's rustlin froo de cotton fiels,
An in de canebrakes ringin.
De white folks all am lisinin
To hear de chorus flyin,
Wile all de darkies young an ole,
Wid happy tears am cryin!

CHORUS.—Dat new song! De bestest song!
Fills dis darkey's heart wid joy.
We'se gwine to hab for Presumdent
Ole Massa Linkum's boy!

When Massa Linkum leff us,
He leff Massa Robert stay.
Leff de boy dat he might help us,
An he's nebber gwine away.
Befo Massa Linkum leff us
He set ebry darkey free.
Gib us back our wives and chillen,
Made de darkies' jubilee!

Massa Robert, peert and clipper,
Wid his fadder's common sens,
Neber slop de kittle ober,
Neber straddle on de fens!
Massa Robert, like his fadder,
Gwine to reach de White House too!
And his chillen, like *his* chillen,
Will romp de White House froo!

Massa Linkum's chile and chillen!
Lord! let dis pore darkie lib
'Till his eyes hab seen de glory
Dat his fadder died to gib!
Massa Linkum up in glory!
Lor! *don* you see him smile,
When he hears us darkies singin,
Sees us votin for his chile!

So de canebrakes wid de music,
Shall echo night and mohn.
And de cotton blows will rastle
Wid de tassels on de cohn.
And de mockbird in de hedges,
Anser back de darkies' joy.
And de jubilee forebber
Come wid Massa Linkum's boy.

CHORUS.—De new song! De bestest song!
Fills dis darke'ys heart wid joy.
We's gwine to hab for Presumdent
Ole Massa Linkum's boy!

Appleton, Wis.

"MAX O'RELL."

A Sketch of Mr. Paul Blouet, Who Uses the Above Pen-Name.

The popularity of the works of "Max O'Rell" is the most recent refutation of the sneer that no new writer can gain access to the publishers or the public without influential introductions or sensational advertising. Three years ago M. Paul Blouet, who has adopted "Max O'Rell" as his *nom de plume*, was an unknown foreign teacher in St. Paul's School, London. During his leisure hours he wrote, in French, a little book entitled "John Bull et Son Ile," and it was published in Paris without any unusual advertisement. Its keen wit and caustic satire at once attracted the attention of the critics and the public; the book was abused by the Paris correspondents of the English press, then translated in English, and the author woke in the cloisters of St. Paul's to find himself famous. American reprints of "John Bull and His Island" have had a very large sale, and now, in response to the general desire to see and hear an author who has amused us so cleverly, M. Blouët, who has had some experience as a lecturer in England, will give a series of readings in the United States and Canada.

M. Blouet was born in Brittany in 1848. He was educated for a soldier in Paris, and obtained the degree of B. A., a prize at the Sorbonne, and the rank of Officier d'Academie before he formally entered the French army. He came of age just in time to fight for his country against the Germans, and be captured in Von Moltke's mousetrap at Sedan. After a brief imprisonment he was released, and returned to the army to encounter his own countrymen in the war of the Commune. A wound in the right incapacitated him for further military service, and he retired upon a pension. Journalism offered him a means of increasing his income, and he went to London as the correspondent of one of the smaller Paris papers. Energetic and accomplished, he made many friends in London, and by them he was recommended for the appointment of teacher in St. Paul's school. Thus comfortably established, he married an English lady and began to study John Bull from the standpoint of his own hearthstone. Besides the book which made his reputation, he has written "Drat the Boys," with recollections of his pupils at St. Paul's; "John Bull's Womankind," "The Dear Neighbors," and "The Land of the Darned Mounseer," which is now in course of publication in the Toledo BLADE.

In appearance M. Blouet is a typical Frenchman, 39 years old, a brunette, with bright, sparkling eyes, and a lively, engaging manner. He begins his lectures by apologizing for his French accent; but he speaks so clearly, precisely, and correctly that every word can be easily understood, and the French accent only gives spice to his drolleries. He judges England by a French standard; but, although not blind to her faults, he is very kind to her virtues, and says, with Voltaire, "If I could have chosen my birthplace I would have chosen England." A year ago he was persuaded to read his books in public, and a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland was both artistically and financially successful. Undoubtedly he comes to this country to lecture to them, and we presume that "Jonathan and His Continent" will be a companion volume to "John Bull and His Island."

Preparing the Way for His Sermon.

A celebrated preacher, spending a few days in a little New England village, was invited by the pastor of the church to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath, which he kindly consented to do. During the opening services, however, he was somewhat surprised to hear himself prayed for in the following manner: "Oh Lord! bless this dear brother from the city, keep him humble; let him not think he is something when he is nothing."

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. DIXSON & SON, 304 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

Especially the Mugwump.

It ain't whut er man is dat makes him happy in dis yere worl'. It's whut he thinks he is.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

COL. BLANTON DUNCAN

On "Intolerance"—A Suggestion for the Coming Church Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church—Abuse of Col. Duncan's Researches.

EDITOR BLADE:—In the coming Congress of the Protestant Episcopal church, October 18 to 21, there could not be a better subject for discussion than—Intolerance. Whilst some Christians are earnestly making efforts for unity among all denominations and sects, which is no nearer than it has been during the past 500 years—there are others, whose action would preclude all hope of ever uniting the Protestants.

In the American church there is such divergence of opinion and belief—so radically antagonistic, that it would be impossible to create harmony. In the Northwestern states especially the Bishops and Clergy espouse Ritualism and High Church, almost approaching to Roman Catholic views as to transubstantiation, altars, confession, absolution, nunneries, incense, candles, tabernacles, etc. Much more time is given in advocacy of form, and thought as to church ascendancy, than is good for the soul of the laity, who might expect other teachings from the Bible.

Even the "Protestant" term has become odious, and many advocated striking it out from the church's name, regardless of the blood of martyrs spilt in defence of church liberty, and the religious convictions which upheld hundred of thousands during the darkest ages of the struggle for free worship and free conscience.

"Catholic" is now the name which is sought to be substituted by the class of Episcopalians, who pride themselves as churchmen; and with intolerance and derision these often speak of those, who stand by old names and the old service, as Presbyterians.

The conservatives—the Low Churchmen—certainly concede to all other classes the right of thought and of any action within the limits of church doctrine, however much they may disagree with the new order of ritualism, and oppose the efforts to lead the church into the new ways. Many believe that it would be far wiser for the ritualists to take one step further and unite with the Roman Catholic church, within whose pale there are millions of zealous and good people, striving to become good Christians, though we differ with their manner of doing so.

Nothing has shown the writer so plainly the intolerance of the High Church ritualists than a copy of the *Living Church*, an organ of that sect, published in Chicago, and whose editor and proprietor is one of the announced speakers in the congress.

He devotes three columns to a criticism of what I have studied for twenty years, basing all his opinions upon a fragmentary article, which he has found in one issue of the Toledo BLADE, and winds up with this ejaculation: "From the plague of Duncanites, good Lord, deliver us." Considering that this is a paraphrase upon the sacred service of the church, in which hundreds of thousands weekly offer up their prayer for delivery from sin and calamities, it is an approach to blasphemy to find such an utterance and the flippant treatment of such a subject as the advent of Christ. It almost seems irritating that the 500,000 readers of the BLADE should have the privilege of seeing an interpretation of Scriptures which has not first been filtered through the few thousand copies of the *Living Church*. And the opinions of the Dark Ages would seem to be upheld, when only the priest was authorized to expound the word of God, and the Bible was a sealed book to the laity, with excommunication as the penalty for daring to read it.

It would afford me great pleasure to discuss the subjects with any of the High churchmen, who conceive that only priests should interpret Scripture; and who, for the most part, denounce as unteuable the Coming of Christ more than 1,000 years before the judgment and destruction of the world. The hold to the allegorical, symbolical rule of the church upon earth, and they are to be the High Priests, whilst matter-of-fact people look at the Bible and read the words as they are written, to mean *facts*.

I its more essential for the rich and influential Ritualists of the clergy and church to enforce their domination as to forms and assimilation to Roman Catholicity, without actually giving up their positions in the American church—than it is to study, as some of the great laics have done from Sir Isaac Newton down to the present generation, and to interpret correctly for the masses what the great portion of the clergy will not and cannot spare the time for, the elucidation of prophecy. As a learned professor in a theological seminary told me only two years ago, the students will not even ask for explanations of the mysteries from the Hebrew, Greek and Syriac masters, but pass them over as rapidly as possible. What they do not learn as students they can never expound as curates or rectors.

It is not alone necessary for me "to get ready for Christ's coming," and not "try to figure out the time of his advent." There are perils to me and to the masses far greater than this clergyman seems to have fathomed, if I fail to understand the signs which are to be given. Some of us believe Daniel as to these coming days "the wise shall understand." And we would try to awaken the attention of the sluggish, Mammon worshippers, and infidels among our fellows, of whom Christ has predicted:

"As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the son of man be"—with utter derision iniquity, disbelief among the masses. And this was said directly after the statement, that only God to Father knew when "that day and hour" should be. He did not say that this ignorance should prevail for all time. He spoke of that generation.

And as the centuries have rolled on we have had more and more knowledge vouchsafed, until the Rev. Robert Fleming, a Presbyterian, was able in 1698 to interpret from the Bible the precise events which would occur in 1793, 1848, 1853 and which are now rapidly crystalizing for culmination prior to 1900.

There are greater duties than those of the foolish virgins to prepare their lamps and get ready for the marriage, without seeking oil. If the best intentions are not guided by full understanding, Christ has foretold what will happen, when myriads will worship the false Christ, and go to damnation—the man of perdition who "shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect." Christ has said that his earnest followers shall know, from certain signs what is thereafter soon to occur—his coming. He has given the means of discerning the true from the false, and "So likewise ye, when ye see all these things, *know that it is near, even at the doors.*"

The day and the hour, the year and season of Christ's advent were kept from the knowledge of the earlier Christians. As the years roll on the time will come when those alive will be able to see the foreshadowing of the advent, even in a few days or weeks. The man who attempts to turn the attention of the masses to a study of the Bible and to the seeking of truth in these "perilous days," is commended far more highly by Daniel and Paul, than the one who says: "Shut up the book, and don't attempt to understand what your mind cannot grasp, and what nobody could properly explain to you but one of us, who come down in regular apostolic succession from Peter, as the sole authorized exponents and expounders—*though we haven't taken the trouble to study, and understand them ourselves.*" These mysteries are part of the Bible, and we are directed to read them diligently. God can give wisdom to the humblest to interpret them properly; and in all such things the test will be what Gamaliel uttered:

"If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

BLANTON DUNCAN.

Louisville, Oct. 17.

—Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the thousands it has cured.

The Cutest Little Things.

"Cute!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it; cause no pain or weakness; and, in short, are everything that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not, then I agree that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets *are* about the cutest little things going!

Advice to the Girls.

If the girls of to-day want to be healthy and to live long and happily until white hairs shall deck their brows, let them despise house-keeping. It is hard work to be sure, but it is honorable and healthy, and she who follows it shall outlive her companions and have many years of happiness and peace.

Too Sharp by Half.

Mr. Winks (with affected disgust)—"Whew! This mince pie is terribly strong."

Mrs. Winks—"Yes, Bridget got too much brandy in the mince meat this time."

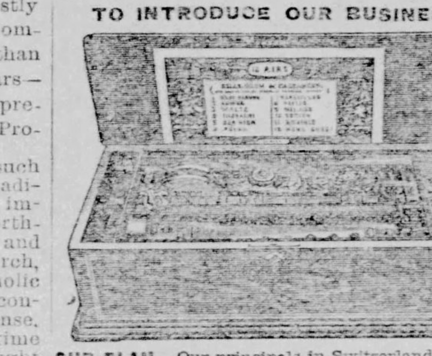
Little Nell—"Ain't it funny? Smells jist like pa's mustache did when you was away."

—Inventors about to apply for patents should correspond with R. G. DuBois, Patent Attorney, Washington D. C.

Solid Facts.

353 MUSIC BOXES, Free PRESENTS GOLD WATCH, DIAMOND RING, and other Jewelry

TO INTRODUCE OUR BUSINESS.



OUR PLAN. Our principals in Switzerland, France and England, have sent over quantities of Music Boxes of the most exquisite workmanship, correctness of tone and time, First class Diamond Rings, Watches and other Jewelry at marvelous prices when compared with American charges. *We propose to give away some of these to advertise our business.*

THE FIRST In order to be thoroughly impartial in our presents, we have decided, that to the person who will be the first to send us the shortest verse in the Bible, giving the chapter and verse before December 19th we will send a Magnificent, self acting Swiss Music Box, of one of the most noted makes, *worth in N. Y. at retail $175.* This is like cut shown above and has highly polished rosewood case, handsomely inlaid, with the attachments of bells, drums and castanets, and plays 12 of the most popular airs of the day. Is about 30 inches long, 13 inches wide and is a rare gem.

THE SECOND Present will go to the fifth person answering correctly, an elegant first water Diamond ring (18k gold) worth $50.

THE THIRD a fine gold watch, full movement, Stem Winder and Stem Setter, $75. (ladies or gents), to the tenth person answering correctly.

337 OTHERS. To the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th and all up to the 50th, (should there be so many) a gentleman's scarf pin or ladies' ornamented hair pin or dagger, (according to sex) worth $2. each, while the next 290 (should there be so many) will receive a beautiful gilt floral hair pin.

THE LAST TEN who answer correctly will each receive a fine Swiss Music Box, (which will play 2 popular tunes), polished and ornamented inlaid case, worth $6. each at retail.

YOU MUST in every case enclose with your answer 32 cents, in silver, stamps or postal note, and we will send a package of choice, English, illuminated Christmas and New Years Cards and 499 beautiful, new style German scrap pictures, (assorted sizes) with sheet of sentimental verses for Autograph Albums and whichever of the above named articles you may be entitled to. In every case you get double the money's worth at prices in your town, and in the 353 cases mentioned something elegant, which will come handy for a Christmas Present.

All our goods are new, just over from the factories. Catalogue will be sent with each package and samples of novelties as fast as imported, for the next two years.

The Mozart Importing and Publishing Co., Drawer 51, New Haven, Conn.

WHY HE CHANGES.

An Oneida County Leader's Reasons for Acting with the Republicans.

New York Tribune.

Assistant Secretary C. A. Chickering, of the Republican state committee, has just been informed of the decision of L. W. Fiske, of Boonville, Oneida county, to support the Republican ticket, after having acted for several years with the Prohibition party. Mr. Fiske is a prominent lawyer of Oneida county who has been active upon the platform for the prohibition cause, and has been the real leader of the movement in that county. His determination was made known in a letter addressed to a prohibition friend as follows:

"You say that you have been informed that I intend to return to my old love and vote for Grant this fall, and that you would like to know 'the reason why.' Well, I have no objections. I generally do as I please, and have a reason for it, and the first and controlling reason I have is that my friendships are stronger than my principles; that when Cleveland signed the act passed by a Democratic House to give pensions to all who served in the Mexican war (a large majority of whom fought against the Union), both of which wars were to extend slavery, and before the ink was cold vetoed the act which in part performed the people's promise in 1861 to 1875, to take care of the dependent mothers, widows and children of my comrades who had given their lives that this country might be free, I felt that acting longer with a minority party that had no hope of making any present record, except that of beating the Republicans, who were not only able but willing to help my friends, would be a pure waste, and an absolute renunciation of what little I could do in behalf of my comrades; that loving them and their dependent relatives better than I did the drunkards, I could no longer fool away my vote.

"Second—Taking the ratio of increase of the Prohibition party vote for the last fifteen years as a basis of calculation for the time when it might be strong enough to accomplish anything, I found that I should have 'gone up higher' (or lower), long before she party could help my friends, and in the meantime I was only assisting the Democratic party and keeping in power the only organization that actually pledges itself to restrict and withhold all legal means to restrain the curse and demoralization of the saloon.

"Third—After having learned that ninety-nine one-hundreths of the Prohibition party vote in this state comes from the Republicans, and their only hope of success is to destroy the Republican party and build itself on its ruins, and that the same materials of the old are to be used to build the new, it occurred to me that there was no use to go to all this trouble and expense when the old structure was broad and deep and high enough to hold every man whose conceit was not so great that he could not substitute a majority who are as good as he.

I have concluded to take a place in the ranks of that 'old party' whose record makes me proud, as I remember that I was with it during all its glorious career, fully believing that its natural evolution will bring to the hearts of all real lovers of temperance the fruition they crave for.

L. W. FISKE.

The Best Trade for a Young Man.

The following question and answer lately appeared in the New York *Christian Advocate.* The advice may profitably be pondered, point by point, by any young man just about to apprentice himself to some trade:

What sort of a trade would you advise a young man to learn who wants to get ahead in the world?

First—A trade that is either necessary to the human race or that appeals to a special class who can always be relied upon to consume its products. Second—A trade for which the person learning it has a natural taste and aptitude. Third—A trade that is not dependent on seasons or particular locality. Fourth—A trade which admits of a person mastering it so as not to be dependent upon employers, and which does not require so much capital that he cannot reasonably expect ever to be an employer himself. Fifth—A trade that in all probability will agree with his physical constitution. Sixth—A trade that is not necessarily menial nor generally filthy.

Making a Fresh Start.

Capt. Mackenzie served gallantly in the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, but reverses of fortune compelled him to leave the service and seek to mend his fortunes in a younger country. He called on Mr Garrett in Baltimore, and the latter told him, "I have but two places to offer you, and do not believe you'd accept either of them. One is a $40 a month clerkship in the main office, the other is that of a brakeman on the freight. As brakeman your chances of promotion are better."

"Very well," answered Mackenzie, "I'll be a brakeman on the freight."

And he was. After that a brakeman on a passenger train, then conductor, and something better. Now he is in charge of the Baltimore & Ohio's office in Philadelphia, with a handsome salary and an ever brightening future. So much for pluck and breaking with the past.

The Mother Doesn't Think So.

"Papa," asked little Johnny McSwilligen, "what is a kinglet?" "A kinglet, Johnny," replied McSwilligen, sr., "is a little king. The suffix 'let' always means 'small.'" "Then, I suppose, triplet is a little trip."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 8, 1887.—210th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
1000 Terminal "	50	50,000

2179 Prizes, amounting to $535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

DO YOU WANT WORK? Those who want work of any kind should write to the OHIO EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 56 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

SIT DOWN and write at once to C. FEIGENSPAN & Co., 60 West Third St., Cincinnati, O., if you are competent to earn a salary. You will learn something to your advantage.

Christ Before Pilate!

Grandest Painting of Greatest Living Artist Viewed by millions. Discussed by press more than any modern picture. For original Jno. Wannamaker paid $120,000. Agents Wanted for our magnificent Photo-Etching of this painting. Size 21x28. All religious people will buy. Etchings are the fashion. Retail price $1.00. Send 25c. for sample picture and agents' terms. MANHATTAN ART CO., 53 Lafayette Place, New York.

Ladies' Shield, 50c; gents', 25c; both, 50c; 40 photos for gents, 10c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies Here's something for you. An article on which you double your money. Stock to start business free. Liberal supply of elegant advertising cards and samples free. Business clean. GILBERT D. FOX, Washington, D. C.

RITA, The young man's friend, $1.00. Send stamp to RITA SAFETY CO., Toledo, O.

WANTED—500 Agents—A new invention needed in every house; no competition; $30 per cent. commission or a good salary; rare chance. Address with stamp for terms the Weaver Manufactory, 34 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

$3 to $6 a day. Agents wanted in every city and town in the United States. Address C. SOLON STEVENSON, Washington, D. C.

21 New Fancy shapes of Bevel and white Dove Hidden Name Cards, 5c. Hyperion Card Co., New Haven, Ct.

20 All Gold-Bordered Hidden Name Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. ECHO CARD CO., Higganum, Ct.

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY!

This Golden Offer is made solely to introduce our beautiful line of Imported Christmas, New Year, Sunday School and Reward Cards, New Scrap Pictures and other elegant goods and novelties, and it is expected that all who take advantage of this offer will use their best endeavors to secure orders for us in their town. READ THIS OFFER: To anyone sending us before Jan. 1, the correct number of letters contained in the longest verse in the Bible, the first will receive $50.00 IN GOLD; the second will receive $30.00 IN GOLD; the third, $20.00 IN GOLD, and each of the next 100, if there be so many correct answers, will receive a $1.00 GOLD PIECE. This offer is worth considering. With your answer send 15 two-cent stamps (30c.), for cost, postage, packing, &c., for which we will send you an elegant Christmas Package containing several large and handsome Imported Christmas, New Year, Sunday School and Reward Cards, &c., also Agent's Sample Book containing the newest designs in Visiting Cards, a gilt-bound Autograph Album with a new assortment of quotations for same, a large assortment of Imported Scrap Pictures, and other useful and ornamental articles. This package would cost at retail more than double this price. We guarantee satisfaction or cheerfully refund the money. Our chief object is to get these goods into your hands and we believe we shall secure your patronage. Address American Importing Co., West Haven, Conn.

1,000 PANSY SEWING MACHINES FREE!

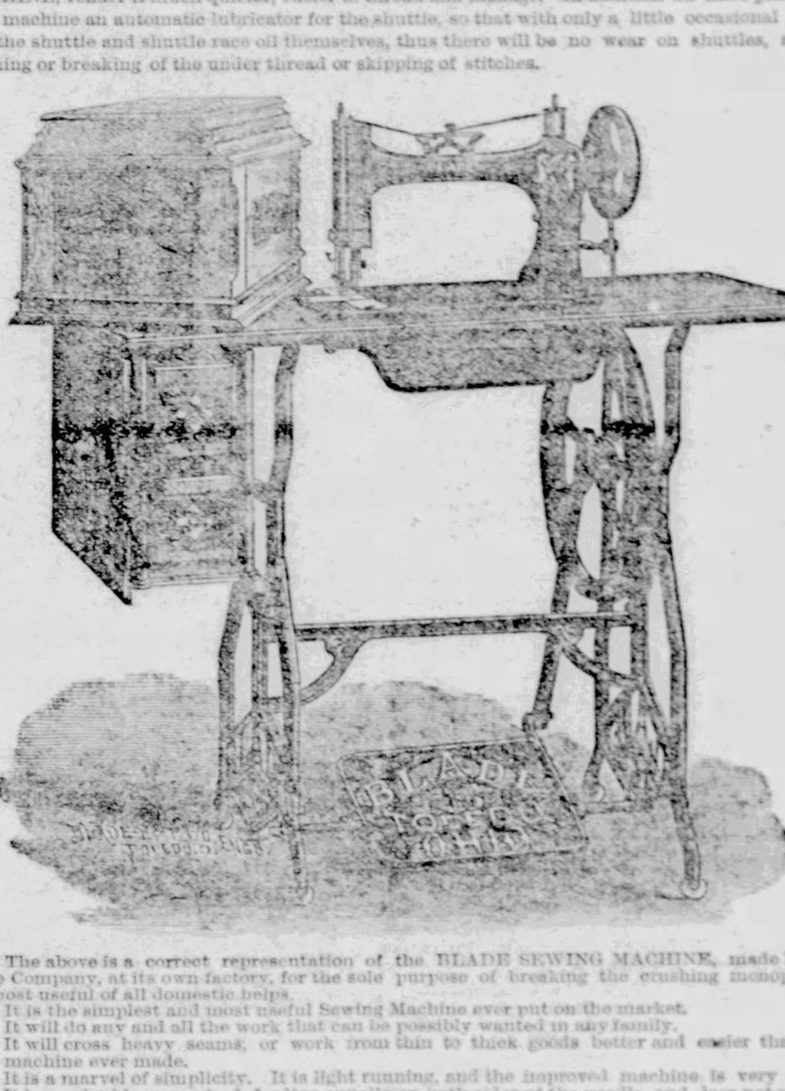
This is a Brand New Machine, patented Aug. 24, 1886. It is not merely a TOY, but a perfect machine, elegantly japanned and nickeled. It is what every lady should have, and to those who cannot run a foot-power machine we especially recommend it. It makes a Beautiful Chain Stitch, and will do any plain sewing as well as a foot-power machine. It is the Cheapest, lightest and fastest hand-sewing machine ever invented. Makes THREE STITCHES to every turn of the wheel, and is so simple that a child five years old can run it. The Pansy is particularly well adapted for ladies traveling, also for house servants. It can be carried in a hand-bag, and can easily be fastened to a shelf or table. Sent securely packed with three needles on receipt of $4.50. We prepay all Express charges, and warrant every machine to work perfectly.

FREE To every reader of this advertisement, 1,000 of these Sewing Machines to be given absolutely FREE to introduce the Household Companion. Better still, we will send The Household Companion six months free to 1,000 persons who will answer this advertisement, and send us the address of 20 newspaper readers, representing 20 different families, within 60 days. The old reliable and popular Illustrated Household Companion, of New York, is a complete family paper in its fullest sense; each issue profusely and beautifully illustrated, containing several complete and serial stories of fascinating interest, and a rich variety of funny sketches, anecdotes, news, condensed notes of fashion, art, industries, literature, &c., and stands conspicuous among the illustrated Metropolitan journals of the country. If you accept this offer, send the 20 names and 22 cents in silver or stamps to help pay for this advertisement, &c. This offer is without a parallel in the annals of newspaper history and the whole country is being aroused by our liberality. We are determined to obtain 100,000 new subscribers within the next 60 days and are willing to spend, if necessary, $30,000 to secure them. HOUSEHOLD COMPANION, New York City. Post Office Box 2049.

A GRAND IMPROVEMENT IN THE

Blade Sewing Machine.

For several months we have had some of the best and most experienced Sewing Machine experts in the country at work on the Blade Sewing Machine. We are happy now to announce that the result is a WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT in the machine over the style previously made. We have changed and improved the Face Plate, Thread Guide, Lifter, Needle Bar, Needles, put in a new lined Shuttle Carrier and Shuttle to match it. But above all we have fitted a new Presser Foot, which entirely does away with the old Cloth Presser, Spring, Lifter and Wires around the Needle. These improvements still further simplify the operation of the BLADE MACHINE, render it much quieter, easier to thread and manage. In addition we have placed in each machine an automatic lubricator for the shuttle, so that with only a little occasional attention the shuttle and shuttle race oil themselves, thus there will be no wear on shuttles, and no catching or breaking of the under thread or skipping of stitches.



The above is a correct representation of the BLADE SEWING MACHINE, made by the Blade Company, at its own factory, for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing monopoly in the most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the simplest and most useful Sewing Machine ever put on the market.

It will do any and all the work that can be possibly wanted in any family.

It will cross heavy seams, or work from thin to thick goods better and easier than any other machine ever made.

It is a marvel of simplicity. It is light running, and the improved machine is very quiet.

It has a double upper feed, feeding equally on both sides of the needle, and does not pucker the lightest and softest goods, and is specially adapted for felt goods or going over heavy seams.

It has an improved loose wheel, simple and always ready.

It is tasteful in design, handsomely ornamented, well finished, and the wood work, while plain, is very neat, and is substantial and durable.

During the past two years nearly FIVE THOUSAND BLADE SEWING MACHINES have been sold to all parts of the Union, nearly all of the old style, and EVERY ONE of the improved machines are giving the best of satisfaction, in proof of which we have thousands of testimonials similar to the following:

MESHANNA, PA.

I received my sewing machine a week ago to-day. I am very much pleased with it. I would not exchange for the best and prettiest Howe machine I have ever seen, and they are from $50 to $100. I have used four different machines, but prefer the Blade to any of the others. It is perfect. I think you will have more orders from this place soon. MARY M. NORTON.

HARPER, KS.

Some weeks ago we received our machine in good condition. We have given it a fair trial and pronounce the work it does "well done." However, our local agents pronounced it a "snide" machine and offer to furnish the same for $12. But they have received no shipments as yet and of course have made no sales. Having tried several other machines, we still say we are satisfied with the Blade. Let the work go on.

J. A. LUCAS, Pastor First M. E. Church.

MARVIN, KAS.

I got the machine last Saturday. Came all right. Like it as far as I have tried it. MRS. H. DUNCAN.

VERNON, ALA.

I received the sewing machine all right and am highly pleased, indeed, for which you will accept of my thanks. Yours respectfully, J. H. CLINE.

PLATTSBURG, MO.

I received the machine all O. K. a month ago. It has filled the bill and it will be hard to beat. The most positive feed action I ever saw in one and beauty with simplicity. W. C. DEVALL.

ISLESBORO, MO.

DEAR SIRS:—My Sewing Machine came all right the first of July, and I am pleased with it. I consider I have got the best Sewing Machine made, and where the laugh comes in, all for the small sum of $18. I think I have been very fortunate. ROXIE COOMBS.

BROOKS, W. VA.

We received our Blade Sewing Machine July 3. It does nice sewing. Are well pleased with it. I advise all who want a machine to try a Blade Machine. Yours truly, THOS. BRAGG.

DOWNS, KAN.

The machine I sent for has arrived, and so far as tried gives satisfaction, and I think it is fully as good as recommended in the Toledo BLADE. MRS. L. J. COBLE.

VANCLEVE, IOWA.

I wish to express my thanks for your kind letter received to-day. A few weeks ago I became the happy possessor of one of your sewing machines, and as I had kept house for 14 years without one of my own, I was as proud and happy as any little girl with her first new dolly.

I was quite awkward with it at first, and had just got well acquainted with it, when one of the children, by careless experimenting with it, injured it so that it would not sew right. My husband tried to fix it, but could not, so wrote to you for information. I was afraid my machine was ruined, and expected you would tell us that you sent the machine in good running order, and were not responsible for accidents from our carelessness. Neighbors said, "that is the trouble in sending away, for there is nobody to get to fix it."

To-day we got your letter, and I was so glad. You offered to take it back and fix it for us, but that is not necessary, for you told just what ailed it, and through your suggestions my husband has cured it up and it sews *perfectly*, and I am once more on the road to independence and prosperity.

Nobody need be afraid to send "away off" for your machine. I can not only recommend the machine, but also the company that manufactures it. R. S. CLENDENON.

OAKWOOD, O.

I received the Blade machine on the 29th of June, which I ordered on 29th of March. I had the blues many a day, but when the machine did come and I saw how nice I could sew, my joy overfilled all of my gloomy days. Although I need a machine ever so bad I feel thankful to the old BLADE. J. T. DAISH.

IONIA, NEB.

Our machine is running nicely. It was not broken as we supposed, only bent. Have fixed it ourselves and it works well. No fault to find with it, and can cheerfully recommend it as a splendid machine for the price.

WOODSTOWN, N. Y.

The machine now does nicely, will sew through ten thicknesses of muslin as easily as through four. I am well pleased and can heartily recommend the machine. H. A. CAMLEY.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

Machine arrived in good order. Think it will prove all that you claim for it. A. M. SWIFT.

BEAR THIS IN MIND—The BLADE MACHINE is almost entirely original in principle. It is not some worn-out, rebuilt machine, nor is it some abandoned, imperfect design, but it is the result of long years of careful experiment, study and comparison. Everything about it is new and bright, of the latest design, best improvements, and contains features that no other machine has or can have. It is built in our own factory, by the best workmen that money can procure, and under the immediate supervision of its inventor, Mr. G. F. DANIELSON.

We embarked in this enterprise more to save the people the enormous and oppressive prices that have been exacted for sewing machines than for anything else, and we have employed the very best mechanical skill and talent the country could produce, to perfect and improve the BLADE MACHINE. As we well know that to produce anything but the best article will defeat our object, we feel satisfied that in the IMPROVED BLADE MACHINE we have reached the end sought for, and have no hesitation in placing it before the world in competition with any other Sewing Machine, no matter where made or what price may be charged for it.

Remember, the IMPROVED BLADE MACHINE has NEVER failed in any single case to give satisfaction, and out of the many thousands of the old styles a few complaints have been made. These are mainly from machines injured in transportation, or from improper care in using. These, however, we have generally been able to make satisfactory.

LIST OF ATTACHMENTS:

The following articles are furnished FREE with each BLADE SEWING MACHINE: One dozen assorted needles, six bobbins, one gauge, one gauge screw, one quilter, one oil can, filled with oil, one foot hemmer, which is also a feller, two screw drivers, one for the machine and one for the shuttle, one thread cutter, one instruction book, very explicit and well illustrated, by which any one that can read may readily learn to operate the BLADE MACHINE without any other instruction; one velvet lined box containing the following extra attachments—one tuck marker, one ruffler, four sizes plate hemmers and one binder, and now each machine is accompanied with a regular warranty from the BLADE COMPANY for THREE YEARS.

TERMS:

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted and the Weekly Blade, one year, FOR

ONLY $18.00.

Machines will be shipped by freight or express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, as they go about as safely, and at one-third the cost.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS WHO HAVE THE OLD STYLE BLADE MACHINES.—We will say that to rebuild your machine, alter it to the present style, put on all the improvements, change needles and refit attachments will cost us in cash several dollars, yet, as a favor to you, we will, for only THREE DOLLARS, put on the new face plate, put in the new needle bar, new needles, new lifter, new thread guide, new presserfoot, new lined shuttle carrier and new shuttle, and refit the attachments, provided you send the machines to us freight prepaid. Send the head only—take it off the table, box it up carefully; send the tucker, ruffler and needles. Put card or letter in the box, with your name and shipping address, and don't fail to prepay the freight. We will alter the machine, on its receipt with the $3.00, and return it as soon as possible in such condition that you will be proud to own it, and pleased to work with it. Don't trade it off or set it aside because you don't understand it, but send it to us with the $3.00, have it cleaned up, the improvements put on it, and get practically a new machine.

ADDRESS

BLADE COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

ONLY 85 CTS,

THE "NEW SWISS" STEM WINDER AND SETTER a correct illustration of which we show in this advertisement, is now ready, and by ordering 1,000 gross we have secured the exclusive sale of it in the United States and Canada. It is a STEM WINDER AND SETTER, with Patent Adjustment, and is fitted with the New Patent Stem Winding and Setting Arrangement, found on no other; also Calendar telling correctly the days of the month. It has Hunting Cases, beautifully engraved as shown in cut, plated with Pure Gold on solid yellow metal (sometimes called "Aluminum Gold,") and in appearance is similar to a Solid Gold Watch costing $100. The Crystal is Double Thick Polished French Glass, and all the rugged wheels, pinion and bearings are perfectly made on the most improved and expensive machinery, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory, and fully WARRANTED BY US FOR A PERIOD OF FIVE YEARS, IF USED WITH REASONABLE CARE.

SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER. We will send the "New Swiss" Stem Winder and Setter in Plain or Engraved Cases, Gold Plated Chain and Charm complete, all packed in an elegant Satin Lined Case free and post-paid on the receipt of only 85 CENTS. Postage Stamps or Postal Note, PROVIDED the person receiving it will faithfully promise to show it to their friends and honestly endeavor to influence other sales for us. We want to introduce it into every section of the U. S. and Canada at once. Who will be first to secure the agency in their town? We shall not at present offer it for sale by Watchmakers and Jewelers, and only one will be sent to any address at the wholesale price of 85 cents. We offer it at this price for two months only to create a demand. After sixty days this offer will be withdrawn and the demand supplied at the retail price by Jewelers. We refer to any Bank, Express Company, or Publisher in this city. An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, from $2.50 and Upwards, sent FREE with each.

THE SWISS IMPORTING CO., 241 Broadway, N. Y.

SAFES AGENTS and BUSINESS MEN

We are manufacturing and selling independent of any Safe Ring or Pool by placing upon the market three sizes of Fire Proof Safes at such Low Prices that Farmers, Professional and Business Men can afford to purchase. Size, 28x18x18 inches; weight, 500 lbs.; retail price, $35; smaller and larger size in proportion. Rare opportunity offered.

ALPINE SAFE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE Only Perfect Working Spool and Thimble Holder. Pat Mar. 21, 1887. Holds any size spool. Nickel or Silver-plated; sells at sight. Agents, male or female, and streetmen wanted. Send 10c. for sample, 25c. for three, 60c. for one dozen, or $6.00 for one gross. Combination Novelty Co., Box 1388, New York.

ELECTRIC MOUSTACHE VIGOR. Grows a luxuriant mustache or beard on the smoothest face in a very short time, or hair on bald heads never known to fail. Does it every time. The only reliable preparation on the market. Send, postpaid, for 15c, 2 for 25c. Stamps. Address WILLIAMS BROS., Scandia, N. J.

PENSIONS New Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & CO., Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

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NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.

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ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

End of Academic year last past, July 1, 1887. The present year opens September 28, 1887.

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A valuable pamphlet on Art Education sent free on application, which should be read by every person interested in Art in the United States.

THE BEST

BOOKS For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we ive for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list.

ANDERSONVILLE: A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 15 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.00.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.50. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

KEEP YOURSELF WELL.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"Her sickness is one half in her imagination."

The speaker uttered the words in a most emphatic manner, and with a little accent of scorn on the words, that told the story of failing sympathy with the suffering of the person spoken of. He did not realize that though his assertion were true, yet she was equally an object of pity, since the victim of an overwrought imagination is diseased mentally, if not physically, to the extent she believes herself to be. I said as much in response to the words above quoted.

"Well, she might cure her imagination then," was the quick reply. "Does she like to be sick, I wonder that she heaps up her woes in that fashion? I see no use in it, and I, for one, have no pity for her."

Of course he had not. Hale and hearty, full of interest and enthusiasm in carrying out his business purposes, out in the hurrying multitude with his faculties kept alert by friction against those of other people, his mental exhilaration keeping his physical being in good condition, how could he understand and have a sympathy with a nature warped by little cares and vexations that had no broad outlook, grown morbid by constant introspection, preyed upon by fears that waxed stronger by entertainment! It was not possible—simply because he had never had any experience that made it so—for him to see that unless possessed of a force of character that few are blessed with, she must be lifted out of and away from herself and her surroundings, from everything that reminded her of her sufferings, her interest attracted to the bright things of life, her mind given healthy food for thought, which would tend to make a healthy body, and that this must be done for her by others, and done with infinite tact and patience if she ever becomes a healthy woman.

I spoke of "force of character" as necessary for the self-cure of a person, and yet even that possession does not always accomplish the purpose. It is sometimes even the strongest natures that succumb utterly, and they are harder to arouse out of their condition than the more facile temperaments. And they suffer—*how* they suffer! They may know just what is necessary to bring a return of physical and mental vigor, but they believe it to be impossible, when the impossibility lies in their own imagination. The mental illness of such persons is more to be dreaded than the physical ils of weaker natures.

"Do you not believe that a great many people, especially women, permit themselves to be sick when there is no real necessity of doing so?" some one asked the other day.

I answer a most unqualified "yes," only striking out the words, "especially women." The difference between the two sexes in that respect lies only in their different life conditions. Women do have more nervous ailments because, as I said before, they live, for the greater part, so much narrower lives, and their mental horizon has smaller limits, so that their gaze is interverted instead of being turned upon the outer world. Let a man get so sick that he is unable to attend to business, but is confined for the most part to his house, and how much more fortitude and self control has he, let me ask. How many aches and pains does he count, that he believes are beyond anything any other person ever endured? How many times a day does he and the whole family go to the poorhouse, even though he has an assured income? The fact is, if there be any one who can make life a burden to everybody by his fancies, it is the invalid masculine, and while there are more sick imaginations in number among women, they are not generally so unbearable as among men.

I once overheard the following conversation. The gentleman, had come home from his office with a sick headache, and thrown himself upon the lounge in the sitting room.

"Kate," to his wife, "bring me a pillow, will you?" The pillow was brought.

"Kate, I believe my head would be better if I should put my feet in hot water. Have some got ready for me, will you?" She had it made ready—with her own hands—she had no girl just then, a fact of which he seemed utterly oblivious—and there was a few moment's silence.

"I wish you *would* rub my head, Kate. It don't seem to get one bit better." The head was rubbed. Another short silence.

"I'd like my slippers, Kate. It seems to me that you might have brought them without my asking." The slippers were procured and the shoes were thrown to the other side of the room with a bang, for Kate to pick up later on. Presently there was a groan.

"Kate, I'm actually afraid I'm going to have softening of the brain, (I thought he already had it) these headaches are becoming so frequent. If I do, what will become of me and the children? We shall all have to go to the poorhouse."

I shall not tell all the loving, tender things she said in reply, for they were not intended for my ears, but the man is alive yet—that was some years ago—and his brain is no softer than it was then. I only tell this to show that men, as well as women, may become victims to their imagination.

I do believe that it is possible to ward off a great deal of sickness by an effort of the will. The mental can be made almost an absolute master of the physical, if the right course is only taken.

A little pamphlet, one of a series published by F. J. Needham, Boston, contains an essay upon this subject by Prentice Mulford, and there is so much of the true philosophy in it, that I wish it could be read by everybody. It is entitled "The Doctor Within," and the first page or two is as follows:

"Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for." If you keep in your mind an image, or imagination, of yourself in perfect health, and full of strength and activity, you keep the forces working to make you so. You are constructing out of the unseen substance of thought a spiritual self (the healthy self hoped for); and this spiritual self will in time rule the material body, and make it like unto itself. If your stomach is weak, refuse in imagination to see it a weak stomach; see it only a strong stomach. If your lungs are weak, see in your mind's eye your lungs as strong. If your body is weak and sluggish, see yourself in imagination as you were when a boy or girl, when your limbs were full of activity, and you took delight in scrambling over fences and climbing trees. You are then putting out the "substance" of the thing or condition of body "hoped for." As you continue to see yourself thus, the gradual change in your physical condition for the better will increase your faith that this law is a truth. Keep to this thought of yourself as strong, active and vigorous, week after week, month after month, year after year, and you fix more firmly in mind yourself as free from all disease. It will be a confirmed habit, or, as we say, "second nature," for you so to imagine yourself.

And again:

The imagining of a fresh, sound, vigorous body, is in actual substance, though unseen, a fresh, sound, healthy, and vigorous body. It is a spiritual reality. * * * If your body is weak, do not see it in your mind's eye as weak. See yourself full of life and playful vigor. Don't see yourself as an invalid propped up in a chair, or confined in the house, though for the time being your body is in such conditions. You are healing yourself when you see yourself running foot races. You are keeping yourself an invalid when you see yourself ever as one. Don,t expect or fear sickness or pain for to-morrow, no matter what sickness or pain you have to-day. Expect nothing but health and strength. In other words, let health, strength and vigor be your day-dream. The desirable condition of mind is better expressed by the word "dream" than by the terms "hoping" or "expecting."

In another place he says:

You have a slight derangement of stomach or kidney or other organ. So, having it for one day or a few days, you begin to expect it. You think of it only as an unhealthy organ. You never in mind see it as a sound organ. You may be then told it is in a dangerous condition. You have a name possibly given to the ailment which is suggestive of great suffering, debility, and ultimate death. All this is help to faith in evil. The force of other minds may be added to yours which increases that faith. Friends and relatives may be anxious on your account, and fearful, and continually reminding you how careful you should be. Every thing tends to make you see yourself sick, weak and enfeebled. You have not in your own mind an imagining of the part affected as sound and healthy. None send you their thought, or imagining, as vigorous and healthy.

You may, and doubtless will if you have not thought of it, say that this is greatly exaggerated, but realizing what you can not fail to see upon every side of you, the influence the mind has over the body, how joy makes well, while grief brings pain and sickness, it is easy to go farther and believe with Mr. Mulford that it is possible for health to be largely under our own control. But he is most emphatic in affirming the absolute necessity of rest for mind and body.

Nature's great source of recuperation is rest. The land lying "fallow" gathers new force for growing grain. The mother whose mind and body are least taxed during gestation, gives birth to the healthiest child. The broken bone requires rest while being knit together.

By rest we mean rest of mind as well as body. Mental rest is as necessary as physical rest. Thousands of our race have no conception of mental rest, or a mind at ease. With them, worry, fret, uneasiness and anxiety about something is a fixed habit. Rich or poor, it makes little difference. All this leads to exhaustion, decay and disease. All this comes because men and women can not as yet believe that they, as parts of God, or the Infinite Spirit, have spiritual power, which, if cultivated and trusted to, will supply all their needs, grant them perfect health, and give them delights they do not now dream of.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Housewife.—Embroider two bands of red satin and fasten with fancy stitches lengthwise upon a strip of ecru linen, which may be 12 inches long and eight inches wide. This size can be varied to suit the taste, or the work basket in which it is to find a place. Line the whole with re d silk. Turn one end over and sew each side of it in a circle to a strip of satin which is to be drawn up in the center. This will make a long cylinder-shaped receptacle for spools of thread and silk. Just above this gather on a little bag of the silk, setting it across the linen, dividing it into two parts. These are for thimbles. Above the thimble bags place the leaves of white flannel for the needles. Edge the whole with a red silk cord. Attach a handle made of the silk cord of two or three lengths to the centers of the gathered ends, and leave loops and ends of the cord with balls attached. A small loop is made in the middle of the straight end to fasten to a button placed conveniently when the housewife is rolled up, to hold it together.

Scrap Pocket.—A very pretty scrap pocket or catch-all may be constructed from two ordinary palm leaf fans, covered with velvet or plush, and lined with satin or silesia. Plaited fans of satin are inserted at the sides, which form the pocket, and the handles are gilded and decorated with bows of ribbon. A silk cord borders the edges, and is also sewed at the back to suspend the pocket. The front is decorated with Kensington painting. A very pretty combination is had by using golden olive plush or velvet, lined with salmon pink, and finished with bows of the same. The decoration may be a design of roses in the same salmon pink tint, with leaves in varied olive shades.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to help you get ready for Christmas.—Ed.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Dressy Hood.—Materials required, a little over one lap of whole zephyr, one of split zephyr and one and one-half bunches of crystal beads. With the whole zephyr make a chain of 30 stitches, double crochet in each stitch, *turn, miss the first stitch, double crochet in all but the last; repeat from* until you have seven stitches. Break off wool, begin in the middle again, crochet down until you have seven. This is the lining, and should come a little below the ears, but not much. Now take a coarse steel hook, catch into first stitch at the bottom, crochet six chain, loosely, take a bead, draw stitch through, six chain, catch into same stitch. So continue until hood is covered with loops, each loop containing a bead. Ribbon same color. White with silvered beads is quite pretty.—*Ex.*

Shell-Work Wristlets.—Get two shades of single zephyr (or more, if desirable.) as it takes from one to one and one half ounce for a pair. Cast on with the worsted; double (in double stitches), twenty-seven on two needles, eighteen on the third; nine stitches form one shell, eight shells the usual size for a lady's wrist, nine for a gentleman (unless very large wrist). Do not knit around plain, but with a single thread p 2—k 1—widen by throwing over thread, k 4—narrow, continue thus around the wristlet. Second row—p 2—k2—(that includes the loop made by widening), widen, k 3—n. Third row—p 2—k 3—widen—k 2—n, etc Fourth row—p 2—k 4—widen—k 1—n, etc. Fifth and last row—p 2—k 5—widen—n. This forms one row of shells; then set in another shade of worsted, if you like, and begin as at first. It is pretty knit with two rows of shells of each shade, or with but one, according to the taste. Bind off on the last row of shells the last time around. Be sure not to knit plain, but purl, knit, widen and narrow as usual, binding each stitch over the last. When you knit the first time around, be sure to take the stitches double, making 72 around the cuff. Do not knit very tight.—Mrs. H.

Crocheted Fan Lace.—Use Nos. 80 or 90 unbleached linen thread; make a chain of 42 stitches. 1st row—d c 3 times in 4 stitch from needle—2 ch—3 d c in same place; this forms a shell—4 ch—1 d c in 7th stitch from shell—3 ch—d c in same place, 4 ch—shell in 7th stitch of chain—fasten down with single stitch in 3d ch from shell—3 ch, shell—4 ch—1 d c in 7th stitch from shell—5 ch—1 d c in same place—4 ch, shell in 7th stitch of chain—3 ch—turn; 2d row—shell—3 ch—8 d c in ch 3—3 ch, shell—fasten with single ch at corner of shell beneath 3 ch—shell, 3 ch—8 d c in ch 3—3 ch, shell—ch 7—turn. 3d row—shell 2 ch—1 d c in each of 8 d c with 1 ch between each, 2 ch, shell—fasten down as before, 3 ch—shell 2 ch—1 d c in each of 8 d c with 1 ch between each—2 ch—shell—3 ch—turn. 4th row—shell—3 d c in 1st, 2d, 3d spaces of fan—2 d c in 4th space—3 d c in 5th, 6th, 7th spaces—sh—fasten down as before—sh—3 d c in 1st, 2d, 3d spaces of fan—2 d c in 4th space—3 d c in 5th, 6th, 7th spaces of fan—shell—10 d c with single ch between each in ch of 7 at end of 2d row—fasten with single ch at end of 1st row—turn—1 s c 1 d c in each space with 3 ch between 2 ch, shell—4 ch—1 d c in center of fan—3 ch—1 d c in same place—4 ch, shell—and so on across same as 1st row. Repeat from 2nd row and make insertion to match, with 1 row of fans through the center, and on each side put work same as center row of edge.—Clara.

FRENCH IN BILL-OF-FARE.

Salmia—A rich stew of game, cut up and dressed when half roasted.

Sauter—To toss meat, etc., over the fire in a little fat.

Souffle—A very light, much chopped-up pudding or omelette.

Timbole—A sort of pie in a mold.

Vol au vents—Patties of very light puff paste, made without a dish or mold, and filled with meat or preserves, etc.—Catterine Owen, *in Good Housekeeping.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Training of Children.—Who does not desire to train the child right? None but the ignorant and vicious are careless and thoughtless in regard to the proper training of the child intrusted to their keeping. It is a matter of no small moment to train a child properly and it is a matter which many know little about. Some parents leave their children free to pick up the information which they may find scattered about in such a world as this, where evil abounds and the good is not always easily accessible, and the results are ruinous, while others, who are carefully seeking to do that which is commendable, are guilty of many mistakes. I have an article before me on "Experiments in Child Training," which I shall copy because there is something in it worthy the attention of those who are making efforts to solve difficult problems, and are calling to their aid all their reserved intellectual and moral forces in the training of the child which has been given them.

"The oldest children of the family have been in an unfortunate position. All the experiments were tried on us. The younger children reaped the benefits of any possible mistakes, for they were not repeated on them." So said one of my neighbors the other day to me. "Father and mother were capital workmen, as we are willing to acknowledge, and as you can see," he added with a mock gravity and complacency, "you have only to look at these finished and beautiful pieces of work which you behold in my sister and myself to understand their skill. But, ah, you do not know what we suffered in the process. It has often reminded me of that celebrated oculist, who, on being complimented on a very delicate operation which he had skillfully performed, replied, 'Yes, it was done nicely, and, as you see easily; but I do not show you the hatful of eyes that I spoiled while learning to do it.'" The young joker did not mean all that his words implied; but he felt, and I know there was a subtratum of truth in what he said. Young parents are, by the nature of the case, entirely unskilled, at least entirely inexperienced in the matter of child-training, and, of course, to a certain degree the work must be somewhat experimental. They have qualities, it may be, as young parents, which especially fit them for the task which is given them to do, but they enter upon it as untried workmen. What a marvel, then, it is that they often do the work so well. The young man and his sister, the oldest of the family, are indeed sweet and beautiful specimens of work, and there was as much truth in his jestingly-made reference to themselves, as in the remark he made about the experiments made upon them. It reminded me of an incident of a few evenings since. I stood by the side of one of the most eminent sculptors of the country, and he was showing me the first work which had come from his hand. It was an exquisite figure of a baby boy. He said that it had faults, but I could see none. The face was angelically human, the dimpled shoulders, the softly rounded muscles of infancy were there, and I could almost see the warm blood tinting the white marble, all instinct with life. It was a dream of beauty, and I marveled as he told me it was his first work. He showed me other forms that will live forever in my memory, but none that will abide more sweetly there than that first production of his genius. So I think these elder children of my brother and sister stand among the group, which, with an uncle's partiality, I admire and love so well. The work was experimental with the sculptor, but what labor of thought, and care and enthusiasm, what trembling excitement, that forgot time and did not think it labor, while he sought to give form to the ideal that was in vision before him. So I think it was with those young parents, as they wrought upon the exquisite and immortal material which God had put in their hands to form into grace and beauty. Yes, it was experimental; but what prayerful and even tearful work it was; what a world of thought and care; what earnestness and absorbing devotion was given to it! Ah, there was the genius of parental love, all vitalized and made divinely skillful to produce a result which should be a joy to them forever! They had, I think, an ideal child before them, born of their study of God's word, perhaps dimly seen in the form and features of the child Jesus, and, perhaps, all unconsciously to themselves, they were seeking to embody it in the child which lay nestling in their arms. At all events, I am sure that their child-training had a design in it. It was not a random and a thoughtless work. It might seem, and one might speak of it, as an experiment, but it was a steady and careful reaching after a fondly cherished form. Some parents who read this will understand what I mean, and will perhaps see an intense meaning in the life of their first born, and a meaning in the work which they did in those inexperienced days. Some possibly will not understand it. They have never had any real design in their child-training, have had no ideal which they have sought to make real. But they have never known what God has given them to do."

Yes, parents should realize that God has given them a work to do. Ah, when they do they will work and work faithfully and honestly, trusting in Him who gave the work, and who alone knows how to teach, lead and bless, and give the success for which they are seeking. — Moss Rose, Science Hill, Ky.

How I Learned to Cook.—I have the honor (?) of being the third wife of my estimable spouse. But I do not resent that fact as at the time of his first marriage I probably was reposing in my cradle. When number two came into her position as mistress here, I was still in pinafores. I remember her very well, she was tall and stately and an excellent housekeeper (as was her predecessor) and a most estimable woman whose name was in all the churches. Her only daughter was married just before her mother's death, and her two sons had just entered college at that time. Every one pitied Mr. Lawrence when his wife died, to be twice bereft, and of such lovely women, too, was indeed sad.

Number one only lived two years after her marriage, and the record is that she was a "most capable woman," that, you know, means a great deal here in New England. Her pictured face is a very sweet one, with its lovely blue eyes, and sunny hair, I admire it very much, and do not wonder that my husband often glances tenderly towards it, the perfect likeness, he tells me, of the wife of his youth.

Why, having been so blessed, Mr. Lawrence should have thought of marrying me, is I doubt not, an unsolved problem to my good neighbors, indeed I have often wondered myself. In the first place I am not a beauty, like his first wife, nor am I stately and dignified like his second. I am a veritable little gypsey in appearance, and I had never kept house. Certain it is that before his wife had been dead two years, Mr. Lawrence asked me to occupy her place. The reasons for my prompt acceptance of his suit are plain. In the first place I had known him all my life, he was a dear friend of poor papa's, and I entirely respected and admired him; then, too, at my father's sudden death, the unpleasant fact was evolved that my delicate mother and myself were left almost penniless. Poor mamma did not long survive the change in our circumstances. As for myself, I taught school. Being finely educated I had no difficulty in getting a position, and for four years I had been occupied in that way. The last two years I had been principal of one of the public schools. I was getting along very well, but when Mr. Lawrence asked me to marry him I did not hesitate. As his wife I would resume my position in society, and be once more surrounded by comfort and elegance.

We were married, and after a delightful tour settled down in our handsome home. What a luxury a home was to me! The cook came to me for orders, and at first I answered her in a general way, telling her to get and prepare such articles as she knew Mr. Lawrence liked, but I soon began to notice that she suspected that I knew nothing about cooking, (which was unfortunately true) and I also felt that my predecessors' relatives who lived near had the same idea. Now I knew that I shone in conversation quite as brilliantly as any other lady, also that my house was kept in as dainty order as it ever had been, and my husband seemed satisfied with me, but it would never do to be at the mercy of my own servants.

The one, and only one thing that I knew how to cook well was "corn oysters." So one day I remarked carelessly to the cook, "I would like some 'corn oysters' for tea, and I believe I will prepare them myself." The cook respectfully waited on me, and I could see that I had risen in her estimation. I heard that she told in the neighbood that "Mrs. Lawrence knew more than she thought she did."

But I well knew that I could not rest here, and I dared not attempt anything that I was not sure of, as failure would be disastrous to me. I thought over the matter and I concluded that any woman who controlled 400 children and directed eight teachers ought not to be daunted by the preparation of any article of food, so I joined a cooking class and arranged that my servants should both be absent at the same time, for a few hours each week, then with locked doors I made all the dishes I had heard about during the week. I carefully made away with every trace of my work before the servants returned, and was generally found by them either at the piano or with a book in my hand.

This went on for some weeks during which I worked hard until I found that I could prepare perfectly a number of new and delicious recipes. I then asked my husband if he did not think it would be well for us to give a tea party. Of course he assented, and I invited the relatives of his former wives and some others who I thought doubted my ability as a housekeeper. I then made every one of the dainties I had studied up on, to the astonishment of my cook.

The supper was a grand success. My new dishes attracted much attention, and when some of the ladies asked me if I knew how they were made I smilingly told them how to prepare them.

My reputation is established; I, too, am regarded as a "capable woman," and I rest on my laurels.—Mrs. L. B. Lavely, Pittsburg, Pa.

INQUIRIES.

As sauerkraut is becoming quite a common food here in Northern Maine, some one would confer a favor on many readers by giving full directions for making the same for family use.—L. S.

Will "Faithful Reader," the party who wrote asking for some one to name some respectable employment for young ladies, please send her address to J. O. Lawson, Smokey, Idaho territory?

Will some one please give a lover of flowers the points in geranium culture necessary to a healthy growth? My plants do nicely for a time, and then, when rank, begin to turn yellow and drop their leaves until the stems are bare save a few small leaves at the top. They have sunshine, are not crowded, neither can I find any insects about them.—Alone.

Will the lady who sent heart lace pattern please send the insertion to match, if she has it? I am very anxious to get it, as I think the lace very pretty. Noticed some time ago the insertion could be made by omitting the points, but I do not understand doing that.—H. E. B.

I will ask some one to tell me what will cure nervous fits. I have a little boy eight years old that is afflicted with infant paralysis from a little child, and two years ago he took fits and all the doctors agree that they are nervous. He only has them once in awhile. His left side is the one afflicted. His side is better than it used to be. His leg is shorter by the muscles being drawn, and he does not have much use of his hand.—Lydia Bell, Kingman, Kan.

Will some kind reader of the Blade please give directions for the "Pop Corn Crochet" and the "Pine Apple Crochet." I want directions in words.—Mrs. O. Robin.

Can any of the readers of the Blade give the necessary information for "French Art Decoration" and where the material can be obtained; also, how to prepare thistle blossom for winter bouquets?—E. J. G.

Will some one please tell me if there are any papers published on the Kindergarten system of schools; or will some member write and explain something about them. At what age are children admitted, how many hours are kept during the day, and what is the price of tuition? Of course there are books to explain, but I am ignorant as to which is the best. I am a beginner, but expect to improve with time. An early answer to the above questions, will oblige—Kindergarten.

Write to Mrs. A. E. Blaker, superintendent of Indianapolis Free Kindergartens, Indianapolis, Ind.—Ed.

Will some one among the many readers of the Blade tell me where I can get a publication giving directions how to cultivate all kinds of small fruits? Also how to graft most kinds of fruit trees. Would like directions for taking care of bees. Please tell me where to get them. Can the book which was noticed in Publishers' department last fall, giving directions for preserving, making jellies, etc., be obtained yet? I think it was written by a lady.—Mrs. E.

It can be.—Ed.

Will some one please tell me how to prepare citron for cake so it can be kept through the winter?—E. J. F.

If any of the many readers of the Household can tell me where I can learn photography with a good artist, you will confer a great favor on—An Iowa Girl.

Will some of the many readers of the Blade be so kind as to send me a recipe for a cough of two years' standing? Also what will cure night sweats.—Mrs. Eliza Smalley, Victoria, B. C.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

In answer to inquiry about books treating of engraving: There are such works which can be obtained through the usual channels. Go to some good bookseller and ask him to look over his catalogue and see what can be obtained. He can also doubtless give you good advice as to the best ones. It would be impossible for the editor to tell just what your friend needs, as she has no idea what his progress has been, or in what special direction his talent lies.—Ed.

"John Henry," stop pinching your nose in order to get out the flesh worms. No wonder it is red and angry looking at such treatment. You will have to be patient to effect a cure. Get the purest kind of glycerine soap—if glycerine agrees with your skin, as with most people's—and wash your face, nose and all, with a warm suds, and afterwards in clear water. Wipe gently with a soft linen towel, using this kind of friction for some time. Do not rub your nose hard, but rather pat it every day until the redness disappears. Then protect your face from the sun and wind, keep your system in good order by dieting, bathing, exercising, etc., according to the rules laid down in "Health and Beauty"—which you would do well to get—and your skin will, after a time, be all right. You can get this book by sending a dollar to the Locke Pub. Co., Toledo, O.—Ed.

"Constant Reader," the gentleman who has left the place should write the first letter.—Ed.

Some time ago the query was made as to the best time to transplant trees and shrubs. Any time after the tree or shrub drops its leaves in the fall, before the ground becomes frozen, or early in the spring before the leaves are out.

During the bright, pleasant days of October and November, we may do so much to

"Make our homes beautiful, bring them to flowers;
Plant them around us to bud and to bloom.
Let them give life to our loneliest hours.
Let them bring joy to enliven the gloom."

Let us put beds of tulips, hyacinths, and the gay crecus, also plant peonys, lilies, hardy phlox, iris, with seeds of the hardy annuals and perrenials in the borders and beds to be a source of delight to ourselves and the dear children in the coming spring.

I will send seeds of blue salvia (to be sown this fall) to any one sending self-addressed stamped envelope.—Mrs Francis Wight, Round Grove, Lawrence Co., Mo.

Some time ago a lady inquired in the Household how she could become a member of the W. C. T. U. If she will send a stamp to Mrs. Antionette Clevenger, Wilmington, O., with a request for it, she will receive a constitution and by-laws of the W. C. T. U.; 27 cents inclosed with request for them to G. C. Hall, 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, will procure a copy of "The Pathfinder" and a "Plan of Work," which will enable her to organize a local union. Hope she will try it and report.

"Nellie" asks how to color a white straw hat. I successfully used a recipe which came in the Blade last summer. Should think the plume could be dyed at the same time. A milliner told me I could procure a tube of black oil paint and paint it black. That would be very easy.—E. J. C.

If "A Reader" of the Household department in the Blade of July 21 will procure raisins and eat them, she will find a sure cure and preventive for quinsy. — A Friend.

RECIPES.

Fruit Glacé or Crystalized Fruit.—Boil together for half an hour 1 cupful of granulated sugar, 1 of water, and the juice of a lemon. Dip the point of a skewer in the syrup, after it has been boiling the given time, and then in water. If the thread formed breaks off brittle the syrup is done. Have oranges pared, divided into eighths and wiped free of moisture. Pour part of the hot syrup into a small cup, which keep in boiling water. Take the pieces of orange on the point of a large needle or skewer and dip them in the syrup. Place them in a dish that has been buttered lightly. Grapes, cherries, walnuts, etc., can be prepared in the same way. Care must be taken not to stir the syrup, as that spoils it. This is Miss Parloa's rule, given in answer to Emma K.'s request.—Ed.

Cake Baking.—I would like to give some hints about cake baking. First would say, I seldom use soda for cake excepting with cream tartar and sweet milk. Baking powder is much better. Do not fail to sift your flour and powder two or three times. Work your butter and sugar together. If whites of eggs are used only beat to a stiff froth. If the whole eggs are used, I frequently beat them with butter and sugar. After the butter and sugar are well beaten, another important feature is, have your ingredients about the same temperature. I put a little boiling water in the milk. No one can have good cake if the oven is too hot or too cold. Much depends on the fire being kept just right. A large loaf cake should be baked one hour. I will give a recipe for plain loaf cake: 2 cupfuls sugar; 3 cupfuls butter; 4 cupfuls sweet milk; 3 eggs; 1½ pints flour; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon.—Baker.

Piccalilly.—One peck green tomatoes, 6 green peppers; 6 onions, (mother uses only 4 of each), 1 cabbage, 1 cupful horseradish, ½ cupful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 2 teaspoonfuls cloves, 1 teaspoonful allspice; chop tomatoes fine, drain off the juice, then chop peppers, onions and cabbage; vinegar to suit the taste; boil two hours.—Katie.

Remedy for Diarrhœa.—2 ozs. laudanum, 1 oz. spirits of camphor, 1½ ozs. essence of peppermint, 2 ozs. Hoffman's anodyne, 1 dr. tincture of cayenne pepper, and 1 oz. of ginger. Dose: 1 teaspoonful in a little water; in worst cases oftener.—Mrs T. Briggs.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SPRING HILL, W. VA.	Sydney Matthews
Hallie Cobbs	Nellie Skiles
Bertha Cobbs	EMERY, ILL.
Josie Varner	Goldie Short
Katie Varner	Josie Ray
Lottie Cobbs	COVOLO, CAL.
Sallie Cobbs	Juliette E Watkins
Ellen Fauber	H Stanley Watkins
Lulu Rogers	STELLA, O.
Sallie Rogers	Florence L Hitt
Tommy Oakes	HANCOCK, NEB.
Carrie Daft	Chas Ranck
Robert Varney	Irwin Fisher

Names this week, 21. Total, 20,592.

The above embraces all names received up to October 13.

For the Blade Young Folks.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

H. G. MILLER.

I am but a little fellow
As you can plainly see,
I love to make short speeches
And to run and jump and play,
But when it comes to writing
I don't know what to say
So I think I'd better tell you
What a little boy can do,
I have joined the Temperance Legion
And I'll be a soldier true.

I have never borne a musket,
And never learned to fight
Though I'm bound to be a soldier
And to battle for the right.
I am marching on to manhood
And when I am big and tall,
I will help to mold the bullets
To crush king Alcohol!
Just wait till I am bigger,
For when I am 21
I will fire my manhood's ballot
From a prohibition gun.

THE SHOES OF BREAD.

ANNIE C. MILFORD BARTON.

Listen to this story that the grandmothers of Germany tell to their grandchildren; Germany, a beautiful country of legends and of reveries, where the moonlight, playing on the mists of old Rhine, creates a thousand fantastic visions:

A poor woman lived alone at the far end of the village in a humble little house; the dwelling was miserable enough and contained only the most necessary furniture. An old bed with wreathed columns, from which hung curtains of yellowed serge, a kneading trough to put the bread in, a walnut chest shining with cleanness, but whose numberless worm holes, filled up with wax, showed long service; a stuffed arm chair, faded and worn by the shaking head of grandma, a wheel polished smooth by much using; that was all.

We were going to forget a child's cradle quite new, O! so softly lined, and folded down with a pretty flowered coverlid worked by a loving needle—that of a mother decorating the manger of her little Jesus.

All the riches of the poor house were centered there. The child of a burgomaster of an Aulic councilor would not have been more tenderly cradeled. Holy prodigality! Sweet folly of the mother, who denies herself everything to make a little luxury, in the midst of her want, for her dear nursling.

This cradle gave a holiday air to the pinched and small and dirty lodging, and nature, ever compassionate to those who are unfortunate, brightened its bareness with tufts of house leek and with velvety mosses. While seeming to be but parasites, these good, pitiful plants purposely grew in the holes in the roof, filling them up and transforming them into resplendent hanging baskets, which also served to keep the rain from falling on the cradle; even the pigeons flattened themselves against the windows and cooed until the child fell asleep.

A tiny bird, whom little Hanz had fed with bread crumbs in the winter when the snow whitened the ground, now, in the spring, let fall a grain from his beak at the foot of the hall, and from it had sprung a beautiful brier weed vine, which, fastening itself to the stones with its green claws, had entered the room through a broken pane, and crowned the child's cradle with its garlands, so that in the morning the blue eyes of little Hanz and the blue bells of the vine awoke at the same time and looked intelligently at each other.

The dwelling was, then, poor, but not gloomy. The mother of Hanz, whose husband had died far away in the wars, lived as best she could upon the few vegetables that her garden yielded, and upon what little she made from spinning; very little, indeed, but Hanz wanted for nothing, and that was enough.

Certainly she was a pious and believing woman, this mother of Hanz. She said her prayers, worked and was virtuous, but she committed one sin—she took too much pride in her son. It happens sometimes that mothers, seeing their beautiful, rosy babies, with their tiny, dimpled hands and their white skin and their pretty pink nails, imagine that they are theirs forever, but God gives nothing; He lends only, and like a forgotten creditor He comes sometimes suddenly to claim His due.

Because this fresh bud had been grafted from her stem the mother of Hanz thought she had caused it to be born, and God—who from the depth of His blue vaulted paradise that is studded with golden stars observes all that happens on earth, and hears from the end of infinity the noise that a blade of grass makes in growing—saw not this with pleasure.

He saw, too, that Hanz was greedy and that his mother was too indulgent with him in this evil habit; often this naughty child would cry when, after eating grapes and apples, he would have to finish his bread, that so many poor people were in need of, and his mother would let him throw away the piece he had bitten into, or would finish it herself.

Now it happened that Hanz fell ill; fever burned him, his throat was choked, and his breath came heavily with a rattling sound; he had the croup, a terrible disease that has made the eyes of many mothers and of many fathers red with weeping.

The poor woman at this sight felt a horrible pain at her heart.

Without doubt you have seen in some church the image of Our Lady clothed in mourning and standing beneath the cross, with her breast torn open, showing the bleeding heart, in which are plunged seven silver blades, three on one side and four on the other. The meaning of this is that there is no more frightful agony than that of a mother who sees her child die; and this, although the Holy Virgin believed in the divinity of Jesus and knew that her Son would rise again.

Now the mother of Hanz had no such hope. During the last days of his illness, while she watched him, the mother mechanically continued spinning, and the hum of her wheel mingled with the child's labored breathing.

If there are those—rich—who think it strange that a mother should spin beside the dying bed of her child, it is that they do not know what torture poverty holds in its grasp for the soul. Alas! it doesn't alone destroy the body, it breaks the heart also.

What she was spinning thus was the thread for the shroud of her little Hanz. She did not wish to wrap his precious body in linen that had been used, and she had no money; and it was for this reason that she made her wheel rumble with such funeral activity; but she did not moisten the thread with her lips, as was her custom; enough tears fell from her eyes to wet it.

At the close of the sixth day Hanz died. Whether it was from chance or whether from sympathy, the wreath of the brier weed vine that caressed his cradle languished, faded, died and let fall its last crisped blossom on his bed.

When the mother was convinced that breath had flown forever from the lips where death-violets had replaced the roses of life she covered the beloved dead, took her package of thread under her arm and directed her steps to the weaver's.

"Weaver," said she, "here is some very even thread, very fine and without knots. The spider does not spin thinner between the rafters of the ceiling. Let your shuttle come and go; with this thread must you make for me a yard of linen, as soft as the linen from Frise and from Holland."

The weaver took the skein, adjusted the warp, and the busy shuttle, drawing the thread after it, began to fly back and forth.

The hatchel tightened the woof and the linen grew on the frame without unevenness, without break, as fine as the chemise of an archduchess, or the linen with which a priest dries the chalice at the altar.

When the thread was all used the weaver gave back the linen to the poor mother and said to her, for he had understood all from the unhappy creature's look of fixed despair:

"The infant son of the emperor, who died last year, in his little ebony coffin with its silver nails, was not wrapped in linen that was softer or finer.

Having folded the linen the poor mother pulled from her waste finger a thin ring of gold, quite worn.

"Good weaver," said she, "take this ring—my marriage ring—the only gold I have ever possessed."

The worthy weaver did not wish to take it, but she said to him:

"I have no need of a ring there where I am going, for, I feel it, my little boy's arms drag me underground."

Then she went to the carpenter's.

"Master, in kindness, take some oak that will not rot and that the worms cannot destroy; cut from it five large planks and two that are smaller and make them a coffin of this measure."

The carpenter took his saw and his plane arranged the planks, struck as softly as he could with his hammer, so as not to force the iron points into the poor woman's heart before they entered the wood.

When the work was completed one would have thought it, so carefully and well made it was, a box to put jewels and lace in.

"Carpenter, who have made such a beautiful coffin for my little Hanz, I give you my house at the end of the village and the little garden which is behind and the well with its vine. You will not have to wait long."

With the shroud and the coffin, which she held under her arm, it was so small, she went her way through the village streets, and the children, who do not know what death is, cried out:

"See what beautiful box of toys from Nuremberg Hanz's mother carries to him; without doubt it is a city with its houses in painted and varnished wood; its steeple surrounded with lead, its battlements and belfry and the trees, for the promenades, all frizzled and green; or else it is a pretty fiddle, carved, with a bow like a horse's name. Oh! if we only had such a box." And the mothers, growing pale, kissed them and made them still. "Impudent ones that you are, do not say so; do not envy her her jewel box, the violin case which one carries under the arm weeping. You will have it soon enough, poor children!" When the mother of Hanz reached home she took the tiny and still lovely body of her son and began to dress him for the last time, a toilet which must be a very careful one, as it will last through eternity. She dressed him in his Sunday clothing, in his silken dress and his pelisse, trimmed with fur, so that he would not be cold in the damp place where he was going. She placed beside him his doll with the enameled eyes that he loved so much that it had always slept beside him in his cradle.

How she lingered over the task. How many thousand times she gave him his last kiss! At the moment of smoothing down the shroud she perceived that she had forgotten to put on the dead child his pretty little red shoes.

She sought for them in the room, for it hurt her to see bare those feet that, before so moist and so rosy, were now icy and pale; but during her absence the rats, having found the shoes under the bed, for want of better food had nibbled and gnawed them and torn the kid.

It was great grief for the poor mother that her Hanz was forced to go into the other world with bare feet, for when heart is one great wound it is sufficiant to touch it to make it bleed. She wept before these shoes; from those dry, inflmed eyes a tear could still gush forth. How could she get some shoes for Hanz? She had given away her ring and her house! Such was the thought that tormented her. By dint of dwelling on it there came to her an idea.

In the hut there still remained an entire loaf of bread, for the unhappy one, nourished by her grief, had eaten nothing.

She broke this loaf, remembering that formerly, out of the soft part, she had made pigeons, ducks, hens, sabots, boats and other childish things to amuse Hanz with.

Placing the soft bread in the hollow of her hand and kneading it with her thumb, and moistening it with her tears, she made a pair of shoes with which she shod the cold and blue feet of the dead child, and, her heart comforted, she smoothed down the shroud and closed the coffin. While she was kneading the dough a beggar had come to her threshold, timid, asking for bread; but with her hand she had motioned to him to be gone.

The grave digger came to take the box and buried it in a corner of the cemetery under a clump of white rose bushes; the air was sweet, it did not rain, and the earth was not wet; this was a source of consolation to the mother, who thought that her little Hanz would not be too uneasy his first night in the tomb.

Back in her solitary house, she placed the child's cradle next to her bed, lay down and fell asleep. Exhausted nature had succumbed.

Sleeping, she had a dream, or at least she thought it was a dream. Hanz appeared to her, dressed, as in his coffin, in his Sunday clothing, his pelisse trimmed with swansdown, holding in his arms the doll with the enameled eyes, and wearing on his feet the shoes made of bread. He seemed sad. Around his head was not that aureole with which death should rightly crown little innocents; for when a baby is put in the earth there comes out an angel. The roses of paradise did not bloom on his pale cheeks that death had painted so white; tears fell from his blonde lashes, and big sighs rent his little breast. The vision disappeared and the mother awoke, cold and shivering, overjoyed to have seen her son again, distressed because he was so sad; but she reassured herself, saying: "Poor Hanz! even in Paradise he cannot forget me."

The following night the apparition came once more. Hanz was still more sad, still more pale. His mother, stretching out her arms to him, said: "Dear child, console thyself, and do not become weary in heaven. I am going there to join thee." The third night Hanz came again; he groaned and cried more than on the two preceding nights, and he disappeared clasping his little hands as if in supplication; he did not carry his doll, but he wore as always, the tiny shoes made of bread.

The anxious mother went to consult a venerable priest, who said to her: "I will watch with you to night and I will question the little ghost. He will answer me; I know the words that one must use to innocent as well as to wicked spirits."

Hanz appeared at the usual hour and the priest challenged him, using the consecrated words, to tell him what it was that tormented him in the other world.

"It is the shoes of bread that cause my torment and prevent me from ascending the diamond stairs of paradise; they are heavier to my feet than a postilion's boots, and I cannot get beyond the first two or three steps, and that gives me so much grief, for I see up there a cloud of beautiful cherubs with rosy wings who call me to come and play, and who show me their silver toys and their golden toys."

Having said these words, he vanished. The holy father, to whom the mother of Hanz confessed, now said to her:

"You have committed a grievous fault. You have profaned the 'daily bread,' the bread that is sacred, the bread of the good God; the bread that Jesus Christ, at His Last Supper, choose to represent His body, and after having refused a piece of it to the beggar who came to your doorsill you made shoes out of it for your Hanz. You must open his coffin, take off the shoes made of bread from the child's feet and burn them in fire, which purifies all."

Accompanied by the grave digger and by the mother, the priest went to the cemetery. With four blows of the spade the coffin was uncovered. They opened it. Hanz was lying within just as his mother had placed him, but his face bore an expression of grief. The holy priest tenderly took off the shoes made of bread from the feet of the dead baby and himself burned them in the flame of a wax taper while he cited a prayer.

When the night came on Hanz appeared before his mother for the last time, but joyous, rosy, contented, with two little cherubs with whom he had already made friends; he wore a wreath of diamonds and his wings were made of light.

"Oh, my mother! what happiness, what felicity, and how beautiful. They are the gardens of paradise! There we play forever, and the good God never scolds us.

The next day the mother saw her boy again, but in heaven, for she died before evening, with her head bent over the empty cradle.—*Home Journal.*

—The statements in this paper week after week about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria are not made solely to get your money; we would despise ourselves for doing any such thing. Please don't make that mistake. If you are a sufferer from Malaria, get the remedy at any cost or trouble, and you will *know* there is one honest proprietary medicine about which the truth only is told.

A Flattering Request.

Don Atenognes complains bitterly of the conduct of his son. He relates at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him with firmness, to call him to his duty," says the friend

"But he pays not the least attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him.—*Mexican Fun.*

The Sunday School

The Harvest and the Laborers.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1887.

Golden Text—Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10: 8.

LESSON TEPT.

(Matt: 35-38; 10: 1-8.)

35. And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.

36. But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

37. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few;

38. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.

1. And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease.

2. Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother;

3. Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alpheus, and Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus;

4. Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

5. These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not.

6. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

7. And as ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

8. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Jesus went about teaching, preaching, healing (v. 35.) It is not enough to be ready to help those who come and ask for help. He who would be like Jesus, must go about looking up the needy in order to their relieving. The Orientals have a saying that it is a shame to a man to be asked to give alms; for he ought to give the alms before he is asked. There are asking hearts which would burst before they would beg for help. They should be sought out and ministered to lovingly. Nor is it enough to give words of counsel and direction to those who are in bewilderment and error. Personal help, according to the requirements of each particular case, should be given—will be given—by those who are truly Christ-loving and Christ like.

When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion, because they were distressed and—as sheep not having a shepherd (v. 36). There are two ways of looking at a crowd: looking with careless indifference, and looking with feelings of thoughtful interest in those who compose that crowd. He who looks at a crowd thoughtfully cannot but be moved with a sense of the needs, the struggles and the perils of all who are in and of it; for whatever has gathered the crowd, it is largely made up of those who are distressed at heart with vain longings or with the results of misdoing, and who are without an aim of their own, or a guide to lead them aright. If we could but look into a single human heart just as it is, we should find cause for compassion, in view of its achings and of its lack. To realize that there are one hundred, or ten thousand, such hearts before us, would cause our own hearts to ache to breaking in their behalf. It is well for us that we cannot know the needs of others as fully as Jesus knew them. It is sad for others that we think so little of the needs of those whom we might know better than we do.

The harvest is truly plenteous, but the laqorers are few (v. 37). In every proper field of labor, there is more than work enough for all the workers; hence no man who is willing to work need be without his share in life's service. Yet there is not the same work for every workman; and it is for the Lord of the harvest to assign to every man his work. Here is where so many stumble, and stand idle. They have their own idea of the work for which they are suited, and they wait for an opening in that line. It may be that there is work for them carrying water to the harvesters, or scaring away the cows; while there is nothing for them to do in cradling or in sheaf-binding. If a man is not wanted to superintend a Sunday school, and he is incompetent as a teacher, he may be of service to the entire school by assisting the librarian, or by keeping disorderly boys in check just outside the door. A good door-keeper is as valuable, in his sphere, as a good preacher is in his. In this field, as in others, the harvest truly is plenteous, and the laborers are few. Why so many persons say that there is nothing for them to do in their church, is that they are unready to take hold of the work which is waiting for them, and that they are waiting for work which will never be ready for them.

He called....his....disciples, and gave them authority (v. 1). Whatever opportunity or power any one of us has, to teach, or to preach, or to heal; to give alms, to speak comfort, or to show sympathy,—it is of the Lord: it is to be prized and to be used accordingly. Whether it be time or money, counsel or love, it would not be ours to give, nor would it be a blessing when given, save as it comes from the Lord, and as it is still counted by him as his own. What confidence we can have as the Lord's representatives: when we stand face to face with needs which he has given us the means to supply! What a sense of responsibility must impress us, as we realize that we must account to him for the wise outlay of all that he has intrusted to us to this end! We have no power to give, nor have we a right to withhold, except as those whom the Lord has sent and who are accountable to the Lord.

Now the names of the twelve apostles are these (v. 2). Every disciple of Jesus has his own personality, his own work, and his own record of character and service. He will never so merged in the mass of Christian workers that his Master will lose sight of him as he is, and as he does, individually. Even in the largest church and in the largest Sunday school every member has a name and an identity and sphere which belongs to no one else, and which no one else can ever possess. Another may have a name, an identity and a sphere, which is just like that, but it is not the same. And so it will be eternally. To every child of God, God's word stands assuringly: "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." There is no more danger that any one of us shall be forgotten, or neglected, or overburdened, than if there were no other object of God's special loving care and ministry in all the universe. A mother may forget the child she has borne; but God will never forget the child who bears his name.

Go not, and enter not; but go rather (v. 5). It is for the Master to restrain as well as to direct his servants in their service. They are not to decide for themselves where and how they are to labor; but they are to hear and heed his directions as to the field and manner of their toiling. Nor are they to be guided wholly by the apparently greater need of one class or another of persons to whom they might go as the Lord's representatives. It may be that the Lord would have his own children trained more carefully by a pastor or a teacher, when that pastor or teacher would prefer a work of evangelizing. It may be that a mission-field near home is the one where the Lord wants added work done just now, in spite of the greater moral lack in a field beyond the seas. The Lord's way is the best way, whether it is the way we should have supposed to be the Lord's way or not. And the best way for any disciple of Jesus is to go or to stay, to do or not to do as his master shall call and direct him personally. He who is ready to be just where the Lord wants him to be, shall find where the Lord wants him to be.

Freely ye received, freely give (v. 8.) If the measure of men's giving were proportioned to the measure of their receiving, what would be done with the gifts? When once the children of Israel were moved to give in this way of their material possessions, Moses, as the Lord's representative had to send around and beg them to stop giving; for there was more than enough treasure in hand for all the needs of the hour. There is no such trouble as that in the church at the present time; and no Christian need hold back from giving and doing, through a fear that the surplus gifts can't be disposed of. Time, influence, knowledge, strength, love, money, whatever we have received from God, we are enjoined to use for God; and not until we can say in all sincerity, "We have given as freely as we have received," can we know the true joy of right giving, or realize how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

—Shorthand Writing taught by mail. Send for pamphlet W. W. Hulton, Pitts-

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NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

Does Marriage Change a Man?

It does look as if after a man got married he lost all capability for looking after himself. How is it that a man who as a bachelor is the pink of neatness, the glass of fashion and mould of form, when he gets a wife he never seems to be able to do anything in the way of dressing himself without his wife's assistance? This young man was at one time a notorious flirt. He had the best cut coats, the most beautiful boots, the most elegant neckties in town. He had been married several years, and he hardly knew how to button his collar now, and would wear his coat inside out if his wife didn't keep an eye on him. It is natural cussedness? Just a desire to give his wife all the work and worry he can, or is a psychological phenomenon attributable to domesticity? He had a lucid moment once; this young man, in which he noticed his boots were pretty well worn. It lasted long enough for him to say to his wife!

"Haven't I got any other boots I can wear? These are awful."

"Yes," she said. "there is a pair of side button boots in the closet there."

He fetched them out.

"How does it come that I've had these boots all this time and been wearing these worn-out ones?" Then he put them on. "Yes, I knew there must be something the matter with the blamed boots. They don't fit me at all. I can't walk in them." And he made faces as he stamped up and down the room. "They are not my boots, yet they are a man's boots. Madam, who is so familiar in this house as to have a pair of boots"—

"Well, dear, they'll perhaps be more comfortable if you'll put the right boot on the right foot."

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath,
And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of that dread disease is, in fact, the ineradicable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

A Woman Who Knows How to Make Money.

Hetty Green, worth twice as much, probably as Phil Armour, weighs just about the same and gets down to her Dearborn street office at just about the same hour that the packer reaches his LaSalle street headquarters. All these statements are at variance with popular notion. Very few people, indeed, probably have had any idea that Hetty Green had a Chicago office. Then too, every popular picture of the woman worth $32,000,000 has been of a thin, angular, vinegary female whose clothes dragged on the ground. She is, in fact, a big, plump woman, who must turn the scale at 180 pounds, and her togs are first-class. The Howland block is hers, and her private office is on the second floor, in the rooms of her Chicago agents.—*Chicago Herald.*

$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE.

We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. Apply at once for particulars. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

An Alaska Indian's Creed.

In the *Independent* the Rev. Dr. G. F. Wright gives a literal translation of an Alaska Indian's confession of faith. It is as follows:

First—God is the boss of us fellers and of every man all.

Second—God loves us fellers and every man all.

Third—I feel in my heart that I love God. I love my brother, my sister, every man all.

Fourth—I wish every feller loved Jesus. Then they good; no bad, no fight.

There is in this creed none of the theological subtlety that characterizes the great creeds of Christendom, but it is capable of bringing forth very substantial fruits of goodness; and certainly no more than this should be expected of an Alaska Indian.

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One of the Union's Brave Defenders.

Gen. Sheridan lives simply but comfortably in the house on Rhode Island avenue, Washington, bought with the fund presented to him by his admirers after the war. He is at his office early in the morning, usually walking down in fair weather, and returning at 5 o'clock. He is intensely fond of his children, who are handsome, healthy little youngsters. Sheridan receives as lieutenant general of the army a salary of $11,000 a year, with an allowance which bring the amount up to $13,000.—*N. Y. World.*

Why the Servant Girl Arose Early.

Omaha Dame—"What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called."

Chorus of Voices—"Impossible."

Omaha Dame—"But it is true; she's in love with the milkman."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is free from Opium in any form, and therefore perfectly safe.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is sure that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

WRITE FOR THE BLADE FARM.—Almost every farmer can say something that will interest his brother farmers. Then why not write a short communication for insertion in the BLADE FARM. Some will say, "I do not know how to write for the paper," but this is not the case. You may not do it as well as a professional newspaper writer so far as conforming to certain rules of the printing office is concerned, but you can give facts and good ideas as well as any one, and the editor will put them in shape for you. Among the great army of educated gentlemen who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, many have done a vast amount of good by writing for the press. We should like to hear from a greater number of them But while they have done so much to advance the interests of agriculture, they who have not a parchment from a college or high school can do a vast amount of good by writing for the press. Education is an aid, but the polish of the school, without natural talent, does not enable any one to exercise a greater influence for good than does natural ability. Ideas move the world, and there is not one member of the BLADE FARM family that has not some good idea, different from other members. The corollery to this, therefore, is that every one who can find time should write a short article on some subject relating to the farm, garden, stock and poultry raising, the orchard, etc., for the BLADE FARM.

A Subscriber, Greenville, Mich., wishes to learn something about the nature and benefit of salt upon the soil, and how much is necessary to use to the acre, and which is the best time of the year to apply it upon wheat; also, what kind of soil is most benefited by salt. Prof. Voelcker is of the opinion that salt has the power of liberating ammonia from soils that have been manured with guano, stable manure, etc. This is true especially in sandy soils, where the ammonia exists in fertile combinations. The chloride of sodium (salt) acts upon the ammoniacal salts by forming soda in the soil, and chloride of sodium, which passes into solution, and then becomes an active fertilizer. On poor land, devoid of humus and ammonia, salt is an indifferent manure, while on better lands, where ammonia has been stirred in the clay or humus, it acts well by eliminating the ammonia and placing it in combinations suitable for plant nutriment. Salt is also beneficial in soils and fertilizers, by aiding in undering insoluble phosphates soluble. Salt was liberally used by the ancients and has ever since been used by many agriculturists. It is of no benefit on soils near the seacoast, where salt spray is carried inland. It is sown on land at the rate of three to sixteen bushels per acre, and it is said to increase crops of grain, roots and grasses 20 to 50 per cent. Its affinity for water has the effect of attracting dews and atmospheric vapor, which benefit soils in time of drought. It also has a beneficial effect in destroying slugs, worms and larvae. It is sown extensively in the spring. It may be applied in minute portions in the hill.

J. B. Trent, Colorado: The question you ask regarding the benefits of snow to crops has been answered in this department. Snow is useful agriculturally in preserving the internal warmth of the earth by preventing the radiation of heat, and in this way acts beneficially on grain crops. Oftentimes in a temperate climate wheat is winter-killed, where it protected in higher latitudes by a covering of snow.

SMITH, Calhoun county, Mich.—Your horse is not entirely over the lingering effects of distemper. Put a gallon of bran in a pot. Mix water with it and boil until it is hot. Then place it in a bag and put the open end of the bag over the horse's nose and let him inhale the steam from the bran. This will cause a discharge from the nostrils Give this tonic powder: Sulphate of iron, 1 oz.; nitrate of potash, 1 oz.; fenugreek seed, 2 drs.; linseed meal, 2 ozs. Mix and give a tablespoonful morning and night in the feed. Syringe the nostrils once daily with this: Tincture of chloride of iron, 1 oz.; water, 1 qt. You should avoid all condition powders, as they generally do more harm than good.

Another Big Lamb.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—John Cassity, of Colfax, Wexford county, Mich., has a lamb five months and 17 days old that weighs 139 pounds. He has not had any grain or milk. [That is a fine lamb, and no mistake. It pays to have such stock.—ED.]

Cultivating an Old Orchard.

The same journal states that an orchard twenty-five years old, had been seeded down and in grass the last ten years, and had become unthrifty and unfruitful. Last year one-half of it was thoroughly plowed, wood ashes were applied, and it was carefully pruned. The other half was not cultivated. This treatment was continued this year. The result was that the cultivated portion resisted the drouth perfectly and had dark green foliage, and is heavily laden with Baldwins, Greenings and Golden Russets, in remarkable contrast with the other portion. In cultivating an old orchard which has been long in grass, it should be remembered that it should be done while the trees are dormant, when breaking the roots will do little harm. When in a growing state it may cause positive injury.—*Country Gentleman.*

Tar in The Chicken House.

It seems that the value of tar is not sufficiently appreciated by poultry breeders, for we seldom either see it use advocated by writers on poultry matters. It can be used, with most excellent results, in fumigating the poultry house, when through neglect or inattention it becomes necessary to put through "quarantine," by burning some of it in a suitable vessel, and then closing the doors and windows of the house to confine the fumes and smoke as much as possible. It is sure to purify the house. Tar is very offensive to insects which worry the poultry and infest the poultry houses. Whitewash does not seem to keep them away, especially the "mites," which are so troublesome, and recourse must be had to some other substance. Just here tar is very valuable. Take an old kettle which is of no use for other purposes, put in some good tar, and heat it until it is thin and hot; then with whitewash brush, brush into all the cracks and crevices where the insects "most do congregate," and they will start off, instanter, for the seashore or some other congenial abode. Treat the perches and roosting benches to a dose of the same. When poultry cholera makes its appearance, if you thoroughly cleanse the house and treat it as above, with tar, it will generally prevent the spread of the disease.—*Poultry Journal.*

Interesting Facts on Bees.

A German bee journal, in relation to the importance of the honey product of the World, introduces many important facts as follows:

During the most remote times Greece and the Mediterranean countries were celebrated as honey-producing territories, and the honey of Hymettus, which has up to this day remained an important article of commerce, enjoyed in former times such a reputation that a temple was built there, dedicated to Apollo, under whose special protection the bee hives were placed. In the Danubian countries, Switzerland and France, there is a lively export trade carried on in honey; but the quantity produced in Europe is but small as compared with the enormous quantities which California, Chili, the West Indies and Australia supply. The Californian industry in honey is of very recent date. At the opening up of that country all the enterprise was directed to the gold mines, and California drew the honey it required from the Eastern states. An agriculturist at Sacramento was the first who tried the cultivation of bees as a business undertaking, and saw it crowned with unexpected success. He then moved to San Diego, in the extreme south of the state, and so rapidly did this new industry spread that the so-called "bee ranches" occupy now-a-days miles upon miles in uninterrupted succession. Like all other crops of honey, the Californian is, however, most irregular, and depends entirely upon the weather during the spring and summer. The best season was that of 1884, which produced no less a quantity than 9,000,000 pounds. The following year the result was only 3,000,000 pounds, and in 1886 it was 4,500,000 pounds. The coming crop is likely to be a bad one, and will hardly exceed that of 1885. It is stated that the stock in existence is small and that prices will rise, although it must not be overlooked that the low price of sugar will exert some influence. The California honey is systematically classified according to color and appearance. The finest quality is called "extra white," followed by "white," "light yellow," "yellow," and "dark." The packing is done in tins of about 56 pounds English, two of which are packed in a case. There have been many complaints about Californian and other kinds of honey, and there has no doubt been a vast deal of adulteration; but the American agriculturists have already discovered that it is to their interest to supply a pure, unadulterated article. Chili is the next important country for producing honey. In 1884, 4,301,472 pounds were exported; in 1885, only 2,145,136 pounds. The Chilians are constantly endeavoring to improve their productions, and these leave indeed very little to be desired. The thick, white Chili honey particularly is very much valued for medicinal purposes. The West Indies and Mexico ship a great deal of honey, and Australia as well as New Zealand have likewise commenced to send large quantities to Europe. Last spring a sample shipment from Japan was sold in London and bought at auction by a shoe blacking manufacturer at two shillings six pence per hundred weight, although the honey left nothing to be desired; this result was evidently discouraging to the shippers. Purchases of honey should be made with the greatest caution, large quantities of a composition which is made of acids and starch appearing constantly in the market as honey.

Assorting Fruit for Market.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* speaks of different modes for assorting fruit intended for market, recognizing the importance of separating the largest and finest from the medium specimens, and throwing the bad away. A full basket is set between two empty ones, and as the fruit is carefully picked up the best are placed in the right hand basket and the second class in the left hand, throwing the poor aside till the middle basket is emptied. None of it is thus handled more than once. Another way is to empty the basket on a broad canvas table, when the fruit is spread out and is easily seen for assorting. These methods apply to all large fruits.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Henry George Movement.

The Henry George movement has lately directed a great deal of public attention to the subject of taxation, and many of the speakers at recent agricultural fairs have dwelt at large on the matter. No class in the community are more interested in it than farmers; for there is none upon whom it bears more heavily. The farmers of this state at their late convention made a fair demand which must be met in the near future. They demanded that the same rate of taxation shall be applied to both real and personal property and that the indebtedness of the taxpayer shall be set off against his real property, the same as it is now against his personality. If this reasonable demand is refused, they insist that there shall be no deduction for indebtedness in any case. A man may own a farm worth $10,000; but if his debts amount to $5,000, his income is only on $5,000; why then should he be taxed on $5,000 more than he has. Debts are not property, and should certainly be deducted from the taxable value of a man's estate, real or personal. A business man is taxed only on the amount of property clear of all indebtedness; why shouldn't the same rule apply to a farmer? If debts are not deducted in all cases, the next best alternative and most equitable plan would be that they should not be deducted in any.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Good Dairy Hints.

Prof. Thomas Carroll, the head of the Glasnevin, Ireland, Driry school, is the author of the following rules for dairymen, and while they may not be new, they will serve to show that certain conditions are considered necessary for success. They are also endorsed by Mr. Henry F. Moore, an English dairy expert:

Keep your cow houses clean. Be sure that cows have pure water to drink, and have the udders perfectly clean by sponging with tepid water before milking. Don't dip the fingers into the milk to moisten the cow's teats. Milk the last drop from the cow.

Strain the milk carefully through two folds of clean muslin (not straining cloth) when setting it.

Set the milk in shallow tinned pans. In Summer time keep the dairy very cool by means of binds, which may be kept damp in very hot weather. If cold water is to be had, placing the cream in it will cause the cream to rise very rapidly. Cream will rise more rapidly in a cold than it will in a warm dairy, provided the milk is set while it is warm; but if the temperature is very low the milk should be warmed to 120 degrees before it is set.

The cream should be skimmed as soon as it has all risen, which ought to be in about 24 hours after setting. The cream should be kept in a deep cream vessel. It should be stirred and mixed as each skimming is added.

Before churning, cream should be brought to the proper temperature, which is 58 degrees in summer, 60 in winter. This may be done in summer by standing the cream vessel in very cold water, and in winter by standing the vessel in a tub of warm water, taking care to keep the cream stirred. A clean jar full of hot water may also be placed in the cream vessel. The churn should be scalded before churning; the cream to be put in while the churn is warm; but the temperature of the cream should not be above 60 degrees. If necessary, a little butter coloring of the best description should be put into the cream before churning.

Churning should be done twice or three times a week in summer, and once or twice in winter. The churn should be only half filled with the cream. It should be worked neither too slowly nor too quickly. Forty revolutions per minute with barrel churn, and 50 to 55 with Holstein churn. The churning should occupy 25 to 30 minutes. The churn should be ventilated frequently if it is a barrel or closed churn. Great attention should be given the time for stopping the churning. This should be done as soon as the butter comes in very small grains, not larger than turnip seed. Fresh, clean, very cold water should now be added to reduce the temperature to as near 50 degrees as possible. The churning may go on again until the butter is noticed as being in grains about the size of wheat. No further churning will increase the yield of butter; stop churning; draw off buttermilk. Put in fresh cold water; work the churn to wash the butter. Change the water, adding fresh, until the last drawn off is quite clear.

Take the butter out of churn with "wood hands;" press the water completely from it, either on butter-worker or by pressing it with the "wood hands." Put salt, which should be of the best kind, on butter in proper proportion and mix well, but do not overwork butter. Remember that a pressing, not rubbing action, should always be the way in which butter is worked. The proportion of salt recommended by the Cork Butter Market trustees is five pints to the firkin of 75 pounds net for "cured" butter, and not exceeding two and one-half pints to the firkin of 75 pounds for "mild" and "superfine" butter. After salting set butter aside in a cool place for two or three hours, and afterward give another working before packing. The second working will thoroughly mix the salt and so prevent the streakiness. Every effort should be made to do all the working of butter while it is in a cool state. It works better at a temperature of 56 to 57 degrees.

Use nice clean firkins, which should be properly scalded before use, otherwise the butter will adhere to the timber and cause loss; and endeavor, by good, careful feeding of cows, clean houses for them, clean apartments for milk setting, clean vessels for dairy, clean cold water for butter-making, to put upon the market butter of the finest description.

The utensils for producing the best butter need not be costly. Care and attention, with a fair knowledge of the business, will do more than expensive outlay on implements. No outlay will compensate for want of care and attention.

No dairy should be without a thermometer for the purpose of marking temperature, a supply of clean muslin for the purpose of straining milk, the "wood hands" for either making butter or taking it from the church. A "butter trough" is also a useful article.

THE CROPS.

A Review of the Situation—Reports from Various Sources.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The *Farmer's Review* says: Reports of our correspondent this week do not differ materially from those of last, but furnish further particulars as to the amount of corn fodder cut and acreage of ground being seeded to winter wheat in the different states. Our reports summarized give the following averages:

Illinois—Acreage being seeded to winter wheat as compared with last year 91½ per cent. in 22 counties.

Indiana—Twelve counties winter wheat acreage 98 per cent.

Ohio—Eleven counties winter wheat acreage 86 per cent.

Missouri—Sixteen counties winter wheat acreage 90 per cent.

Kentucky—Eleven counties winter wheat acreage 88 per cent.

Iowa—Fourteen counties estimate winter wheat acreage 43¾ per cent.

Kansas—Winter wheat acreage 81½ per cent. in 12 counties.

COUGHLIN GOES FREE.

The Grand Jury Ignores the Charges Made by the Railroad Company.

PONTIAC, Ill., Oct. 15.—[Special wire.]—For the past week the Livingston county grand jury has been investigating the case of Timothy Coughlin, who was held responsible by the coroner's jury for the Chattsworth railroad disaster. After hearing all the evidence the charge was ignored, the evidence not being deemed sufficient to find a bill, and Timothy was released from jail and went to his family rejoicing.

Coal Climbing Up.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—[Special wire.]—The anthracite coal shippers' association have decided to advance the price of hard coal 25 cents at wholesale. The coal exchange, which meets to-day, will probably follow suit by advancing prices to consumers so as to make good the advance of the shippers. It is hinted that an attempt will be made to advance the prices $1 per ton.

TALMAGE ON "FORBIDDEN HONEY."

How the Example of Jonathan of Old is Being Followed To-day—Corrupt Literature, Intoxicating Liquors, and Games of Chance, Three Dangerous Sweets.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16.—"Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents have been paid cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry," said the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in answer to the misrepresentations that have been going through some of the religious papers depreciating the work of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage preached a sermon, the subject of which was, "Forbidden Honey," the text being I Samuel xiv, v 43: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." Dr. Talmage said:

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John used the delicacies of the bee's manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honey-comb is a palace such as no one but God could plan, and the honey bee construct; its cells sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square, and plumb-line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happen, they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the bee hives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the bee hives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax, with port-hole, through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx Atropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee, and alight on the branch of a tree and cling to each other, and hold on until a committee of two or three have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they have set up a new colony, and ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy, a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he not knowing the military order about abstinence dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as, yellow, and brown, and tempting, it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." Alas, what multitude of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive but damaging and destructive.

Literature fascinating but deathful comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy on the cars comes through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which a glamor is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The book binding may be attractive and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, and your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo! I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries, are among the damnable results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say, "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming, that will elevate and purify and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short, and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build he own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity, and character, and influence above the loungers who read nothing or read that which bedwarfs. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honey combs that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it? One book may for you or me decide everything for this world or the next. It was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books, and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptations delicious but deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They began with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all-consuming passion of body, mind, and soul, and after a while have it as they will, though one wine glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves, and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal." To cure the habit before it comes to the last stages various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he quit forever, and I could count a score of them here to-day, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade.

Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of a carcass, and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum but unburied, and this evil is pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But, alas, how many take no warning. They make me think of Cæsar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful? Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods at Beth aven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms has, from morning till late at night, been given up to gambling purposes. I heard of many men who went on board with enough money for an European excursion who landed without enough money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed the hunger for food is often overpowered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game; namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich. It is absurd for those of us who never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slighting of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the historian, and Charles Fox, the statesman, and in olden times famous Senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling houses all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro tables! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' parlor, and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same time, and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. The last New York legislature sanctioned the mighty evil last spring by passing a law for its defense at the race tracks, and many young men in these cities lost all their wages at Coney Island this summer, and this fall are borrowing from the money-tills of their employers or arranging by means of false entries to adjust their demoralized finances Every man who voted for the Ives pool bill has on hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist, and euchre, and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family: "Come, let us have a game of cards," than I would go into a menagerie and say: "Come, let us have a game of rattle snakes," or it to a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the gravediggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some men shall say to you: "I was introduced to a game of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals, and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, catastrophe at the last.

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into Wall street, New York, or State street, Boston, or Third street, Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money, run the risk of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance: "I have there the value of $150,000." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Wall street. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud, or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks, 500 unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed up in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or breadstuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Exhilirating at the start, and a raving brain, and a shattered nervous system, and a sacrificed property, and a destroyed soul at the last. Young man, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no base ball games or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment; shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lip, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower," and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say, "I almost have it" as he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and bones of a hound's kennel? "Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David, "is the truth of God." "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock will give you immortal life with God. Come off of the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. Oh! taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now, and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it was a great sweet to him to dishonor God. The poem, "Queen Mab," has in it the maligning of the deity. The infidel poet was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey Chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean, with two friends in a boat, which was twenty-four feet long, he was coming toward shore, when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore, through a glass, saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the terror except one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was build on the seashore by some classic friends and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

News of the Week.

INTO IOWA.

The Presidential Party Visit the Famous Corn Palace.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Oct. 12.—The southward flight of the Presidential party began at Minneapolis at ten minutes past 8 last evening. The two ladies of the party retired early, but the President and male members of his escort sat for a couple of hours smoking their cigars and comparing experiences.

The President was frequently summoned to the platform during the evening to receive the greetings of the country people, who seemed to be wide awake all along the line.

At Cheska a dozen tar barrels were burning. An artillery salute was fired and as the train moved slowly past, a big fire balloon in national colors was sent aloft.

At Carver the people were out in force with a brass band, and the place was illuminated by Chinese lanterns.

At Le Sueur there was a yet more elaborate illumination and a serenede. The train made no stops but the President appeared whenever there was a crowd and courteously acknowledged its salutes. An army of railroad men was on patrol duty along the track and huge bonfires were burning every half mile on the way.

The sun was just streaking the eastern sky with ribbons of scarlet and pink, when all hands were called this morning to prepare for the affair at Sioux City.

A brief half hour was allowed for the toilets, and coffee was served before the place was reached.

The train was stopped outside the town limits to take on board Mayor Clelland, who, without formality, welcomed the President and his friends, and when the station was reached, just at sunrise, carriages and a reception committee were found in waiting, as were the military, the brass bands and the people.

A rapid drive of five miles brought the visitors to the corn palace, whose turrets were at the moment taking their early bath of golden sunlight.

The corn festival ended in fact last week, but everything had been kept in place waiting the President's visit, and all the attendants were on hand to do the honors of the occasion.

Courteous committeemen escorted each member of the party and pointed out the curiosities. A more entertaining array of novelties has not met the gaze of the President since his trip began.

Mrs. Cleveland was delighted with every thing she saw and turned again and again to examine more closely some unique fabrication of corn stalks, husks, ears or kernels, to which her escort called her attention.

The wax maiden, with hair of corn silk, and robe of satin husks, climbing a winding stair of golden ears, the spider of tiny carrots lying in wait in his web of corn fibres, the map of the Union made of kernels, each state having its especial color, the huge national flag and the shields, eagles, crescents, crosses and emblems of various nations, the mottoes, all made of the unshelled ears, were noted and admired in turn, and then the big marvel of a building, whose sole material, except its bare skeleton, was the product of the corn field, was explained in detail, and its conception, history and construction described by the party's conductors and admired by the guests.

From the palace, the visitors were conducted through the town, which seemed to be constructed, in great part, of corn products. The mammoth triumphal arch still spanned the chief thoroughfare.

The signs, of sections of corn earns, and the awnings, windows, and in some cases, the entire fronts of corn, topped out with squashes and pumpkins, were as their architects had planned and made them.

The show furnished the chief subject of conversation during the forenoon's ride to Omaha, where new scenes and new novelties claimed attention.

OMAHA, Oct. 12.—Arriving here the Presidential party was given a grand reception.

The carriage to which the President and his wife were escorted was one mass of roses, wreaths of which also bedecked the horses.

A multitude of many thousands cheered the party as it made its appearance, and cheers and salutes were its accompaniments throughout the city.

BADLY MANGLED.

A Serious Accident in Kansas City to the Crowds Receiving the President.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 13.—The ride from Omaha was without incident and the train sped into Kansas City nearly an hour late, at 8:15 p. m. The party was received by a committee.

A serious accident occurred just before the party reached the hotel. At Ninth and Broadway two cable trains were standing close to each other. The cable had broken during the day and the strands had been wrapped around with wire. The grip of the second car became entangled in the threads so firmly as to start the second train in motion.

It crowded into the first and pushed a car into the thick crowd injuring several of them seriously.

The President's carriage was about 20 feet beyond the track when this happened else his safety and that of his wife would have been imperiled.

The casualties are:

H. C. HARDING, Kansas City, both legs mangled.

JOHN JOHNSON, Lenawee, Kas., legs badly cut.

H. D. WILSON, head cut.

F. W. ILLGEN, head cut.

Both Harding and Johnson may have to have both limbs amputated.

The demonstration in Kansas City, in honor of the President of the United States, is a tumultuous and noisy proceeding, but is attended with no more disorder than seems to be inevitable wherever the President appears.

The exposition had called in a great number of strangers but the advent of the President has hardly left standing room in the town.

"You must excuse appearances," said a lady to Mrs. Cleveland, "we have just moved in and have not got settled yet." The expression was better understood as the visitors were escorted through the streets in carriages to-day, with many beautiful, even palatial residences, and with signs of the enormous commerce which centers here observable on all hands and there were everywhere evidences of maturity.

The streets in many places were torn up, and building operations seemed almost everywhere in progress. The President's conductors pointed out these features with pride.

"We do not boast of the residences we have built," they said, "so much as of the business we have started which is going to build our residences hereafter."

The ride was a well arranged and thoroughly enjoyable one, only carriages enough to carry the visitors and an escort committee of eleven gentlemen were provided. These were preceded and followed by small but sufficient troops.

The marshal of the procession, Col. Milton Moore, accompanied by about 20 deputies, headed the line.

The party set out from the hotel at 9:30 o'clock amid the cheers of the multitude, and made its way rapidly through the western portion of the town without stopping until it reached the highest eminence in the city.

From this point the bluff fell away precipitately to the tower town, 300 feet below.

Immediately beneath stretched five or six square miles of railroad yards, and as the President's carriage made its appearance on the brow of the hill every locomotive of the fifteen railroads centering here opened its throat and screamed.

The concert was led by a rusty looking monster, whose tones, by some manipulation of the performing artist, were exactly like the howling of a family of coyotes, only multiplied to great dimensions.

The President's attention was called to the great area lying beyond the railroad yards covered by mammoth packing houses and establishments for the sale of agricultural implements. A brief pause was made at the exposition, but the President did not alight. From this point the party proceeded to the site of the projected new Y. M. C. A. building, at the northwest corner of Ninth and Locust streets, of which the President laid the corner stone. This ceremony was preceded by the singing of hymns, a brief address and prayer by Bishop Hendrix.

The President's remarks on the occasion were as follows:

In the busy activities of our daily life we are apt to neglect the instrumentalities which are quietly but effectually doing most important service in molding our national character

Among these, and challenging but little notice compared with their valuable results, are the Young Men's Christian associations scattered throughout our country. All will admit the supreme importance of that honesty and fixed principle which rests upon Christian motives and purposes, and all will acknowledge the sad and increasing temptations which beset our young men and lure them to their destruction.

To save these young men, oftentimes deprived of the restraints of home, from degradation and ruin, to fit them for usefulness and honor, these associations have entered the field of Christian effort and are pushing their noble work. When it is considered that the subject of their efforts are to be the active men for good or evil in the next generation, mere worldly prudence dictates that these associations should be aided and encouraged. Their increase and flourishing condition reflect the highest honor upon the good men who have devoted themselves to this work and demonstrate that the American people are not lacking in appreciation of its value.

Twenty years ago but one of these associations owned a building, and that was valued at only $11,000. To-day more than 100 such buildings, valued at more than $5,000,000, beautify the different cities of our land and beckon our young men to lives of usefulness.

I am especially pleased to be able to participate to-day in laying the corner stone of another of these edifices in this active and growing city, and I trust that the encouragement given the Young Men's Christian association located here may be commensurate with its assured usefulness, and in keeping with the generosity and intelligence which characterizes the people of Kansas City.

While the ceremonies were in progress the corps of pickpockets which has followed the presidential party throughout its tour industriously plied their art.

One of these gentry, a florid, well-built though rather heavy man, was discovered by his victim in the act just too late however to prevent the robbery.

Loud cries of "Catch that man!" interrupted the impressive proceedings for a second.

A man was seen to dash from a crowd, fall off a stone wall, knock over one or two women, and rush for freedom, with three or four policemen after him.

The outcome was not learned.

When the brief proceedings were ended the President and his party went to their hotel, where an hour was given to lunch.

AT MEMPHIS.

A Southern City Feels Proud for the First Time in Many Years.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 15.—The first sign of approach to Memphis was the appearance on the train (no one knew how they got there) of handsome lithographs of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the allegorical bordering of which contained figures in costumes of ancient Egyptian Memphis, with representations of the industries of the modern namesake. Later, bouquets of flowers, surrounded by snowy cotton balls, made their appearance on Mrs. Cleveland's table. The train reached West Memphis at 2:40 p. m. yesterday.

A delegation of six gentlemen boarded his train as it came to a stop at West Memphis and informally conveyed the greetings of several committees formed to do the honors of the city, and invited them on board the steamer Kate Adams, which lay moored close at hand.

The Chickasaw Guards of Memphis, and the Merchant Zouaves, with a fine brass band, were upon the boat for escort duty. The Adams cast off her line, and to the music of an artillery salute fired from the levee, steamed up past the city. The band played and the people along the shore cheered lustily while waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

The Presidential party are assigned comfortable quarters in the historic Guyoso House, the parlors of the President and Mrs. Cleveland being richly trimmed with flowers and evergreens. The guests remained quietly in their rooms until 6 o'clock, when they were summoned to in their private dining room.

At 8 p. m. a committee of nearly 200 ladies and gentlemen, in evening dress, appeared to escort the President and party to see the fireworks, which made a fine display.

Returning to the hotel the President and Mrs. Cleveland at 9 o'clock held a reception attended by 2,000 or 3,000 invited by the committees of arrangements.

The city is handsomely decorated in bunting and flags. Several large arches span the principal streets, one of the most striking of these is made almost wholly of bales of cotton.

The President retired at midnight.

The managers of the Presidential reception are quite chagrined over the little mishap of yesterday, and were in consultation long after midnight with regard to the proceedings of to-day This morning the committees were promptly on hand but the late hours of last night caused a delay in starting the procession of carriages and again upset the committee's arrangements.

No harm was done beyond a curtailment of the opportunity offered the President to see the town.

Memphis is not yet a beautiful city—it bears too many of the scars of war and pestilence, but it is a very busy one. The anti-war architecture showing small and rusty fronts prevails largely, but in its main business thoroughfares modern structures of substantial appearance are showing themselves while the wharves and warehouses show the seething, pushing energy of its business men and give promise of a prosperous future.

The procession, headed by the band and the military, moved from the hotel at a quarter before 10 o'clock.

The ride through the town was full of interest. The decorations are probable more elaborate and more general than those of any place yet visited by the President, with the possible exception of Madison. Whatever gay colors could do to make the occasion a success has been done.

Twice along the march beautiful bouquets of flowers of unique design were thrown into the President's carriage. Twice as many people ever seen in town before were upon the streets, but good order was preserved by the mounted marshals.

The large handsomely dressed stand in the center of Court square, was reached by the President about 10:30, and the formalities of the reception were begun.

The following speech of welcome was delivered by Judge H. T. Ellett, of the Chancery court, a courtly gentleman of high local repute, who spoke both for Memphis and the South. He extended as the representative of the whole people of Memphis a hearty welcome and presented not symbolically only, but in the most substantial and practical form the freedom of the city. Said he:

You have recently participated in a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the formation of the constitution of the United States, and you have beheld the multitudes of our fellow countrymen flocking from every direction to the spot where that instrument was fashioned, and renewing their vows of fealty at the shrine of that grandest monument of human wisdom.

Let me say, sir, that the Southern heart was in full sympathy with that interesting occasion; and that nowhere in all this broad land will you find more loyalty to the constitution of the United States, and to the government created by it, than among the people of the Southern states.

Differences of opinion as to its true theory and its proper construction in some points, existed from its very creation, and controversy has often been angry and bitter. One great and important interest, in the progress of things became sectionalized, and out of it rose a question of constitutional interpretation which was regarded by Southern people as so vital to their rights and interests, that they committed their solution to the arbitration of arms, but, Mr. President, they have bowed to the stern logic of events, until they have, in a frank and manly way accepted the result of the struggle as a final settlement of all questions in dispute; and they have since labored with rare courage, fortitude and cheerfulness to accommodate themselves to their new conditions, to reconstruct their broken fortunes, and to contribute as far as possible to the general prosperity and happiness of the whole country.

As one practical result accomplished by the conflict the theory of the right of state to withdraw from the Federal compact was overthrown, and the indestructibility of the American union was established on the firmest foundations.

The chief element of discord has been removed forever; and though questions will continue to arise, about which men may differ, and differ earnestly, it is settled beyond appeal that for all abuses and grievances that may arise from the action of the general government the remedy must be sought within the pale of the Union and under the forms of established law.

There is a distinguishing feature of this occasion which invests it with peculiar interest.

Heretofore Presidential progresses have usually been of a political character, and have been without the grace and charm afforded by the female prestige and influence.

In these respects the present event is exceptional.

We all rejoice that you are accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland and we are glad to lay at her feet our tribute of homage and admiration.

To her fellow-countrywomen, her presence is especially gratifying. They are proud to have such a representative of their sex as the presiding spirit of the Executive Mansion and at the head of society at the National capital, and to know that in the discharge of all her duties she is constantly winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

On behalf of the ladies of Memphis, I beg you to present to her their cordial and respectful salutations.

To this the President replied as follows:

The city of Memphis represents neither new settlement nor recent municipal creation. She has a long history, full of vicissitude and discouraging incident, and is now the largest city in Tennessee. In its early history was illustrated universal push and activity of its people. I have come from sight-seeing in the wonderful West to be still more surprised in the South.

From marvelous growth I have come to see not only marvelous growth but astonishing recuperation.

The active trade upon your streets and in your exchanges tells only the tale of one of the largest cotton markets in the world, and of one of the most prosperous and flourishing cities of the South.

Scarcely a trace is seen of the trails and discouragements through which it passed during these years, and yet when it had in 1862, by steady growth, reached a population of 30,000, it was occupied by a military force, and four years thereafter was held as a fortified camp.

During this time the people were scattered and its growth checked. When at the close of the war its citizens returned to their homes they courageously set about repairing the damage of war and military occupation.

Although within ten years thereafter twice was this city afflicted with yellow fever, yet through these visitations her people struggled on determined to conquer.

In 1878, when once more, apparently, on the high road to permanent prosperity, this devoted city was again visited by this dreadful scourge in more malignant form than ever before.

No one can wonder that in the renewed presence of this dire calamity its suffering citizens fled for their lives. Of a population that, through all discouragements, had reached about 40,000, but 20,000 remained; and of these fully 5,000 died of the terrible epidemic in two and a half months.

In this sombre picture let us contemplate a moment one bright spot lighted up by the spirit of brotherly love, and illuminated by the kindly sympathy of a generous nation.

From all parts of the country, near and distant, from the North and from the South came prompt and cheerful help, supplying needs and alleviating distress.

Our whole people were touched by your suffering, and the noblest traits of our national character were quickened by your calamity.

When the pestilence, exhausted by its virulence, abandoned the city, its people returned to find their flourishing business gone and the value of their property destroyed.

With undiminished confidence in the future of their city, they submitted to enormous taxation for the improvement of its sanitary condition, and labored on to regain their fortunes.

They soon secured a system of sewerage that not only promised them protection against pestilence, but which became known throughout all the cities of the country for its completeness.

Other extensive improvements were also made, and soon the citizens of Memphis again saw their city, with wonderful strides, pushing on to municipal greatness and prosperity. Her population now reaches more that 70,000 inhabitants.

The merchants will have in their hands during the current year more than 700,000 bales of cotton valued at $3,000,000. The annual product of her cotton seed mills is the largest in the world, and her banking capital and business are in keeping with her immense industries, while the value of real estate in the city has nearly or quite trebled since 1878.

Thus have you conquered at last and overcome the ravages of war and pestilence.

You may well forget all former afflictions in the growth and prosperity of the present, remembering only that in your direct extremity proof was given of the brotherhood of the American people.

The patriotic sentiment expressed on your behalf by your honored fellow-citizen in his address of welcome, I am sure I may say will be generously responded to by your countrymen of the North.

They want, I believe, rest from sectional bitterness and they know that the destiny of our country is only to be achieved by a true union in sentiment, in feeling as well as in name.

The business interests of our people are too alert and intelligent to be sacrificed or injured by selfish appeals to passion which should be allayed.

They only insist that all the results of the arbitrament of arms, to which reference has heretofore been made, shall be fully retained and enforced.

There floats past your city our nation's great river, which you rightfully regard as a most important factor in your present and future welfare, and which I believe is universally recognized as a proper object of governmental protection and improval.

To Memphis, and to every city on its banks, the improvement of this vast highway of commerce is so essential that they should be interested in having this and other proper work of the same description considered upon their merits, and freed from schemes, sometime questionable in character and often extravagance.

I desire to return to the kind citizens of Memphis and its neighborhood my thanks for their cordial greeting, with the wish that hereafter nothing but prosperity will follow their activity and enterprise.

The presidential reception to the public in the hall of the Cotton Exchange was about an hour in length The President and Mrs. Cleveland were assisted by the Postmaster General and Mrs. Vilas. From the exchange the party was escorted to their train at the foot of Court street and at 1 o'clock left for Nashville.

JUDGE ELLETT DEAD.

The Gentleman Who Welcomed the President Dies Before the Ceremonies are Over.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 15.—A most unfortunate occurrence interrupted the formalities of the occasion just as the President closed his remarks.

Though the day was not uncomfortably warm, the spot was an exposed one and Judge Ellett, who stood for a time with his hat off as the President was speaking, sat down and was seen overcome by the heat.

Dr. Bryant, of the Presidential party, took direction of affairs and remained with the unfortunate gentleman, while the President was escorted to the Cotton & Merchant's Exchange.

LATER.—Judge Ellett died five minutes after the President left the reviewing stand.

The fact has so far been kept from the President.

When Judge Ellett sank into a chair in a fainting condition, some little confusion followed. Dr. Bryant, assisted by Postmaster General Vilas and Col. Robert F. Looney, caught him as he was in the act of falling to the platform.

Several gentlemen of the entertainment committee who were seated in close proximity, aided in the efforts that were being made to restore him to consciousness.

Three or four of the ladies used their fans and did all in their power to revive him. Water was thrown in his face and stimulants administered.

Dr. Kennedy Jones came to the assistance of Dr. Bryant and the two worked with the prostrate and unconscious form, but without avail.

President Cleveland, who had just finished his address, stood looking at the efforts that were being made to revive the venerable jurist, with sad and sympathetic countenance, while Mrs. Cleveland was deeply affected.

The President's party had left the platform before Dr. Bryant sadly arose from over the body and turning to an acquaintance, remarked, "Let us join the President's party."

In answer to the inquiry, "What is the matter with Judge Ellett?" Dr Bryant responded, "He fainted and has not yet recovered consciousness."

This was said to dispel the shadow of gloom that might otherwise have been cast upon the festivities had the true condition of the stricken man been made known.

The immense crowd who witnessed the incident did not realize that death had come amongst them.

They made a rush for the Exposition building where the reception was being held, leaving to the few friends of the judge the sad duty of carrying his remains across the street, from whence they were soon after taken to his home on Shelby street.

NASHVILLE'S DAY.

Tennessee Turns Out Thousands to View The Presidential Party.

NASHVILLE, Ten., Oct. 17.—Nashville has something the appearance of a city in the throes of an exciting national convention. Middle Tennessee claims the President for its own for a brief half day and has sent its representatives in hundreds from all quarters to do the honors of the entertainment.

The streets of the city are crowded as they never were before since the days of "Pap" Thomas's occupancy, and are decorated from cellar to crest in the richest conceivable manner.

It is not strange that some enthusiasts should have imagined a confederate flag among the odd devices, by the way, for no possible combination of the national colors seems to be missing; yet a search by the responsible authorities have failed to bring to light anything to which the most devoted loyalist could object.

Mammoth pictures in every grade of artistic excellence, span the thoroughfares, or cover the prominent buildings, and banners nominating the guest of the day for a second term, are as thick as blackberries.

The President and his party at Belle Meade, were early astir this morning, and after a breakfast made their way to the picturesque little railroad station upon the place, and were in waiting, with Gen. Jackson, their host, who wore the badges and regalia of the grand marshal of the day, when the special train backed up from Nashville.

Mrs. Vilas, the reported invalid of yesterday, came aboard smiling pleasantly, and with all the others declared herself as well as usual.

A short run of fifteen or twenty minutes brought the train to the fair ground in the outskirts of the city, where the passengers alighted amid the pomp and ceremony of the days' reception.

The governor and his guard, mounted and brilliantly uniformed, and a corps of marshals, were in attendance. The guests were placed in carriages and driven within the fair ground enclosure and to the handsome club house of the association where the members of committees and others connected with the reception ceremonies were presented to the President. At 9:15 o'clock a procession was formed and the march to the city begun, to the music of a Presidential salute of artillery. The route lay through the fine grounds of the Vanderbilt University. The pupils of the institution were drawn up in front of the university building, and when the President arrived they received him with cheers, in acknowledgement of which he raised his hat and bowed. Chancellor Garland addressed the President, expressing the pleasure it gave to all connected with the institution to welcome him.

The students waived their hats and cheered again, and the march was resumed.

As it proceeded, the several divisions of the procession, consisting of military and civic organizations, benevolent orders, state, county and municipal authorities and state schools were passed in review and fell in place behind

The principal streets of the city were traversed, the populace of all grades and conditions being out on the sidewalks.

When the Maxwell House was reached, Mrs. Cleveland and her escort alighted and entered the hotel, in whose spacious and beautifully adorned parlors she held a reception to the ladies of Nashville.

The President and the procession made its way to the capital, where, upon a stand erected for the purpose, the necessary formalities took place. Governor Taylor's speech was a brief, eloquent tribute to the hospitable people, and that of Hon. A. S. Colyar, editor of the Nashville *American*, embodied an eloquent tribute to the character of the President. To both, the President replied as follows:

I regret that my stay to-day at the capital of Tennessee must be necessarily so brief as to curtail a coveted opportunity to see more at leisure of this handsome city and its hospitable people.

Nashville's beautiful location, the fertility of its surrounding country and the wealth of mineral resources in its immediate neighborhood, gave early promise of its material growth and greatness. The variety and perfection of the agricultural products, your extensive business, your superior horses and live stock of every description demonstrates that your advantages have not been neglected, while your mineral riches, which have not fully developed, assure additional prosperity in the future.

I do not propose to dwell upon the details of your present commanding position among the cities of the South, only mentioning that the activity and enterprise of your people has placed Nashville among the largest centers of trade and merchandise south of the Ohio river, and in some departments near the head of all the cities of the land.

It happened that early in your municipal life your city saw and appreciated the value of education, refinement and culture, and thus as the city grew they became entwined in its growth and spread abroad in its branches until this is deservedly known as the Athens of the South.

The number of your colleges and universities and institutions of learning of every kind located in the midst of your activities, where all, whether white or black, may fit themselves for usefulness and the best citizenship, make secure your possession of the title you have earned.

It is not an unimportant fact that your city is the headquarters, so to speak, of Southern Methodism—the home of two of its bishops, and the place of the publication and distribution of its literature.

Nashville and her vicinity has furnished two successful candidates for the Presidency.

To the grave of Andrew Jackson millions of your countrymen turn with reverent enthusiasm, and you are fortunate in numbering among your residents the loved and honored widow of our eleventh President.

You have also furnished from your neighborhood, I think, five members of Presidential cabinets, nine United States senators, two speakers of the House of Representatives, and one justice of the United States Supreme court. With such a history, and with such examples, the state of Tennessee and its capital have been brought into relations with the operation of the Federal government, and may well claim a large share in its glory and beneficient results.

The influence of the sentiment, engendered by these relations, quickly won back the citizens of the state and city to their old love for the Union, after a sad interruption, and restored them to the brotherhood in which they found an honorable and brilliant career.

In the years to come I am sure nothing but continued and increasing growth and development await the people of Tennessee, constantly adding to the splendor and importance of her capital city.

Upon the conclusion of the address the President was conducted to the rotunda of the capitol where he received the public. Strong military lines were placed from the entrance to exit, between which the people passed rapidly and with good order throughout.

Thousands of people greeted the President and a few moments before 12, when it was time to depart, the long line still stretched away apparently unending.

At the Maxwell House, thousands of ladies were received by Mrs. Cleveland, each gracefully taken by the hand until the time for departure cut the ceremonies short. Mrs Cleveland and her escort took carriages, and at Vine street were joined by the President and party.

Here again several thousand people packed all adjacent streets, and wildly cheered the party as it passed. Promptly at 12 o'clock the train pulled out for Chattanooga amid shouts of thousands and the waving of handkerchiefs. In numbers, enthusiasm and good humor the crowd excelled any that was ever seen in Nashville before.

THE PUBLIC LAND.

Some Trouble Being Experienced in Colorado—Greedy Cattle Men.

SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 17.—[Special wire.]—Last June, an official order returned the Sacirilla Apaches to their old reservation, northwest from here on the Colorado border, where a reservation was set apart for them and from which they were afterwards removed to Mescalero reservation. When the change was made last summer, numerous protests were sent in that the abandoned reservation had been occupied by whites who would be compelled to leave.

Special Agent Welton, of the Indian bureau, finds that out of sixty-five of them not more than fifteen have acquired any rights that the government was bound to respect. Many of these alleged settlers are employes of cattle companies, who have erected substantial improvements without the shadow of a right.

Some of them had squatted there with the evident intention of making a claim against the government. The matter was referred to Washington and Gen. Grierson, district commander here, was ordered to remove all the bogus settlers and destroy their improvements, at the same time protecting rightful settlers. Two companies of the Sixth cavalry have just completed this work, and Gen. Grierson returned from the reservation to-day.

He reports that about fifty settlers were forced to leave, with about 20,000 head of cattle and about 10,000 head of sheep. No violence was used, and little or no resistance was made.

Actual settlers were notified that they must keep their stock on their own land. A military cantonment has been established on the reservation, and no fears are expressed that the squatters or stockmen will return.

Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, has refused to grant a pardon to Geo. C. Buchanan, formerly the wealthiest distiller in Louisville, but now a resident in Canada. Buchanan is under six indictments for violations of the laws in relation to warehouse receipts.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The death is announced in London of Mrs. Craik, (Dinah Maria Mulock), the authoress.

It is officially denied that a meeting is projected between Emperor William and the Czar.

The report that Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, was about to abdicate his throne because of ill health, is unfounded.

While out on the lake at Peoria in company with a small party on the steamer Lotus, Miss Carrie Worthington, daughter of ex-Congressman N. E. Worthington, fell overboard and was drowned. She was not missed until the boat landed.

"Should boys and girls, when able-bodied, be supplied with clothing and food gratuitously, and without first giving them a chance to earn these articles?" was the question discussed at length by the convention of the Youths' National Home at Chicago.

A syndicate of Springfield, O., and Eastern capitalists, has purchased 68,000 acres of coal lands in Breathitt county, Ky., and will at once proceed to open the mines and build railroads through the county. The company has organized with $3,000,000 capital.

The extensive works of the Sheboygan Manufacturing company, at Sheboygan, Wis., the largest chair manufactory in the state, has been closed by the sheriff on executions. They aggregate $60,000 in favor of Watt Degolyer, of the Degolyer Varnish Co., Chicago.

Clearing-house tables from 37 leading American cities show an increase in all except New York, whose decrease is 7.1; and Philadelphia, 3.8; Baltimore, 8.4; Kansas City, 2.6; Providence, 1.7; Milwaukee, 3.9; Galveston, 5; Portland, 6.5; St. Joseph, 6.4. Total, $1,086,301,843; outside of New York, $367,405,031.

Dhuleep Singh and the executive committee of the Indian Liberation society, are printing on the Irish secret press in Paris, an appeal to the natives of British India to awake from their torpor and prove that they are no longer the dupes of English merchants and the slaves of English governors. The appeal is dated Moscow.

The President has appointed Thaddeus C. Pound, Chippewa Falls, Wis., George Stoneman, Los Angeles, Cal., and Theo. Cook, Cincinnati, commissioners to examine and report upon two sections of railroad and telegraph line constructed by the Central Pacific railway company, as successor to the California & Oregon railway company.

Ex-Senator J. E. McDonald, of Indiana, arrived at Salt Lake, Utah, one day behind Judge James G. Broadhead, of Missouri. These distinguished lawyers have been retained by the Mormon church to defend suits instituted by the government for a dissolution of the church and the immigration association and the winding up of the affairs of these corporations.

Two hundred persons attended a meeting in Cincinnati called to express sympathy with the Chicago anarchists. A vague resolution, condemning the Chicago police and Chicago courts, declaring a willingness to use legal measures to secure justice for the eight condemned anarchists, was adopted. The matter ended here, for no money was raised for the benefit of the condemned.

The visible supply of grain on Saturday, October 15, as compiled by the secretary of the Chicago board of Trade, was as follows: Wheat, 31,331,423 bushels; increase, 340,693 bushels; corn, 8,142,258 bushels; increase, 761,487 bushels; oats, 5,804,674 bushels; increase, 183,468 bushels; rye, 321,511 bushels, decrease, 20,058 bushels; barley, 1,683,772 bushels; increase, 30,456 bushels.

A great sensation was created at Stafford Springs, Conn., when the fact became known that R. S. Hicks, cashier of the Stafford National Bank, was a defaulter. Upon the bank's door was posted a notice that the institution was closed, pending an investigation. The loss to the bank is over $100,000. Of this amount the cashier confesses to having taken $73,000. The capital stock of the bank is $200,000, surplus $24,000, undivided profits $3,000.

The Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, who were applicants for positions as public school teachers in Pittsburg, have withdrawn their applications, because it is claimed, the examination they were subjected to was too rigorous. Supt. Luckey, of the Central board of Education, has received scores of letters and papers, all of them denouncing the action of the 33d ward School board in electing a priest to the position of principal. These papers come from all parts of the country.

The following is a statement of the visible supply of grain afloat and in store on Saturday, October 15, as completed by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 31,600,243 bushels, increase, 619,392 bushels; corn, 8,141,532 bushels, increase, 755,776 bushels; oats, 5,810,418 bushels, increase, 489,013 bushels; rye, 321,749 bushels, increase, 20,694 bushels; barley, 1,683,502 bushels, increase, 33,406 bushels.

The action of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis, in sustaining Mr. Powderly in his action in declaring the great stock yards strike off, and ordering the strikers to return to work, has given considerable impetus to a movement in district assembly No. 57, which includes in its membership all the stock yards employes, to go out of the knights all together and reorganize as a union.

In the course of his remarks at a jubilee banquet tendered him at Montreal, on his return from France, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, secretary of state for Ottawa, said: "Commercial union is an idea which can never prevail in Canada. There is nobody in the United States who would embrace the idea of commercial union unless they thought it meant political union as well. Such political union would wipe out forever all hopes and aspirations of the people."

CHANCE FOR LEGISLATION.

The First Comptroller Makes Several Recommendations to Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18.—[Special wire.]—The first comptroller of the treasury has made to the secretary of the treasury a report of the work of his bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, last, in which he recommends that Congress legislate more specifically upon the assignment of claims against the United States; that United States district attorneys, marshals and clerks be paid salaries, and the fee system be abolished; that a maximum be fixed to the amount of compensation of United States Commissioners and that each commissioner be required, in issuing warrants for the arrest of persons charged with any offense to make such warrants returnable either before himself or some other commissioner, so that a return may be made before the commissioner located nearest to the residence of the party arrested, thus saving large amounts to the government and preventing injustice being done to the accused, and perhaps innocent persons by taking them long distances from their homes.

He also urges the passage of a law limiting the time within which claims against the United States may be presented, reserving the rights of persons laboring under some legal disability.

Thecomptroller reports that most of the old back work has been disposed of, and that the current work of that bureau is well in hand.

MORE CHOLERA ARRIVES.

The French Steamship Brittania Sent to Quarantine with Four Well Developed Cases on Board.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—The French steamship Brittania, which arrived here on the 13th inst., from Marseilles and Naples, and has been held by the health officer at upper quarantine for observation, was this morning sent down to lower quarantine, four cases of cholera having been found aboard her.

The Brittania is a sister ship to the Alesia, which brought cholera here some weeks ago.

THE FISHERIES.

Secretary Bayard Has Not Yet Made Up His Mind What to Do.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Secretary Bayard was seen last night and asked to set at rest the contradictory statements relative to the policy of the state department on the fisheries question. He said:

This matter is not one that can be settled in a breath, but is one of such gravity and importance that time should be taken in its consideration.

The State department proposes to take all proper time to consider it, and does not intend to blunder through in haste. It is a question which has been entertained through the history of this country for a hundred years, for it is really a question as to whether our relations with Canada shall be neighborly and friendly, or whether they shall be the other extreme, with both nations standing ready to take advantage of the other.

The policy of the state department has not been determined on fully, and can be only as the case develops itself. Personally I wish and hope to settle the thing amicably, but the United States must have her rights. The thing to be determined, therefore, is: What are the rights of American fishermen in Canadian waters? When that has been determined, then, and then only, will I be able to determine upon what course it is best to pursue to secure these rights.

BEECHER'S CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Lyman Abbott Called—He Will Not Accept It Permanently.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The advisory committee of Plymouth church has selected the Rev. Mr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of the *Christian Union*, as temporary pastor.

Mr. Abbott will take charge next month. He announces that he will not be a candidate for the permanent pastorate of the church.

Sir Charles Tupper Selected.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 14.—At a full meeting of the cabinet yesterday afternoon Sir Charles Tupper was selected as the Canadian representative on the fisheries commission. The officials of the customs and fisheries department are actively engaged in preparing the Canadian case to be laid before the fisheries commission.

The copy of the United States brief, submitted at the recent trial at Alaska of vessels seized in Behring Sea, is being studied with interest.

THE GREAT SWING.

Comment on the Journey of the Nation's Chief Magistrate.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—It is not likely that the present Presidential traveler will be much the better for attempting Johnson's game. An ex-army officer, who served with distinction during the war, in speaking of the matter said: "'Swinging around the circle' has become a feature in the high life of politics since I was a boy.

"The plea is that it will give the President an opportunity to get acquainted with the people. Better would it have been had the people known him and he the people before his election, but, being elected in ignorance of each other, he should wait until the expiration of the term for which he was elected before trying to force an acquaintance in that way.

He was far more popular when his trip began than he will be when it is ended. It is Mrs. Cleveland that is being worshiped, and in that worship there is a danger—the danger of petticoat government, which is well enough in domestic life, but liable to bring about entangling alliances when in control of public affairs.

"Statesmanship is shown in the discharge of public duty and not in strolling about the country seeking ephemeral applause under the guise of getting acquainted with the people. The President won't have as many friends when the trip is over as he had when it was begun.

"Judge William D. Kelley was right when he wrote that the plain, common sense, unpretending man was the one who in the past had brought success to the Republican standard. That is the kind of man who must carry the standard in the future if success would be had. Who is he?

AT ATLANTA.

The President Grasps the Hand of Mr. Grady.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 18.—The morning is cloudy showing the possibility of rain. Trains are still bringing in thousands of strangers, yet it is estimated 7,000 of those here last night failed to find beds. The corridors and stairs of the Kimball house, where the President is quartered, had the appearance of a hastily made bivouac. Sleeping forms were lying in all directions upon the floor and stairs.

Atlanta is a prohibition town and despite the crowd and enthusiasm there is very little drunkenness.

The Presidential party did not retire until 2 o'clock this morning. It having been found impossible to get their baggage through the crowds and to their rooms earlier. As a consequence they breakfasted late this morning.

At 11 o'clock, President Collins and Vice President Grady, of the exposition, called at the President's rooms and escorted the President, Mrs. Cleveland and Postmaster General Vilas to the capitol, where they entered the governor's room and were received by Governor Gordon.

The visiting governors, the supreme court of the state, the members of the governor's staff, the United States officials, the municipal authorities and the members of the legislature were presented to the city's guests.

This ceremonial over, the distinguished visitors, escorted by Gov. Gordon, Senators Brown and Colquitt, and accompanied by the visiting governors and many other people of distinction, proceeded to Piedmont Park, which is the exposition grounds.

A national salute was fired as the procession entered the gates of the enclosure and proceeded to the speaker's stand.

The formalities of welcome to the President began with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the Presbyterian church, after which Mr. H. W. Grady, vice president of the Exposition, in a brief but eloquent speech, extended a welcome to the President.

The president replied as follows:

When in 1845 a convention was held at Memphis, in the state of Tennessee, having for its object the development of the resources of the western and southern states, one of the most prominent and far seeing statesmen of the country foretold the future greatness and importance of a point in Dekalb county in the state of Georgia, called Atlanta, not far from the village of Decatur.

The place was then properly called "a point," for Atlanta was then merely a name given to the railroad station here—having no fair pretension to being either a village or city.

It was two years after this that the name was adopted by the people of the little village of Marthasville, when the proudly acquired a city charter.

Experiencing all the incidents and struggles common to municipal growth, it had in 1861 a population of about $13,000.

Soon thereafter the thunders of war sounded all about her, and a besieged army occupied her streets and business places.

Her buildings and property were destroyed by both armies—the besieged and the besiegers—to such an extent that when the inhabitants, in December, 1864, returned to the city from which they had been driven, they found their homes wrecked and burned and their city a scene of charred and desolate ruin.

Thus it is that the Atlanta of to-day may well be said to date from 1865.

I have lately seen evidences of the activity and perseverance of the people of the United States in the creation of prosperous and bustling cities and in overcoming difficulties that are inseparable from new settlements and the growth of new cities.

But it seems to me that an element of heroism is added by a people who view without despair the destruction of all they have wrought—who begin again to build their waste places—and who, in spite of the greatest discouragements, evince a determination to reach their destiny.

In 22 years the second Atlanta has been built, incomparably larger, more prosperous, and fairer than the destroyed Atlanta.

Her place as first among the cities of a great state, her constantly increasing business, and her large manufacturing interests are evidences of the courage and enterprise of her people.

They may well be proud of the work of their hands. Nor shall the glory of their achievements be left to their sole gratification.

All their countrymen may congratulate themselves that what has been done is the result of American courage and American enterprise.

Surely nothing should stand in the way of such congratulation, and the citizen who, seeing these additions to the wealth and progress of the nation, can now, from his heart, proudly say of the people, these are my countrymen.

The efforts of Atlanta in the direction of an improved condition of trade and business have not been selfish and circumscribed. The International Cotton Exposition of 1885, and the National commercial convention of 1885, both important events which originated with the people and were held here were of great direct advantage to a large section and of great benefit to the entire country.

To-day Atlanta holds another exposition to which the people of Georgia and neighboring states are invited here to display their products and their manufactures and to give proof of their resources.

The occasion can not fail to lead to the best results. Every man at all concerned in what is here exhibited, will return to his home with new plans and purposes, which will result in his increased prosperity, and the aggregate of this will make a rich and prosperous neighborhood and a rich and prosperous state.

We often hear of a state noted for its excellent products. This is not always the result of fertility of the soil or its adaptibility; but of the enterprise of its people inaugurating such expositions as this where they may meet and take counsel and learn of each other.

All of Georgia's neighboring states still feel the impulse of the cotton exposition 1881 and the commercial convention of 1885, and I trust the Piedmont exhibition may prove of as great benefit as these to the material welfare of the large section of country which has contributed to its success.

WILL RETURN THIS WEEK.

The President Drawing to the Close of His Pilgrimage.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—President Cleveland is expected back from his pilgrimage at the end of the present week. Then he will settle down to the work of preparing his message for Congress, and between times he is expected to give attention to the campaign and make an appointment here and there where it will do the administration and the Democratic party some good. It has already been announced that there will be no more receptions at the White House until after the meeting of Congress, and callers are asked to remain away or fire off their communications to the President at long range through the medium of the mails.

HIGGINS READY TO RETIRE.

He is Growing Weary of the Power He Has Wielded.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The impression, which is fast gaining ground, that Capt. Donaldson will not be chosen doorkeeper of the next House has brought half a dozen aspirants for the position to the front. Prominent among them are Capt. Reader, an ex-Union soldier now holding a position in the Treasury department; Maj. Hurt, of Mississippi, and Asher Barnett, of the House Law Library.

The friends of Maj. Hurt have made an active canvass and are confident he will be chosen. Capt. Reader is a protege of Sam Randall and is strongly backed by Grand Army influence.

The latest candidate is Col. Eugene Higgins, appointment clerk in the treasury department. He is said to be dissatisfied with his present position, and to have cast covetous eyes upon the doorkeepership as a place which would prove a haven of rest compared to his present turbulent surroundings.

The colonel is reported to have remarked to a friend:

I am heartily tired of this place. Ever since I entered the department I have been jumped on daily by the press and by those who dislike me because I am a hustler. I have stood it as long as I feel called upon to, and am now ready to get out and look around for something more like a snap.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Old Sumptuary Receives Attention—The Negro Knights Welcomed.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14.—[Special wire.]—T. V. Powderly's paper, *The Journal of United Labor*, to be issued on Saturday, in speaking of the "Government and Sumptuary Law," will say:

Among the most common objections to legislative regulation of the liquor traffic, is that of a revival of the old sumptuary laws. This means that the government has no right to say what we shall eat or drink. What, then, is to be done with our laws regulating poisonous articles? * * * * Men may sell swill milk and infect your household with typhoid. Butchers may sell diseased meat, and inoculate you with trichinosis. Butter dealers may palm off old tallow on you, manipulated with chemicals, for gilt-edge butter for 50 cents per pound.

There is a right of self protection left with every state and community as well as the individual and how much better that this right should be exercised in the prevention of evil rather than in its redress.

As to the recognition of the colored delegates at the Minneapolis convention the paper says:

Why a labor organization should receive more criticism than that august body, the Senate of the United States, we are at a loss to conceive.

These colored members possess every recommendation of the white members. The Knights have a strong following in the colored people. They are good Knights and thus far have occasioned no trouble to the order. We extend to them our hearty recognition.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 17.—The third week of the convention of the Knights of Labor general Assembly, opened to-day with the end still out of sight. The session this forenoon was devoted to the old subject of reorganizing the General Executive board, and the debate was red hot as usual.

Bailey, one of the "anti" members of the general executive board, did the most of the talking, and was very vehement in his remarks.

Bailey and Barry, against whom the fight is being made, are evidently determined to stand or fall by their own strength or weakness, and are using every means in their power to prevent their overthrow by the administration.

No vote taken on the question, and there is no telling when it will come, for every hot-blooded speech but adds to the complications to be unraveled and settled.

After the present subject of discussion is exhausted, the reports of the various special committees remain to be heard, and it is not impossible that the sessions will last through the week.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 18.—The Knights held a hot session last night. Barry and Baily were the chief disturbers. It is rumored that the administration delegates agreed not to reduce the size of the executive board only on the ground that Barry and Baily should resign. This, it is claimed, those gentlemen will not do, although they may be forced to do so.

It is reported that Mr. Powderly presented his resignation during the heat of debate but that the convention refused to accept it. This is looked upon as a test vote, and that Powderly will be retained and Barry and Bailey will have to go.

TO ADJOURN TO-MORROW MORNING.

The general assembly K. of L. met in executive session at 9 a. m. Whead, of Iowa, offered a resolution that the assembly adjourn at the close of to-morrow morning's session, and that all speeches be limited to three minutes. Carried—87 to 75.

The rules were then suspended and the committee on strikes and boycotts made another report. Complaints against Park Bros., Pittsburg; Perry & White, Urbana, O.; American Tube and Iron Works, Youngstown, O., were referred to the general executive board.

Section 5 of the constitution was amended in the sense that all local assemblies must attach themselves to either a state, district, or the national assembly.

Mileage was fixed at 4 cents a mile.

Miss Lenora M. Barry then presented Mr. Powderly, for his wife, in behalf of the General Assembly, with a large, fine portrait of himself.

Mr. Powderly attempted to respond but was overcome with emotion, and General Secretary Litchman came to the rescue with a few remarks.

A special session will be held to-night to rush business, in view of to-morrow's adjournment.

NATIONAL BANKERS.

The Annual Meeting Called to Order and the Hosts Given a Heap of Advertising by Judge Agnew.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 12.—The annual meeting of the American Bankers association commenced at the Grand opera house this morning. The building which has been but recently opened, presented a beautiful appearance, the potted plants which were displayed in the handsome entrance and on the stage adding to, and not distracting from the decorations of the auditorium.

When the meeting was called to order at half past 10 o'clock, some one hundred representatives of the leading financial institutions of the country were present, while the seats set apart for spectators were well filled, quite a large number of the audience being ladies.

After Chairman Logan C. Murray, of New York, had called the association to order, Rt. Rev. Courtlandt Whitehead, Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Pittsburg, invoked Divine blessing on the proceedings of the association, after which Hon. Daniel Agnew, ex chief justice of the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, made the address of welcome.

At the conclusion of Judge Agnews remarks, Logan C. Murry, president of the association delivered his annual address.

This was followed by the reading of the reports of the officers. The secretaries report showed a gratifying increase in membership, especially in the South and West. Last year the total membership was 1,420, while this year it is 1,602.

The increase would have been lasting but for certain monetary questions which caused some to withhold their influence. A reaction had set in, however, and it was the general opinion the out was exceedingly bright. The influence of the association was steadily increasing.

During the year $1,000 has been spent prosecuting a number of the most dangerous forgers and criminals in the country.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 13.—It was nearly 11 o'clock when the convention of the American Bankers association was called to day by President Murray.

There was a noticeable increase in the attendance, a large number of delegates having arrived since the close of yesterday's session.

After the usual opening exercises the following resolutions were offered and referred to the executive council.

By Judge Ewing, of Pennsylvania:

Resolved, That we favor a rapid extinguishment of the public debt, and therefore recommend the continued purchase by the secretary of the Treasury of the outstanding government bonds. We consider a reduction of the revenues wholly unnecessary, inexpedient and unwise.

Let the surplus be promptly and constantly applied to the liquidation of the debt, and let the action of the treasury in the work of buying the bonds be further regulated, systematized and controlled by additional legislation.

By W. P. St. John, of New York:

Resolved That the existence of the national banks is not dependent upon the national debt.

By Mr. Carter, of Nebraska:

Resolved, That the executive council be and is hereby instructed to prepare a bill embodying such amendments to the national banking act as may seem most desirable and expedient, transmit a copy thereof to each member of this association with a letter inviting criticisms, for consideration by said executive council, after which the bill shall again be brought before said council for consideration and final adoption.

It shall then be presented to Congress and a copy of the same mailed to each member of this association with a request to use their personal influence with the members of Congress and United States Senators from their respective states to secure favorable action.

Resolved, The executive council be and is hereby instructed to examine the banking legislation of each state and territory, and to endeavor through the local members of this association to secure uniform bank legislation.

Resolved, The executive council be and is hereby authorized to employ such assistants as may be necessary to secure in a legitimate manner, the objects contemplated in the previous resolutions and are hereby empowered to levy from time to time upon the members of this association, assessments sufficient to meet the expenses necessarily incurred in carrying out these instructions.

CRYING FOR HILL.

Ohio Democrats Bringing Pressure to Bear on Gov. Hill.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 14.—[Special wire.]—Gov. Hill has received several urgent invitations to go to Ohio and take the stump. He has not yet decided whether he will go or not.

The Democrats of Ohio are particularly anxious to have him go on account of the position he took on the excise bills which came before him last winter. They want him to speak at Cincinnati and Columbus. A prominent Democrat of Ohio wrote to a leading Democrat of this city that two speeches from Gov. Hill in the Ohio campaign would be worth 2,000 votes to the party.

To Protect the Negroes.

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 14.—Gov. Hughes was appealed to yesterday morning to protect the colored citizens residing at Clover Bend, Lawrence county. A crowd of worthless characters masked themselves and raided their homes and ordered them to leave. The negroes are peaceful and law-abiding citizens. The governor has ordered the sheriff of the county to protect the negroes and make a full investigation.

STATE OF TRADE.

Speculation Continues to be a Subject of Alarm.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their Weekly Review of Trade, say: In spite of many favorable conditions noted last week prices do not advance. The treasury added $33,000,000 to the circulation in September, and has added about $4,000,000 since, and the Baltimore & Ohio bargain has been ratified, and the Reading reorganization ensued, yet prices of stocks fell Wednesday to an average of $58.77 per share, the lowest since April and May, 1886, and excepting a few weeks then, the lowest for two years.

Wheat has lost every advance since September 26. Corn for a fortnight past, and oats for a month past have occasionally risen, only to recede again. Cotton has declined three-eighths of a cent during the month, and pork $1 per barrel. Oil is higher, but transactions are insignificant. Coal is stronger because of a strike, but iron and steel are lower.

Elaborate statements of exchanges for the past year and a quarter only conceal the fact that of late exchanges have been falling behind those of last year, first at New York and then at other chief cities in New England manufacturing towns. In short, the theory that "more money" insures prosperity comes to grief again.

More than $107,000,000 have been added to the circulation within the past 14 months, but speculation thus stimulated threatens much harm to a future already clouded with doubt.

While great activity and expansion are witnessed in some branches of business, others exhibit symptoms of reaction.

Steel rails are lower. Sales were made last week for $34, spring delivery. Some makers are urging a general stoppage of works. Pig iron, No. 1 foundry, continues scarce, because of the Lehigh coal strike, but lower quotations come for grey forge and also for bar iron.

Encouraging statements of exports in September show that of breadstuffs, cotton, provisions, oil and cattle, the value was 9 per cent. greater than in 1886. A large decrease appears in wheat, but a noteworthy increase in flour. Of cattle and pork the exports decreased one-half, and there is some loss in butter, cheese and oil, but a gain of $6,640,000 in the exports of cotton.

The month's exports from New York show a gain of 2½ per cent. against an increase of 10 per cent. in imports. Exchange has advanced this week because of large sales of stocks on foreign account, and the controlling question in the money market now is whether the passing of a dividend by the Baltimore & Ohio and other events will so discourage foreign holders of securities as to cause extensive selling. But $1,100,000 more gold arrived on Thursday.

Interior reports are uniformly more favorable, though tight money and slow collections are still reported from some points. The pressure in most cases is less severe and collections rather better. In Texas, where the cotton yield is said to be 10 per cent. below last years, failures are more numerous and many traders are asking indulgence, but east of the Mississippi money is generally easier.

The partial failure of crops is as yet hardly recognized as a cause of disturbance in the Northwest. If the actual losses of farmers are as large as the October bureau report would indicate, however, some shrinkage in the volume of business must result.

The dry goods trade, though rather less active, has been fairly satisfactory in volume with prices well maintained, though print clothes are a shade lower.

Shrinkage in wool manufacturers appears in reported sales of wool at Boston, which were 21,000,000 pounds for the three months ending October 1, against 58,000,000 pounds for the same month last year. But the supplies on hand at the beginning of the period may explain part of the decrease.

The boot and shoe business is active and healthy. The leather market at least improves. In some localities at the West where real estate speculation began early last fall, mortgages begin to ripen and prices are no longer maintained, while bankers decline loans on real estate securities. But building of railways and new towns and manufacturing centers still continues.

Business failures in the last seven days for the United States are 182; for Canada, 20; or a total of 202, compared with 212 last week, and 179 for the corresponding week of 1886.

DEPEW DENIES IT.

He is Misinterpreted by the St. Louis Reporter—Business Good.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 15.—Mr. Depew's attention was called to a St. Louis interview in which some very important predictions of coming financial disaster were imputed to him.

He was quoted as saying: "The shadow of financial disaster is already upon almost every business enterprise, and the over construction of railroads and the land speculation craze, is the chief elements in augmenting this impending peril."

"The young man who interviewed me at St. Louis lately, failed to catch the drift of my remarks," said Mr. Depew.

"He asked me about the effects of land speculation and of the great railroad construction in the West. I think there are not two opinions in this country about the evil effects of land speculation at fabulous prices, and I told him that I thought railroad construction in the northwest this season was somewhat ahead of the country's requirements, but there is no more danger of a panic than there is of an earthquake in this depot.

"Earnings of railroads, which are, I think, as correct a criterion of prosperity as exists, are at present on the Vanderbilt system simply magnificent, and from what I can see and learn they are equally good on most of the railroads of the country.

"Business prosperity is at present established on the best foundations and I can see no contingencies that may arise to shake it.

"Industrial establishments are thriving this year as never before. Commerce is active and strong and the business interests of the country are in a healthy and vigorous condition."

THE CAR STOVE.

Congress Will Legislate Upon This Important Subject at the Coming Session.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—[Special wire.]—Congress will be urged this winter to pass some measure looking to the correction of the present system of heating railroad cars. Experience has demonstrated that the stoves now in use have more than doubled the number of victims in railroad accidents. It is thought a bill will be introduced forbidding the use of stoves in railroad cars. This would have the effect, it is believed, of forcing the railroads to invent some substitute for the fatal stove that would insure greater safety to the traveling public. In this relation it is probable that a bill will be introduced to license railway conductors and engineers.

At the meeting of the National Association of Railroad Conductors last summer, a bill was prepared on this subject, which will be submitted to Congress this winter. The first section of the act provides that on and after July 1, 1889, no railroad in the United States engaged in transportation from one state or territory to another, or to a foreign country, shall not employ or permit any person to serve as conductor or engineer, unless such person is licensed as provided in the act. The second section provides for the appointment of a chief examiner by the President, by and with the advise and consent of the Senate, to carry out the provisions of the act, to receive a salary of $3,500, with traveling expenses, who shall from time to time report to the secretary of the Treasury.

Another section authorized the appointment by the chief examiner of ten supervising examiners at a salary of $2,500 per year each and traveling expenses, all to be selected for knowledge, skill and practical experience in railway train service and the operation of trains and engines. The chief and supervising examiners shall meet in this city and organize on the second Wednesday each January following, with the approval of the secretary of the Treasury. They shall divide the United States into ten districts, and in each district there shall be two district examiners, one a conductor and the other an engineer, at a salary of $2,000 per annum, and in addition, assistant examiners, when their services are actually needed, at a salary of not exceeding $1,500 per annum. Under the provisions of this act the conductors and engineers are required to show their license on the demand of any passenger. The railroads employing an unlicensed conductor or engineer are subject to a fine of $500. It is not thought this measure will pass in its present form, but many members are confident that a general discussion of the subject will result in some legislation of benefit to the traveling public.

Congress of the Episcopal Church.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 17.—On Tuesday the opening service of the Congress of the Protestant Episcopal church will be held at Christ church in this city. This gathering will represent all shades of opinion; it will discuss, without action questions affecting the church and questions effecting society at large. Men noted for eloquence and men famous for zeal will attend, and altogether the Congress promises to be of unusual interest and importance. No subject will attract wilder attention than the proposed change of the church name.

THREE THOUSAND IDLE.

Indiana in Danger of a Coal Famine—Miners Organized for a Bitter Fight.

VINCENNES, Ind., Oct. 13.—[Special wire.]—Twenty-five hundred to 3,000 miners are out on a strike in Southern Indiana, and a coal famine is upon us. One thousand miners or more are out in the Davies county coal mines, and they propose to stay out and will not listen to any compromise. The companies are equally stubborn, and the fight promises to be a long, warm and bitter one.

The Miners' Federasion sent out a manifesto to-day to the effect that they are out for an advance in wages; that the companies have pursued a systematic course of prosecution; wages have been forced below living rates; we are now going to force them up.

Owing to former low prices paid for work the men are in a poor condition to stand the fight.

If they are successful a long step will have been taken in the direction of an advance of five cents per ton for all miners in the federation districts on November 1.

They have good coal, good shipping facilities, and the cost of production here is small compared to other mining districts. Mining is from 45 to 60 cents per ton, a day's labor from 90 cents to $1 per day, and the men paid, in most part, out of the company's store.

They appeal to all miners all over Indiana to come to the rescue and help on the fight.

The manifesto is signed by President Fisher, of the federation. The fight has gone out all along the line, and the order is to stay out and refuse to work.

A LEAD TRUST.

The Latest of the Combinations Hails From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 14.—The *Globe Democrat* this morning publishes an account of the probable organization of the lead smelting-firms of the west with a view to forming a compact to sustain the American lead market. The movement has been very quietly pushed to a successful issue, and the details are now being perfected.

It is known as the National Lead Trust company, with headquarters in St. Louis.

Among the chief promoters of the trust are Thompson & Co., owners of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining company; Gustav Billings, of the Socorro, N. M., Reduction works; the owners of the Harrison Reduction works of Leadville; several Utah smelters and plant owners; the St. Louis white lead manufacturers. The present price of lead, $4.10 to $4.15, is about as high as it can be to maintain its standing in the market as against the imported article, and the aim of the syndicate will be to keep up this price.

This trust seems to differ from the ordinary movement of this kind for the reason that it expects to help the miner, the original producer, the middle man and the manufacturer.

W. H. Gregg, president of the Southern White Lead Co., of St. Louis, said that his concern would not enter the trust, and that he knew of five of the largest white lead companies in the United States that are not in the trust, and has reason to believe that many others were not.

He named the Collier company, of St. Louis; the Atlantic White Lead company, of New York; John T. Lewis & Co., of Philadelphia, and the Eckstein White Lead company, of Cincinnati. He said the business was certainly demoralized and overdone, there being 32 corroding firms in the United States.

THE FISHERIES.

A Belief Exists Across the Border that the Commission Will Not Accomplish Its Purpose.

HALIFAX, N. S., Oct. 13.—[Special wire.]—The publication here of a Washington special saying that Secretary Bayard and Commissioners Putnam and Angell had determined that free fish could not be made the basis for the negotiations pending, excites great interest, and is the principal theme of discussion in business circles.

The great thing that Nova Scotia cares for in the fishery muddle is the admission of its fish free into the United States. That is the one thing that is of any advantage to this country. Nova Scotia would also like to have free admission for its natural products, but this is unimportant compared with free fish.

There has been a growing feeling ever since the appointment of the commission was announced, that it would not amount to anything practical. The feeling is universal to-day that it will be a farce.

A large section of our people have no confidence whatever in Chamberlain, and Irish Canadians would infinitely prefer that things should remain as they are rather than that Chamberlain should have any hand in the settlement.

The only thing wanted by the Americans here is the right of commerce and the privilege of trans-shipment of their fish in bond.

They can carry on their fisheries without buying bate here. These are the only two points the Americans want to secure and just the two that there is not the slightest probability of either the English or Canadian commissioners agreeing to.

If they did their action would never be ratified by the Canadian parliament, so that it is both believed and hoped here that the commission will end in a fiasco.

U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Writs Granted in the "Coupon Crusher" Case—The Preller Case.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Upon the reassembling of the United States Supreme court, to-day, Chief Justice Waite announced that the court has decided to grant the writs of habeas corpus in the cases of Attorney General Ayres and two commonwealths attorneys of Virginia, who are now in prison in Richmond for disregarding the orders of Judge Bond, in the "Coupon Crusher" litigation.

The writs are made returnable Monday next. The effect of this decision will be to bring the cases of the imprisoned state officers to this court without unnecessary delay for trial upon their merits.

In case No. 150, Hugh M. Brooks against the State of Missouri, commonly known as the Preller murder case, the chief justice announced that in view of the representations of counsel for prisoner to the effect that he is unable to pay the costs of prosecuting his appeal to this court, the case may be proceeded with notwithstanding the payment of clerk's fees, such fees being remitted, and that when both sides come to an agreement as to the parts of record which it will be necessary to print, the court will make such an order with regard to the expenses of printing as may seem necessary.

SECULAR EDUCATION.

An Interesting Meeting of the Union Held in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—[Special wire]—At the Congress of the American Secular Union yesterday morning, officers were elected and resolutions adopted. S. P. Putnam, of New York, was elected president; E. A. Stevens, Chicago, secretary; Charles Eckhard, New York, treasurer; E. B. Foote Jr., M. D., chairman of the executive committee and Ed Beall, chairman of the finance committee. Eight hundred dollars was pledged to prosecute the work during the coming year, and in the afternoon a further amount was raised.

One thousand dollars is to go toward defraying the secretary's expenses. At the afternoon session Miss Voltairine De Cleyne, editor of the *Progressive Age*, made an address on "Secular Education."

She mentioned four instruments which shape the sentiments of the masses—early influences, the school, the platform, and the press.

In regard to the public schools, she said it was out of their province to teach whether the pavements of the New Jerusalem were eighteen carets fine or not.

At the end of her address, Miss Cleyne read a poem of her own composition. Prof. Charles Orchardson delivered an address on "The Morality of Christian Teachers."

He was followed by E. A. Stevens on the subject of "God in the State."

At the evening session, lectures were delivered by Courtland Palmer and Juliet H. Severance, M. D.

THE LATE GEN. KILPATRICK.

His Remains Arrive from Aspinwall and Will be Interred at West Point.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The steamer Newport from Aspinwall, having the remains of the late Gen. Kilpatrick on board, was docked early this morning. Mrs. Kilpatrick and her two daughters, the Misses Julia and Laura, who accompanied the body, went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A number of the friends of the deceased were on the wharf when the boat arrived. It was at first supposed that the remains would be interred in the family lot at Deckerstown, N. J., but Mrs. Kilpatrick informed the gentlemen interested in the funeral arrangements, that it was the General's dying wish to have his body laid to rest in the United States military cemetery at West Point.

Gen. Sherman has volunteered to speak at West Point on the occasion of the funeral.

Beecher Accepts.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—Rev. Thomas K. Beecher has accepted the Greenback nomination for secretary of State.

A BUXOM BLONDE.

An Interesting Sketch of the Nomodic Life of a Saxony Woman.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Augusta Loesner, a beautiful, buxom blonde of 20 years, who came from Saxony in 1884, was met and wooed and won almost immediately by Xavier Gramer, a widower with six children and about fifteen years her senior, and he took her to his home in Brooklyn.

The new wife soon had numbers of admirers, and as she and the children could not get along together, she eloped with a "cowboy" and started for the far West.

A few months ago Gramer received from his wife a letter dated from Walla Walla, W. T., reciting an almost incredible story of adventure and nomadic life, that, though was interesting, showed Mr. Gramer a way for permanent release from matrimonial bonds which still theoretically bound them together.

She wrote that she had gone to Detroit and joined interests with a party of immigrants bound for Idaho, where they proposed to engage in farming. On the way across the plains she learned how to ride and how to shoot as became a pioneer woman. The immigrants were disappointed about getting the land they intended to settle on as homesteaders and concluded to go on further and engage in stock raising.

Mrs. Gramer went with them, assisting at the cooking and campwork when they were in camp and at driving and herding while on the march.

One day the party learned that a herd of buffalo were not far distant, and the men were wild to get a shot at them.

Mrs. Gramer insisted on going with them, and although they tried to persuade her to remain with the wagons she was obdurate and they concluded to take her along.

Mounted on an ugly little mustang and carrying a light rifle across her saddle, she rode with the men until the game was in sight, when, in the consequent excitement and commotion, she became separated from the party, and her mustang, chancing to stumble, she was thrown and had her leg broken.

She lay helpless for several hours in a slight depression in the ground suffering excruciating pain, when a band of Snake Indians, who had been hunting the buffalo, came along and discovered her. They took her up tenderly and a half-breed medicine man among them managed to set the broken limb, making a litter for her of long poles and wicker work that was trailed along the ground behind a pony. The Indians took her with them on their journey toward the Columbia river.

During her convalescence she was the recipient of distinguished attentions from the chief of the band who proposed to install her as the head of his household, but feigning greater weakness and suffering than were real she threw the Indians off their guard, and when the opportunity presented itself she seized a mustang and effected her escape to a party of cowboys in the near neighborhood, by whom she was given an enthusiastic welcome.

She was the only woman within many miles, and was treated with the utmost gallantry by the semi-civilized stock raisers, who handed over to her the charge of their camp.

She writes that she is delighted with the wild, free life she is leading with the cowboys, by whom she is treated like a queen, and whom she invests with a gallantry and nobility she did not find prevalent among the denizens of Brooklyn.

She said she would never return to civilized society again.

Mr. Gramer had begun an action for a divorce absolute and the summons by publication having been yesterday returned properly executed, the case was set down for an early hearing.

LAMAR THE MAN.

Why the President Will Appoint Him to Succeed the Late Justices Woods.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—[Special wire.]—The *Times* says:

According to the most excellent authority speculation over the successorship to the seat on the bench of the United States Supreme court, made vacant by the death of Justice Woods, of Louisiana, may as well end, for L. C. Q. Lamar, secretary of the Interior, has been selected for the place.

Ever since Louisiana came into the Union it has been represented in this court. The law of that state is, in some respects, peculiar.

It is the old civil and canon laws.

Trials are held before notaries and the systems and customs of legal procedure, while conforming in general features to national conditions are directly descended from French origin and retain many of the old peculiarities.

As Louisiana lawyers are the only persons who are supposed to understand the laws of that state, it has been the custom to keep one of them always on the highest bench. That explains the urgency and multiplicity of candidates from that quarter. It is felt there that the President cannot disregard the tradition which his predecessors have unfailing observed.

According to the authority upon which the announcement of Secretary Lamar's selection is based, the President is not impressed with the necessity of looking to Louisiana for a new justice. He feels that the state will be quite as well protected by a resident of an adjoining state, and that Mr. Lamar's appointment will be more widely acceptable than any man that he might choose from Louisiana.

The matter is said to have gone so far that the appointment has been tendered to Mr. Lamar, who has consented to accept it.

He is already arranging his affairs with a view to the promised change in his official position.

The appointment is likely to be formally announced by a nomination quite early in the session of the Senate.

PLAYING AT WAR.

The Search Lights on the Atlanta Make It Impossible for an Enemy to Approach Unseen.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 12.—[Special wire.]—An interesting and successful naval experiment was made in the outer harbor last night in the form of a torpedo attack on the United States cruiser Atlanta, which was stripped of her upper spars and all her spare spars were used in forming a line of defense about her. Outside of this, at a distance of about 40 feet from the ship, was stretched a steel hawser, shutting off all possible approach.

The attacking force consisted of fifteen or twenty steam launches under command of Commander Colby M. Chester, of the Galena, and these boats were sent out soon after 7 o'clock in different directions, each to endeavor to get sufficiently near the Atlanta to explode a torpedo, or within twenty feet, which was fixed as a sufficient distance before discovery by the powerful search lights of that ship.

On board each boat was a detail of officers from the class at the War college to act as umpires, and others performed similar duties on board the Atlanta. There was also a large number of other naval officers to witness the experiment, which showed most conclusively the efficiency and success of the two powerful search lights on the Atlantic, for nearly all the boats were discovered at a distance of more than half a mile, and not one was able to approach within 100 yards of the ship before being discovered.

As soon as each boat had been discovered, and the Atlanta's gun had been trained on it, a signal from that ship announced it was out of the contest, and these signals were repeated rapidly till all the boats had been discovered.

The test was very satisfactory to the officers.

On Thursday another sham battle, like that of two months ago, will take place here.

U. S. Depositories.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The American Exchange national bank of New York was yesterday designated as a government depository. The percentage of funds which depository banks may be allowed to hold upon bond securities has been increased in order to allow the banks to make profitable use of the funds. The surplus is now being utilized in this way.

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TRAIN READED OFF.

Chicago's Plucky Mayor Puts an End to his Inflammatory Speeches in that City—Train Retorts.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—The mayor has directed the police department to summarily suppress Mr. Train, and not to permit him to speak again. The mayor says that if Train were the only lunatic, his speeches might do no harm, but there are so many cranks and lunatics that no one can tell just what would be the result if Train is allowed to continue. If the gentleman makes any further demonstrations he will be taken to the lock-up, and kept there until he can be legally adjudged insane, and committed to a lunatic asylum.

In conversation with a reporter Mr. Train intimated that under the circumstances, and as he had no desire to place any one in danger, he would probably close his lectures in Chicago for the present, and proceed upon his advertised tour through Kansas and other states. He has written a letter to the mayor asking why, in the matter of license, a "Statesman," "Editor," "Pacific Railway King," etc., etc., should be placed upon the same footing as an exhibitor of two-headed snakes or a common circus man, and also why, although he applied in due form for the necessary license to lecture, he was refused.

He concedes that order must be maintained, and says that he has been his own police force in that respect. Mr Train asserts that the authorities want to concoct another Haymarket affair, and intimates that he does not think it wise to be a party to any such proceeding.

Mistaking a press representative for an emissary of the mayor, his reply to the question "What have you to say to the mayor's order, Mr. Train?" was that he had not heard of it. On being informed of its purport, he said: "Tell the mayor to go to h—l! I thought we had free speech in this country.

"Surely if I think the chief of police a jackass, I am at liberty to say so. Why don't they tell me what they wish me to say, and point out how they think I have broken any law, and what law?" Train's letter to the mayor, it is only fair to add, was indited before its author knew of his honor's order.

"This thing is to be stopped," said Chief Ebersold. "Train has gone just far enough, and orders have been issued to stop this kind of talk."

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—George Francis Train left Chicago this morning. He took a train for Springfield, Ill., intending to speak there this evening. Train attracted no notice in the depot, arriving there just in time to board the cars before they departed.

OUT FOR GRANT.

The New York "Herald" Comes Out for the "Noble Son of a Worthy Sire."

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—[Special wire.]—The *Herald* says this morning that even if New York should go Republican this fall, it would not mean that the Republicans could carry the state in the Presidential election next year.

As it to prove its belief in its assertion, it comes out in support of Grant, the Republican candidate for secretary of state, and says:

By all means, vote for Col. Fred Grant, the Republican nominee for secretary of state, the noble son of a worthy sire, who was the savior of the Union.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—decrease	$ 852,550
Loans—increase	3,654,000
Specie—decrease	415,000
Legal tenders—increase	782,700
Deposits—increase	4,881,000
Circulation—decrease	12,300

The banks now hold $7,260,200 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Noon.—Money easy at 4@5 per cent. Bar silver, 95⅝c.

The stock market was quiet and soon became dull after 11 o'clock, with little or no feature to the transactions. The market became very dull toward noon, and at that time was steady at about opening prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: Can. So., 52¼; Del. & Hud., 98; D., L. & W., 124⅜; Erie, 26⅝; Hocking Val., 32; J. C., 21⅜; K & T, 31; L. S., 92; Lou & Nash., 57¼; Mich Cen, 83¼; Mo. Pac., 88⅞; N. Y. C., 105¼; N. W., 106; New England, 36¾; Oregon Trans., 17; Pac. Mail, 34⅞; R. T., 23⅛; Reading, 60¾; St. P., 71⅞; Union Pac., 46; Wabash, 15¼; Western Union, 75⅛.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18—3 P. M.—The stock market closed dull and steady at about the best figures of the day.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 11.
4½'s coupons	108¼	108
4's coupons	126	124½
Pacific 6's of '95	121	121

TRADE.

During the week just closed the volume of business throughout the United States was of reasonable proportions. Trade is running in an even channel, with no notable feature.

THE MARKETS.

Forenoon Markets.

This morning wheat was steady at all leading markets. Corn was dull and weak. Oats quiet. Clover seed steady.

Prices of wheat at the 10 o'clock call of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, were: Wheat—November, 75¾c bid; December, 77c bid, 77⅛c asked; May, 83c bid, 83⅛c asked. Corn—November, 44⅛c asked; December, 44c asked; May, 45⅛c bid, 45⅜c asked. Oats—Neglected. Clover seed—October, $4 05 bid, $4 07½ asked; December, $4 10 bid, $4 15 asked; January, $4 15 bid, $4 20 asked; February, $4 20 bid.

One O'Clock Market.

At the noon sessions wheat sold only to a moderate extent. Prices were steady throughout. Cables were without particular feature. Exports fair. Corn was weak and a little lower. Oats unchanged. Clover seed steady. In the absence of a sharp export demand the markets are sluggish at all points. There must be something besides the home consumption demand to cause an advance to a much higher point.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a dull market for cash wheat. Prices were steady. No. 2 soft red 75¼c, ¼c better; No. 3 soft red, 74c; No. 2 red, regular, 74c; No. 1 white, 74⅜c; No. 2 white, 74¼c.

For future delivery trade was light in No. 2 red wheat. Prices steady.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Sales to-day	21000	......	75000	......
" yesterday	30000	2000	84000	......

Seller October, 75¼c, ¼c up; December, 77@76⅞c, no change; May, 82⅞c, ⅛c better.

Cash corn weak and lower; No. 2, 44@43⅞c, latter to close; No. 3 yellow, 43c; No. 2 white, 44⅛c; futures did not sell. Oats, quiet at 28⅛c. Clover seed, active and steady; prime, $4 02½; No. 2, $3 87½; November, $4 05; December, $4 10; February, $4 22½. Rye, active and higher, stock light; No. 2, 53c, then 55c; do to arrive, 52c.

CLOSE:—Wheat—October, 75¼c bid; December, 77⅛c asked; May, 83⅛c bid. Corn—October, 43⅞c asked. Oats neglected. Clover seed—October, $4 00 bid, $4 05 asked; December, $4 10 bid, $4 12½ asked; January, $4 17½ bid, $4 20 asked; February, $4 20 bid.

Produce Market.

Trade was a little slow on the market this morning. Nice celery is in good demand at about 35 cents per dozen. Cranberries, $3 50 to $5 25, according to the quality. Cauliflowers, $1 50 per dozen. Butter, best, 21@22c; next quality, 15@17c. Eggs, 18c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 70c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c. Vegetables—Onions, $1.00 per bush.; cabbages, 40c to $1.00 per dozen; cucumbers, for pickling, 30@35c per 100; radishes 12@15c per dozen bunches; potatos, 85@90c per bushel. Green Tomatoes, 40 cents per bushel. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves per lb, 7½@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in case, and cans. Fruits—Oranges, per box, $4 00@4 50; lemons, per box, $3 50@4 00; watermelons, $10 to $18 per 100.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—2:29 p. m.—Wheat—October, 69⅛c asked; November, 70⅞c; December, 72¼@72⅜c; January, 72⅛@72⅞c; May, 77⅛c.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 18.—Wheat steady; cash, 69⅛c; November, 70⅛c; May, 77⅛c. Corn weak; No. 3, 40c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, 28c. Rye steadier; No. 1, 49c. Barley higher, No. 2, 63⅛c.

DETROIT, Oct. 18.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 75⅛c; No. 2 red, cash and October, 75¼c; November, 75⅜c bid; December, 77⅛c bid; May, 83c bid. Corn—No. 2, 44½c bid. Oats—No. 2, 29⅛c; No. 2 white, 30⅛c.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 17.—Wheat—Steady; No. 2 soft May at 72⅞c bid, 73⅛c asked. Corn—Steady; No. 2, cash at 34⅛c bid, 36c asked; November at 34⅛c bid; December at 34⅛c bid, 35c asked; the year at 34c bid, 34⅝c asked; May at 38c bid, 38⅛c asked. Oats—No. 2 cash, at 21⅛c bid, 22½c asked.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 18.—Flour dull; family, $3 10@3 30; fancy, $3 50@3 65. Wheat—stead; 73⅛c. Corn weaker at 43⅛c. Oats quiet at 28⅛c. Rye dull at 56c. Pork slow at $14 00. Lard weaker; $6 20. Bulk meats dull; short ribs, $7 50. Bacon easy; short ribs, $8 25; short clear, $8 62½. Whisky, sales 1,362 bbls. sold on a basis of $1 05.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—1 p. m.—Wheat steady; cash, 69⅛c; December, 72⅛c; May, 77 7-8c. Corn steady; cash, 47⅝c; November, 40⅜c; May, 44⅞c. Oats easy; cash, 25⅛c; December, 25¾c; May, 29¼c. Rye, 49½c. Barley, 70c; October, 70c. Prime timothy, $2 21@$3 22. Flax seed, $1 07@$1 07½. Whisky, $1 10. Pork easy; January $12. Lard about steady; cash, $6 15; December, $6 05; May, $6 40@$6 42½; short rib, October, $7 05.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Wheat opened ⅛@¼c higher, later weakened, and delivered ⅛@⅜c without leading to much activity; receipts, 135,850; sales, 16,000 bu No. 2 red, October, 81¼@80¾c; 96,000 bu do November, 81⅛@82c; 416,000 bu do December, 82⅝@83⅛c; 96,000 bu do January, 83⅞@84c; 416,000 bu May, 87⅛@88c. Corn a shade higher and moderately active; mixed western spot, 51⅛@52c; futures, 50⅞@52⅜c; receipts, 99,000 bu; sales, 624,000 bu. Oats a shad lower, more doing; western 33@40c; receipts, 218,000 bu; sales, 170,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 25@8 75. Pork dull and weak; new mess, $15 00; old mess, $14 00. Lard dull and lower; steam-rendered, $6 70. Butter unchanged and dull; western, 17@27c. Cheese firm at 6@11⅛c; including choice white, and colored, 11⅛@11⅞c. Sugar firm; crushed, 6⅞c; powdered, 6⅛@6⅜c; granulated, 6⅛c. Molasses quiet and unchanged. Coffee steady; fair rio, 19⅛c; good do, 19⅜c; prime, do, 19⅞c. Spirits Turpentine firm at 35c. Eggs—Western, 12@21c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 17.—Hogs—Market active and firm; common and light, $3 50@4 65; packing and butchers, $4 40@4 75.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Hogs—Receipts, 34,000 head; market active, unsettled and weak, and prices 10@20c lower; light, $4 15@4 45; rough packing, $4 10@4 20; mixed heavy packing and shipping, $4 20@4 55. Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; market steady to strong; common to fancy, $3 00@5 25; cows, $1 40@2 80; stockers, $2 00@3 15. Sheep—Receipts, 6,500 head; market steady; common to choice, $2 20@4 20.

EAST LIBERTY, Oct. 17.—Cattle—Market firm at last week's closing prices; 25 cars of cattle shipped to New York to-day. Hogs Market steady; Philadelphias, $5 10@5 20; Yorkers, $4 80@4 90; common to fair, $4 65@4 75; 7 cars of hogs shipped to New York. Sheep—Market is steady at last week's closing quotations.

BUFFALO, Oct. 17.—Cattle—Extra steers are steady; common to medium declined 10@15c from last Monday; common to fair, $3 25; good to choice shipping, $4 35@4 40; extra to fancy, $5 15@5 25; natives and stockers, $2 80@3 10; native feeders, $3 25@3 50; veals, $5 50@6 50. Sheep—Good to choice, $4 00@4 50; extra, $4 75; inferior to fair, $3 25@3 75; western lambs, $5 00@5 75. Hogs—Prices declined 10@15c; light pigs, $4 60@4 82½; mixed pigs and light porkers, $4 75@4 80; selected Yorkers, $4 80@4 90; selected medium weights, $4 80@4 90; extra, $4 95@5 00.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 17.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,872 head; shipments, 1,699 head. The market for good was firm, common weak. Sales of good to choice corn fed at $4 20@4 75 per cwt.; common to medium at $3 25@4 10; stockers at $2 00@2 60; feeding steers at $2 60@3 25; cows at $1 25@2 65; grass range steers at $1 80@2 70. Hogs—Receipts, 4,022 head; shipments, 881 head; the market was strong and 5c higher; sales of good to choice at $4 40@4 50; common to medium, $4 00@4 37½; skips and pigs, $2 75@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 640 head; shipments, 1,184 head. The market was steady. Sales of good to choice, $3 00@3 60 per cwt.; common to medium, at $2 00@2 75.

New York Wool Market.

There is a trifle more doing, and the market is steady. X and XX Ohio, 32@33½c; combing and delaine, 30@40c; unwashed western, 29@30c; scoured medium, 37c; California, 53c; clothing, 38c; Oregon, 17c; Texas, 15@16c; scoured do., 48@51c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—*Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: Frosts and lack of rain have been unfavorable to sowing. The lull in farmers' deliveries continues. Values are generally stationary. Sales of English wheat during the week were 66,193 quarters at 29s. 3d., against 59,348 quarters at 29s. 7d. for the corresponding week last year. Flour quiet and fairly steady. Oats more active and values improved. Beans and peas more firm and occasionally dearer. Trade in foreign wheat laborious. South Russian 6d. higher, although buyers generally will not accede to the advance. South Russian shipments are increasing. America is more disposed to sell since the final estimates of the wheat crop has been published. Corn 6d 9d dearer. Grinding barley 3d@6d higher. Canadian white peas, 6d 1s dearer. Wheat cargoes on passage or for shipment weaker. American red winter too dear for market. South Russian is being held for late rates. At to-day's market wheat was dull, slow and unchanged. Barley steady. Oats dull and weaker. Beans, peas and lentils 6d@1s dearer.

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve pain with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

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